▼▼▼...FACTS about Batteries in COLD WEATHER...▼▼▼

More than two million motorists could not start their cars when the first cold spell caught them last fall. They needed "loaner" batteries and could not get them. Battery men surprised them with "Sorry, but our loaners are all taken—everybody wants one this morning." Their cars were useless.

Cold weather puts mighty severe strains on your battery regardless of its make or age. Play safe by having your USL dealer test your battery now! Ask him about the USL Cold Weather Trade-in Plan by which he can make you a liberal allowance for your old battery on a new USL. Don't wait until cold weather ruins your battery. Then you get only a "junk value" allowance.

The liberal allowance on your battery *now*—plus your savings in service calls, recharging and rental batteries—will make it extremely economical for you to get a new, dependable USL battery. Then you can forget cold weather starting troubles.

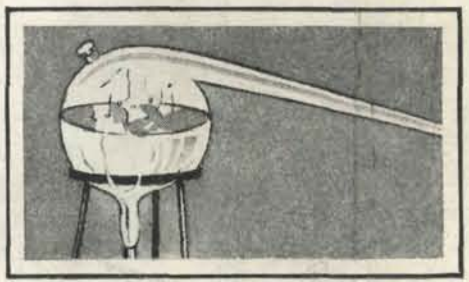
The USL Cold Weather Trade-in Plan can save you time, temper and money. See your USL battery man today.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION · NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
Other USL factories at Oakland, California; Toronto, Ontario; Sydney, Australia

Realizing the added strain placed on a battery in cold weather, USL engineers have built into USL batteries 20 to 30% more cold weather starting power.

A new USL in your car means a higher cranking speed, a hotter spark and those extra turns of the starter that will set your motor humming.

If you have ever had to crank a car by hand in cold weather you know what a hard job it is. That gives you some idea of the added strain on the storage battery in cold weather.



All batteries deliver less power when they are cold because the action of a battery is chemical and chemical reactions are slower when cold. The chemist uses heat to make a reaction go faster.

Winter driving means short drives and more frequent starting. The shorter days require a longer use of headlights and parking lights. All of this means a further drain on the battery. It's a good precaution to have the extra cold weather power and long life of a USL battery to guard against battery trouble in cold weather.

USL BATTERIES

Long Life - Power to Spare

Sept. 1929

SEPT. 7, 1929

If you sell from the floor

let your floors help you sell

"DRESSING UP IS GOOD BUSINESS," SAY ISOTTA FRASCHINI MOTORS, WHO SELECT ARMSTRONG'S EMBOSSED LINOLEUM FOR THEIR CHICAGO SHOWROOM FLOORS

"$17,000, sir." . . . "The Victoria? Yes, that's $18,000." And as prospect and salesman talk about Isotta Fraschini motor cars, they walk about on modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum . . . each footstep muffled to a whisper . . . each cushioned in soft resilience . . . it seems the floors are trying to do their bit to give the product every show to a satisfactory sale.

The picture gives you a hint of how these Armstrong Floors look. They are as custom built as the cars that stand upon them. Trimly cemented in place over builders' lining felt, they nestle up to every nook and cranny.

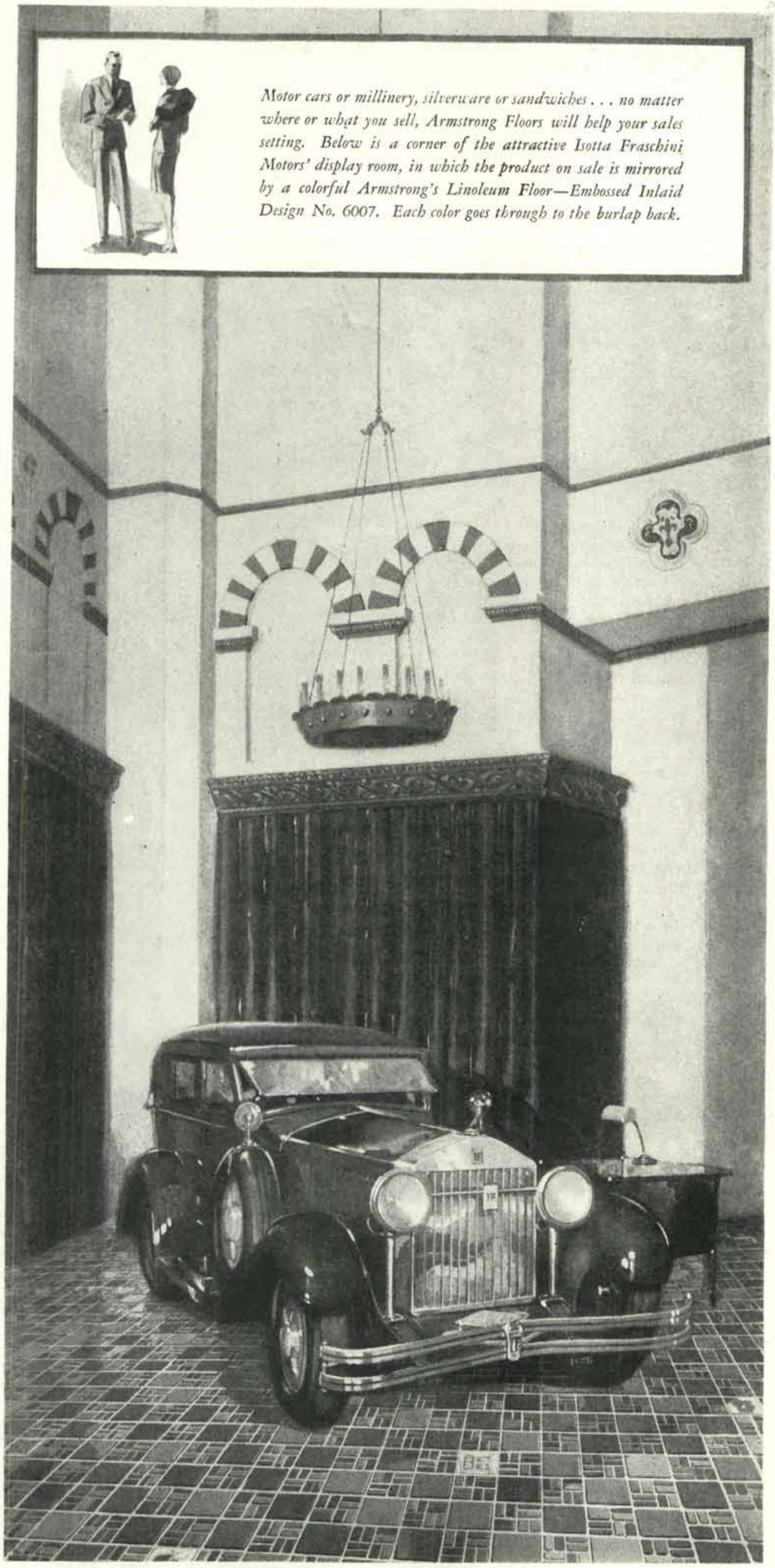
Their mortar-like interliners—actually pressed below the surface of each tile—catch the soft play of light and shadow. These modern Armstrong Floors are truly worthy to mirror the best any motor car maker can build!

Or any other product, for that matter. You'll find Armstrong's Linoleum Floors doing sales and display service for refrigerators, radios, and railroad tickets—stocks and bonds, shoes, and summer resorts. For there's an extremely generous range of colors and designs . . . and a generous price range, too.

You can learn how really easy it is to dress up your business home from local merchants who feature Armstrong Floors. A telephone call brings samples to your door.

You will also learn how cleaning costs may be cut. For Armstrong's Linoleum has the new stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Maintenance means a quick, light waxing and polishing, a simple dry-dusting. Or, where floors may call for frequent washing (lobbies, corridors, elevators), keep the surface satin-smooth by occasionally renewing it with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

If you agree with such business leaders as Isotta Fraschini Motors, General Electric Company, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Oneida Community, Ltd., that dressing up your floors is good business, please send for the complete story of Armstrong's Linoleum. Just have your secretary write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." Illustrated in full color. Pictures all types of modern business homes. Sent free. (Canada, 25¢.) Address your request to Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 922 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



Motor cars or millinery, silverware or sandwiches . . . no matter where or what you sell, Armstrong Floors will help your sales setting. Below is a corner of the attractive Isotta Fraschini Motors' display room, in which the product on sale is mirrored by a colorful Armstrong's Linoleum Floor—Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6007. Each color goes through to the burlap back.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum
FLOORS
for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPE · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

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Firing Squad

By Peter B. Kyne

Why the colonel smiled when Mr. Porterfield died—and why Mr. Porterfield died

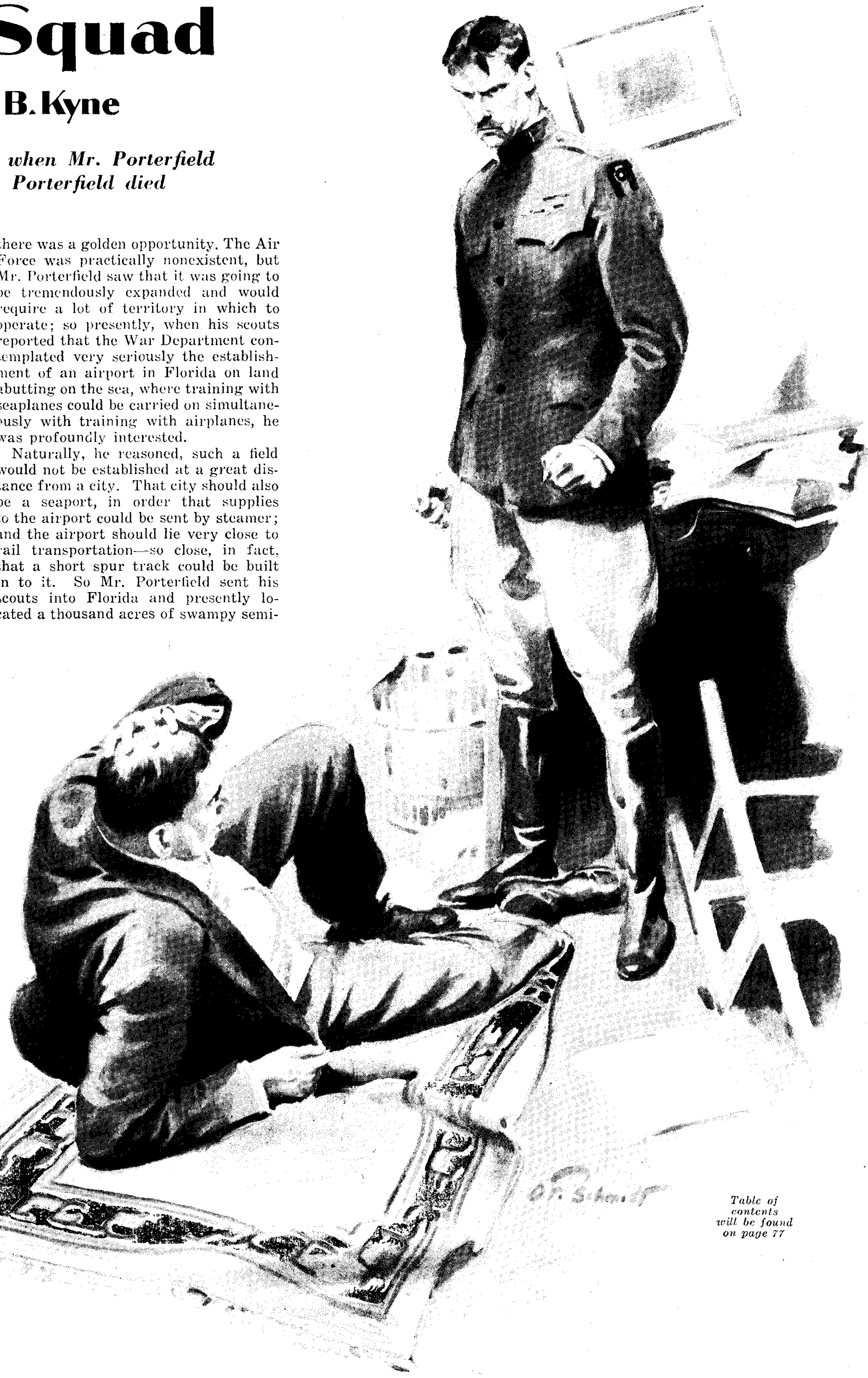
THE declaration of war with Germany was not twenty-four hours old before countless numbers of United States citizens had brought their alert minds to bear upon the task of discovering ways and means whereby they might profit from the war. Among the number was one Ezra J. Porterfield.

Mr. Porterfield had nothing at the time to sell the government at ten times its value, but, being an optimistic sort of pirate, he believed a watchful policy might develop advance information respecting things the government contemplated purchasing; whereupon he would get an option on such goods and later unload them on the country. So he opened an office in Washington, gathered about him assistants tried and true, and set them to pussyfooting around the Army and Navy Building in search of leads, while he entertained extensively the dollar-a-year patriots in the hope that the friendship of some of them might prove valuable in a day of stress.

MR. PORTERFIELD'S specialty was real estate, although early in the war he did take a flyer in a contract for army slickers that would shed rain for about fifteen minutes. He was about to try his hand on a contract for O. D. blankets, he having a recipe for making half-wool blankets that could pass as all-wool, when the army real estate market commenced to clarify, and Mr. Porterfield forgot the blanket contract and proceeded to stalk bigger game.

He discovered that the War Department must lease and purchase vast acreages for proving grounds, training camps, depots, artillery ranges, airports and heaven knew what. It was rather difficult to get in on the training-camp graft, but in the matter of airports there was a golden opportunity. The Air Force was practically nonexistent, but Mr. Porterfield saw that it was going to be tremendously expanded and would require a lot of territory in which to operate; so presently, when his scouts reported that the War Department contemplated very seriously the establishment of an airport in Florida on land abutting on the sea, where training with seaplanes could be carried on simultaneously with training with airplanes, he was profoundly interested.

Naturally, he reasoned, such a field would not be established at a great distance from a city. That city should also be a seaport, in order that supplies to the airport could be sent by steamer; and the airport should lie very close to rail transportation—so close, in fact, that a short spur track could be built in to it. So Mr. Porterfield sent his scouts into Florida and presently located a thousand acres of swampy semi-



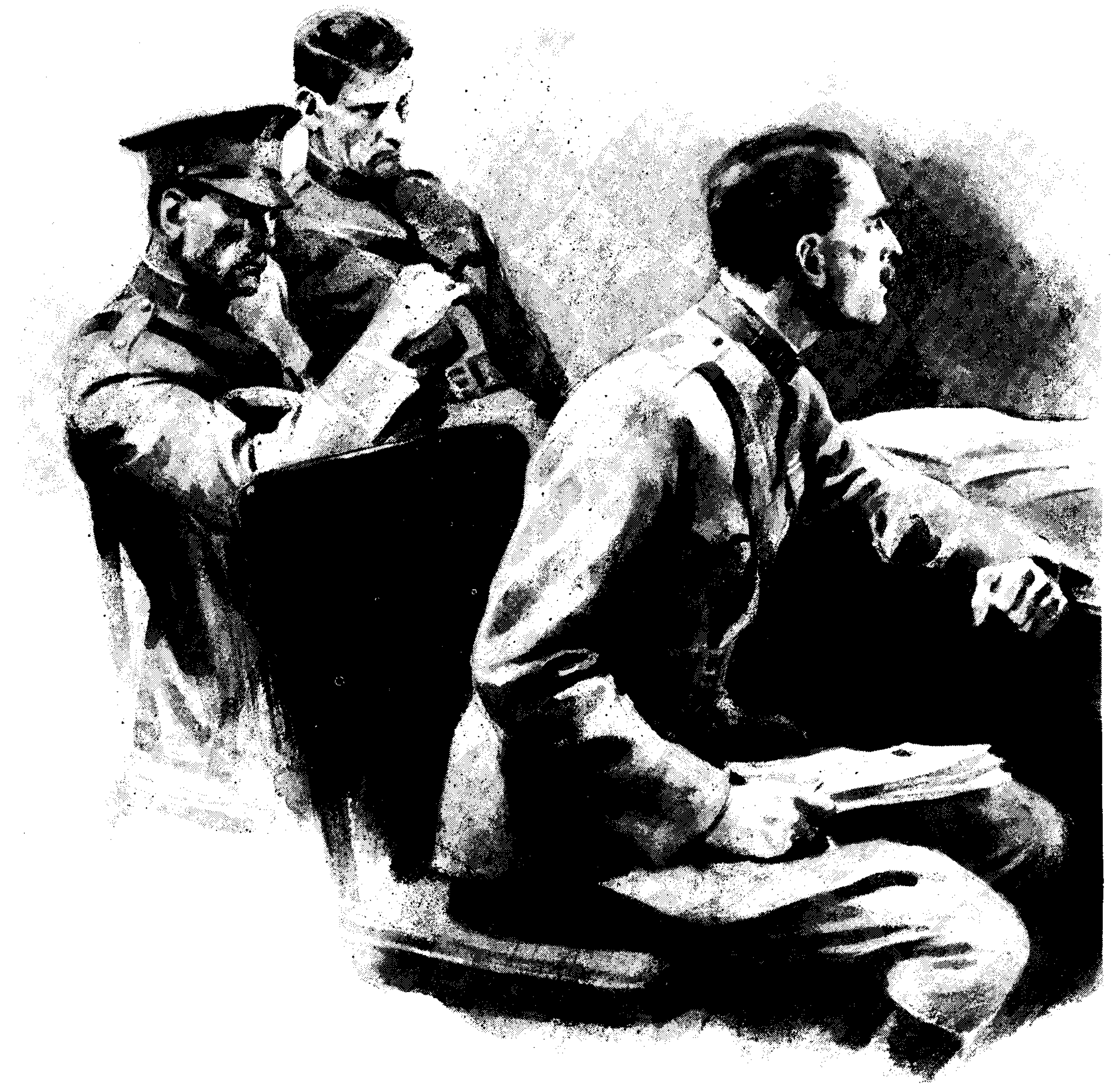
He administered to him the great-grandfather of all thrashings. He made a hospital job of it; he almost made a morgue job of it

Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

Table of contents will be found on page 77

jungle land some four miles from the outskirts of a seaport that seemed to have a future. On this acreage Porterfield secured a three months' option at ten dollars an acre for the trifling sum of one thousand dollars. Then, armed with a vast mess of meteorological data and the estimates of several engineers as to the cost of clearing and draining the land, he returned to Washington and started to work.

As to the methods employed by Mr. Porterfield in interesting the proper persons in his enterprise, there is, unfortunately, no record extant, probably because, in such deals, Porterfield never committed himself in writing. As to the success of his efforts, however, the record is very clear, indeed. He unloaded that property on his country for two hundred dollars an acre.



THEN he organized an engineering corporation and secured for it the contract to clear and drain the land and erect the necessary cantonments, hangars, administration buildings and residences for the officers and cadets. This work his engineering corporation undertook on the basis of cost-plus-ten-percent and by generous padding of payrolls, dilatory tactics, padded material bills, etc., Ezra J. Porterfield managed to clean up another half million profit.

When the work was completed a certain colonel of engineers came down to make an inspection and give final approval, in order that Porterfield's company might get the money due it. He unearthed a number of things that made him suspicious; and in his quiet way discovered that Ezra Porterfield had paid ten dollars per acre for the land.

"The cannibal!" the colonel muttered. "He battens on the blood of heroes!"

When he met Ezra J. Porterfield he said things to him—terrible things. Among them: "Sir, you are a low scoundrel. You're so low you could kiss a mouse without bending your knees. I know of nothing that would afford me greater pleasure than to be in command of a firing squad charged with your execution. You are a greater traitor than the soldier who deserts to the enemy, for he, at least, is fear-driven, while your treason is the result of a lust for gold. I shall do my best to have the payment to you held up, while I make further investigation of your manifest iniquity."

This threat Mr. Porterfield naturally construed as an astute challenge to him to give the colonel the latter's percentage of the graft or take the consequences. He did not fear the colonel greatly, but he decided that a few thousand dollars would be well spent if it spared him a too rigorous investigation. So he smilingly offered it—in cash; whereupon the colonel got up, locked Ezra J. Porterfield's office door and administered to him the great-grandfather of all the thrashings in the world. He made a hospital job of it and would, in all probability, have made a morgue job of it if Porterfield's men had not battered in the door and stopped the fray.

THE colonel made a report on the field, in order that, in future investigations, the tails of his tunic might be found spotless. He even mentioned Ezra J. Porterfield's effort to subsidize him and the pain and anguish he had, accordingly, inflicted upon Porterfield. He never knew what happened to his report, however, for very shortly after its arrival in Washington the colonel was given command of a regiment and sent to France. He sighed. Such things could happen in war-time when hastily impressed civilian help did business for the government in a Big Business way. The colonel knew that fellows who tossed monkey wrenches into the machinery were best gotten rid of, and he always believed that some subsidized menial had intercepted his report en route to its destination. *C'est la guerre*—as the French put it.

When the armistice was signed that flying field, with many others, was promptly abandoned and almost immediately the jungle commenced its slow, deadly work of reclaiming its own. By 1925 the real estate in Florida had gathered considerable impetus and by 1926 had reached the point of hysteria; whereupon the colonel, who by this time was again on duty in the War Department, strolled into the secretary's office and reminded the latter of one of the country's expensive and forgotten wartime assets.

"This abandoned flying field is now surrounded by expensive subdivisions," he announced. "If it is not contemplated using the field in the future, it would be well to sell it now, before the real estate bubble bursts. The history of all such booms is that they terminate in disaster, with the public left holding the sack—which is, perhaps, what the public deserves. This land should fetch about four hundred dollars per acre and I, for one, yearn to see the country emerge from just one war-time real estate deal with a profit."

The secretary sighed. He was having a little extra work heaped on him that day—a part of his heritage from the war administration. A man from whom the government had leased several thousand acres of arid land worth perhaps a dollar and a quarter an acre, and used it for an artillery target range, was now suing the government for three hundred dollars an acre for alleged damages due to unexploded shells in the soil. The secretary looked up at the colonel and smiled.

"YOU are an incurable optimist, Colonel," he said. "Don't you know that Uncle Sam is the inevitable receiver of gold bricks from the hands of his civilian patriots? When we advertise for bids for that land, The Plunderbund will get together and bid it in for half what it cost us, regardless of the present market value of the land."

"I imagine The Plunderbund will try, sir, but there is no reason why the country should absorb too great a loss. A colonel of engineers isn't supposed to be a business man, but if the secretary will place me in charge of the job of getting rid of this land, I *may* do a little bit better for my country than some others, provided I am given authority to reject any and all bids, if I so elect, and call for new bids. The country's business is seldom anybody's business, but there is one class of citizens that takes its country's business very seriously. That is the commissioned personnel of the regular army and navy.

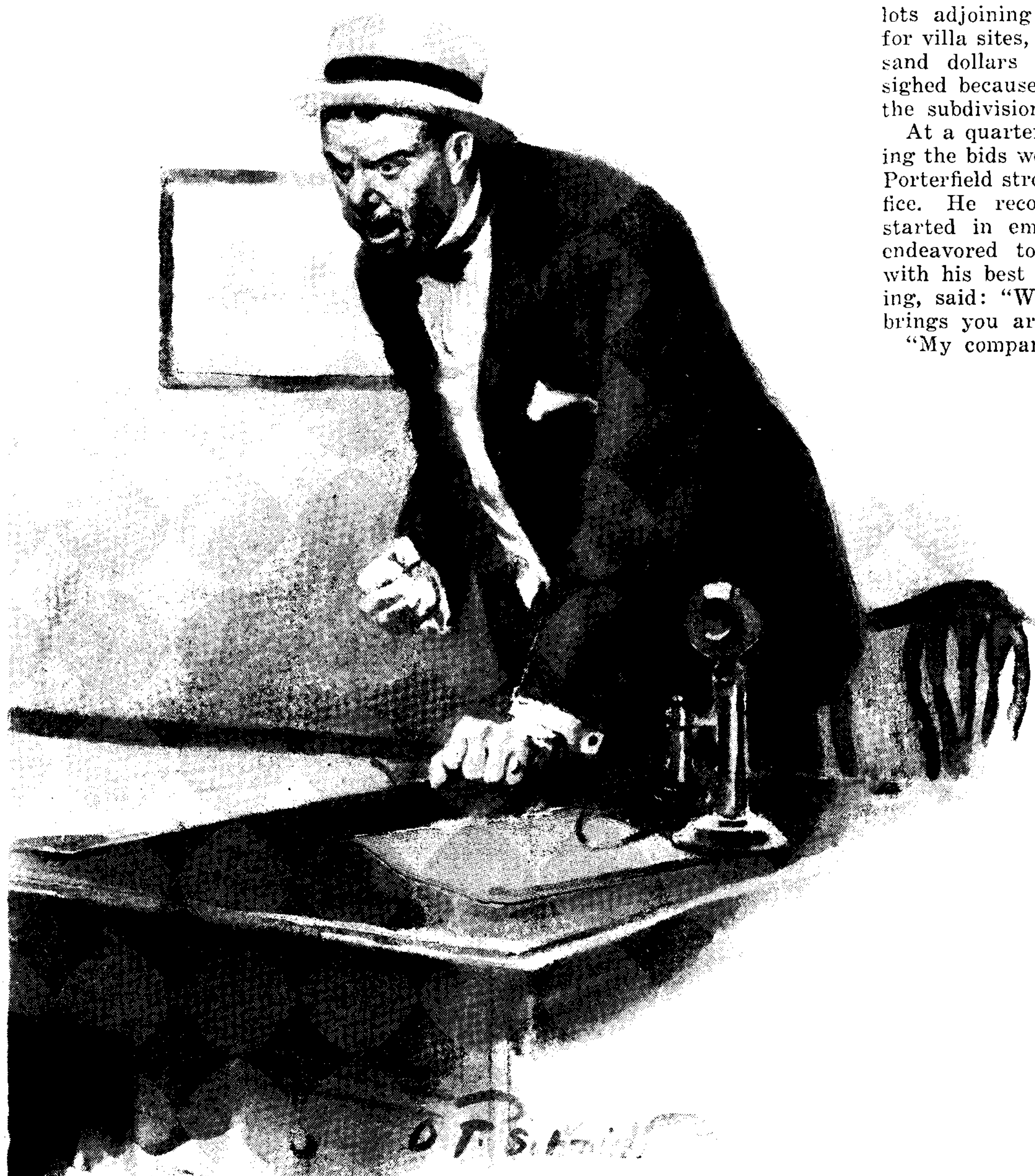
"We're regarded as fools, of course—dull fellows who do a dull job for small pay because we lack the courage and ambition to enter the competition of civil life and, for a sure thing, are content with our modest stipend until we are retired on three-quarters pay.

"I suppose we can't help it if we're idealists; somebody must place behind him all thought of self and power and take holy orders in the religion of loyalty. And I'm the high priest who has always been particularly interested in this Florida real estate deal. Here's a carbon copy of a little piece I wrote about it back in 1917," and he laid before the secretary his withering report on the outrageous manner in which the government had been handled by Ezra J. Porterfield and the latter's war-time corporation.

"It would seem," said the secretary—or it might have been the assistant secretary—"that you are the man to handle this job. Fly at it, Colonel, and write your own ticket."

So the colonel "flew at it" in the brisk and competent manner in which our engineer corps always tackles its objectives. He spent a few thousand dollars of Uncle Sam's money in newspaper advertisements and then sat back to await developments.

Presently, he received from the Acme Realty Corporation of New York City, a letter, politely informing him that it was pleased to enclose a sealed bid for Government Real Estate Parcel No. 198 and remained his, with great respect, Ezra J. Porterfield, President!



"You're a damned scoundrel," Ezra J. Porterfield shrieked. "I have influence. When I get through with you you'll be hunting a job as a night watchman somewhere, you—"

"In the words of Holy Writ," the colonel declared, "the dog shall return to his vomit."

When three weeks had passed and no further bids had been received, the colonel had a suspicion that Ezra J. Porterfield had organized The Plunderbund and submitted a bid in its behalf. So he had an operative from the Department look up the Acme Realty Corporation, and discovered that it had been organized less than a month; that its officers and board of directors were all heavy-weight Florida subdivision operators connected with other companies.

"HE'S probably got somebody in the office tipping him off," the colonel decided, and thereupon went forth to a printing shop and had a dozen letterheads of imaginary real estate firms and individuals printed. When these were delivered, the colonel sought a public stenographer and dictated letters to himself, gravely informing himself that he was enclosing herewith a sealed bid on Government Real Estate Parcel No. 198. Then he mailed these letters to himself and upon their receipt, ostentatiously locked the fake bids up in the office safe and left the accompanying letters exposed to view on his desk for two days.

The trick worked! Within a week he had a bid in from the Prudential Real Estate & Mortgage Company of Pittsburgh, and upon looking this company up, discovered that it had been organized overnight and that its officer personnel and directorate were the same as those of the Acme Realty Corporation of New York, plus four additional Florida subdivision magnates.

"Well, I've got 'em apprehensive, at any rate," the colonel decided. "They've raised their ante. Neither of these corporations has any par value stock. They were merely vehicles for doing business and I suppose each director holds one share. They don't trust Ezra J. Porterfield's promises so they have incorporated and submitted a corporate bid to make everything legal and shipshape and avoid the double-cross."

The colonel was trying out the oldest military strategy in history—the trick of leaving the camp fires burning brightly to deceive the enemy's scouts, while his army retreated silently, to fall upon the enemy later from an unexpected quarter. He knew the land was extremely desirable, knew its approximate value to a subdivision expert, knew that The Plunderbund, having received what it considered secret and authoritative information that a dozen other people had submitted bids, would come out into the open now and bid something approximating the present market value of the land.

The colonel's inquiries had convinced him that the field, when subdivided, should sell for an average of eight thousand dollars per acre; indeed the big lots adjoining the beach would yield, for villa sites, not less than forty thousand dollars an acre; wherefore he sighed because his country was not in the subdivision business on its own.

At a quarter of eleven on the morning the bids were to be opened, Ezra J. Porterfield strolled into the colonel's office. He recognized the colonel and started in embarrassment; the latter endeavored to freeze Mr. Porterfield with his best military scowl, but failing, said: "Well, what smell of graft brings you around, Porterfield?"

"My company has a bid in on that Florida flying field—parcel No. 198, as it is called in your advertisement for sealed bids. Naturally I desire to be present when the bids are opened to insure myself a square deal. I recall that once you spoke feelingly of the desirability of a firing squad for me."

"Oh!" the colonel murmured. "Well, take a seat. I'll open the bids in fifteen minutes." To his watchful eye it seemed that Ezra J. Porterfield was very cheerful, as why should he not be, since he was the only bidder present and the only person who was aware that his bid was, in all probability, in excess of the others submitted. His competitors, while unknown to him, were equally unknown to the real estate world, as he had been careful to ascertain. He classed them as fly-by-nights shooting at the moon, hoping to get a thing for a trifle.

At one minute of eleven the door opened and a soldier mail orderly entered and laid upon the colonel's desk a six-inch stack of mail. Thirty seconds later came two majors. "The official witnesses of the operation, Porterfield," the colonel growled deep in his throat, like a dog over a bone. He reached out his hand and riffled the stack of mail across the top of his desk; he glanced at the clock. "Well, I suppose we might as well start opening them," he said.

"One moment," Ezra J. Porterfield almost yelled. "I want to submit another bid."

"Then you'd better hop to it, Porterfield. You have about twenty seconds in which to get your bid in. One split second after that clock strikes eleven I cannot accept your bid. It would be illegal and unjust to the other bidders."

Ezra J. Porterfield drew an envelope from his inner breast pocket and tossed it down in front of the colonel. The two men stared at each other and Porterfield grinned at his own perspicacity.

The clock struck eleven and the colonel took up a paper knife. With maddening deliberation he slit the flaps of three envelopes and drew forth the contents of the first. "The Acme Realty Corporation, of New York, bids five hundred thousand dollars and accompanies its bid by a certified check for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or fifty per cent of the bid, which is entirely in accordance with the rules of this contest," he proclaimed. "Chicken feed! We'll just send this check back to the Acme Realty Corporation with a polite note of regret. As far as that outfit is concerned, 'up jumped the devil.' Let's see who's the next lucky man."

He opened the bid of the Prudential Real Estate & Mortgage Company—and whistled. "Three million dollars, with a certified check for a million, five hundred thousand. All in good order! Warm, very warm.

"AND now the bid of Mr. Ezra J. Porterfield. Ah, a personal bid. Four million dollars, accompanied by a certified check for two million on the barrel head, balance to be paid in sixty days, as per the rules of the contest. Hot! Red hot! Smoking!" He gazed up at Ezra J. Porterfield from under his shaggy gray brows. "Well, you made about two million dollars when you unloaded this white elephant on your country, Porterfield, so I suppose you are the one man in the world who can afford to be sporty and make a bid I can accept. Gentlemen, the barbed-wire anklet goes to Mr. Ezra J. Porterfield. I had an idea it would. Porterfield, come in any old time within the next sixty days with another certified check for two million dollars and I'll hand you an abstract of title and a deed."

"But you—you haven't finished opening the bids," Porterfield cried incredulously. "There must be a lot more."

"No, they're all gone; there ain't any more. Of course the rat you unearthed in my office and placed on your pay roll, wrote you about a dozen that came in a week ago, but you mustn't take that information seriously. Whenever you want straight inside information always come to headquarters for it, Porterfield. Those were fake bids. I sent them to myself to stimulate you and your company of highwaymen to a greater appreciation of the value of that land and its desirability as a good, sound investment for subdivision purposes."

Ezra J. Porterfield turned slightly green around the gills, and pointed a quivering finger at the stack of mail on the colonel's desk.

"Oh, *that!*" The colonel was frankly surprised. "So that's what got the wind up on you, eh? Why, that's only the regular morning mail. The mail orderly just happened to bring it in while you were here."

He smiled benevolently. "Lord, what a fix you're in, Porterfield. The government has two millions of your money and in order to get it back you'll have to go through with your bid and hand me two million additional. Of course, you can forfeit your down payment if you care to, but in that event I'll not complain. I'll just accept this million and a half bid of the Prudential Real Estate & Mortgage Company. They're next in line, you understand, and if you blow up they're entitled to your place."

"You're a damned scoundrel," Ezra J. Porterfield shrieked. "I have influence. I can have you broke—understand—broke like that," and he snapped his fat fingers in the colonel's face. "When I get through with you you'll be hunting a job as a night watchman somewhere, you—you—"

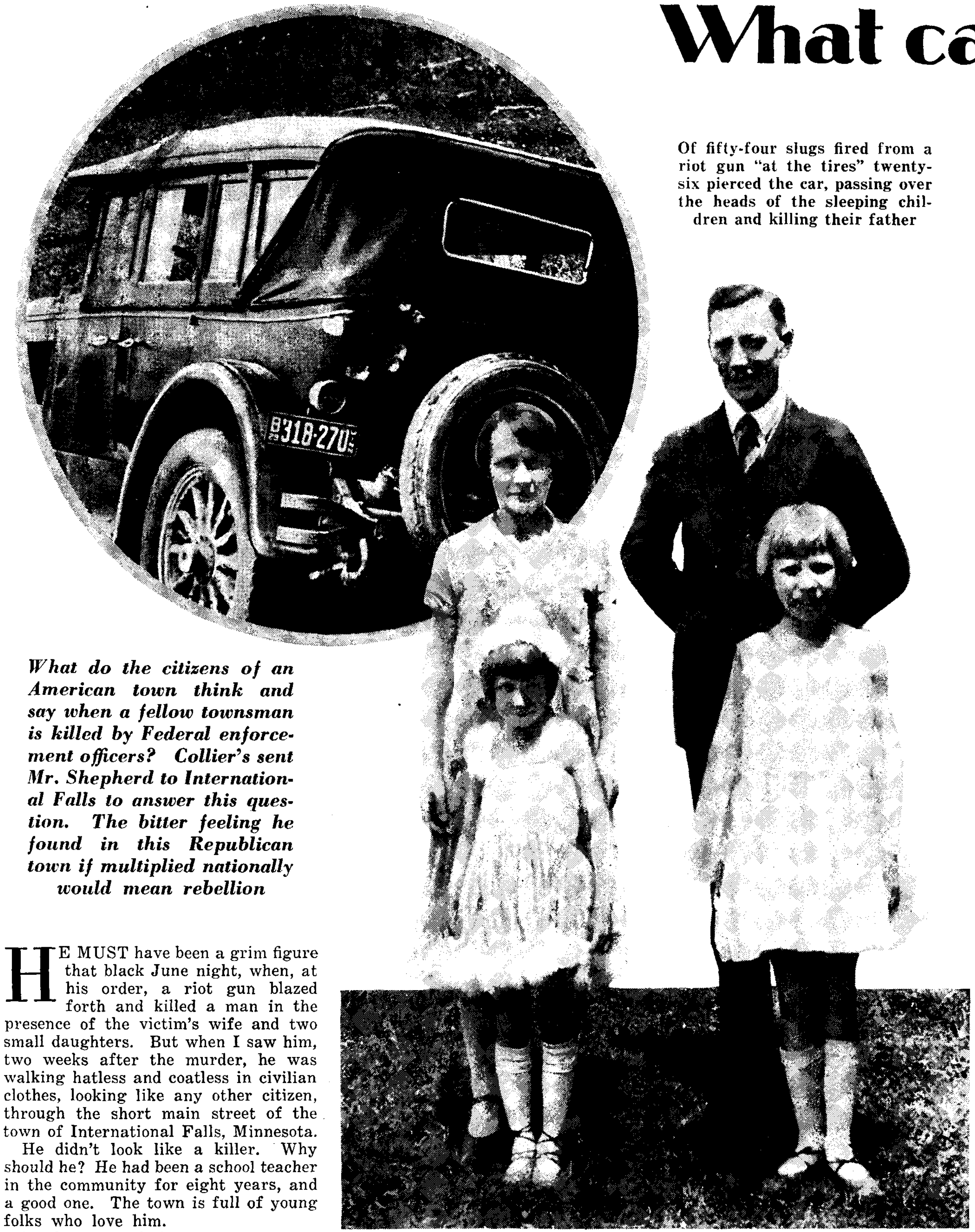
He gasped, clutched at his collar and fell forward across the colonel's desk, shuddered there a second or two and then slid slowly off on to the rug. The colonel got up, rolled him over on his back and felt his pulse.

WHEN at length the colonel stood up and faced the other two officers, his stern and characterful old face was frozen, albeit from under his wild gray eyebrows his fighter's eyes seemed to smile a little.

"Well, gentlemen," he announced, "this patriot appears to have died on the field of honor. The shock of making good to his

(*Continued on page 71*)

What can a Wet



Of fifty-four slugs fired from a riot gun "at the tires" twenty-six pierced the car, passing over the heads of the sleeping children and killing their father

G. H. Virkkula, killed by customs patrol, and his family

What do the citizens of an American town think and say when a fellow townsman is killed by Federal enforcement officers? Collier's sent Mr. Shepherd to International Falls to answer this question. The bitter feeling he found in this Republican town if multiplied nationally would mean rebellion

HE MUST have been a grim figure that black June night, when, at his order, a riot gun blazed forth and killed a man in the presence of the victim's wife and two small daughters. But when I saw him, two weeks after the murder, he was walking hatless and coatless in civilian clothes, looking like any other citizen, through the short main street of the town of International Falls, Minnesota.

He didn't look like a killer. Why should he? He had been a school teacher in the community for eight years, and a good one. The town is full of young folks who love him.

In the office of the county attorney, the official who is handling the case, in the neat little red brick building that houses the county officials, sits the county prosecutor's secretary, who told me, right in front of her boss, that "Professor Servine was always a kind and a fine teacher; not a mean hair in his head. He never spoke a cross word to us."

Long hair, brushed back over his forehead; clear blue eyes; a husky, deep-chested trunk, long slender legs, a weather-burned complexion, perfect white teeth, a wide and ready smile, careful diction—that was the Emil Servine I met, moving about restlessly, doubtfully, among his fellow citizens at International Falls. It was easy to imagine him as the sort of high school teacher the kids like to drag into a baseball game.

You could see, as you talked with him, how he had probably gone into the great game of chasing bootleggers in the same spirit in which he might have played football. And someone, 'way back in the great Federal government, had been urging him to make a life and death game of it. He had. For now he had helped to kill a citizen of the country who was not bootlegging at all but was only taking his wife and their two daughters, eight and ten years old, homeward late of a Saturday evening in the family car along United States highway No. 10.

I had read about him as you had, perhaps, in the newspaper stories of the killing of G. H. Virkkula, that night of June eighth last. Servine was the customs border patrol officer who, thinking that Virkkula's car would not stop at his signal, had shouted to a cub official, new in the service, "Let 'em have it," and had thus turned a six-shot riot gun loose on the automobile. I had wondered, "What could a man say of himself after a mistake like that?"

And here's what he did say to me, in just about so many words:

"It was terrible! When we ran up to the car, after it had stopped, and found the two little girls, who had been lying asleep on the back seat, and their mother, all crying, with the father on the front seat, my partner, Emmett White, who had fired the gun, said to me, 'My God! If that man's dead, I'll never have another happy minute all my life.' I saw we had made a mistake, right away. The man was dead.

"We were as kind to the woman and the two children as we could be. We took them and the father back to the hospital as quickly as we could. We tried to comfort them, but I knew that the man was dead."

Raising a Riot Gun

Comfort them! Two men in the black night clad in gray whipcord uniforms of the customs patrol; broad-brimmed felt hats, leather leggings, Sam Browne belts, beads of cartridges hanging from their waists, each grim figure carrying a huge .45 caliber revolver, trying to apologize to the widow and the two children of the dead man whose body was yet warm and whose blood was flowing into the lap of the weeping woman who had pillowed the bullet-splintered head—that's the real close-up of what Servine was picturing for me.

He explained the mistake to me in his careful manner:

"When you've been on the customs border patrol as long as I have and have stopped as many cars," he said, "you get to know by its looks whether a car is wrong or not. I can't tell you exactly how, but it becomes a second sight. This car didn't act right, that night. It was the kind of car that bootleggers use. It didn't stop right away as the cars of ordinary people do when I hold up the 'Stop' sign. It took its time about stopping.

"I got the feeling that the man in it, whoever he was, didn't have much respect for our orders; that he was scornful. The car was a curtained touring car. So are all bootleggers' cars around here. No one looked out of it as it passed. I thought it was going to get away, so I told Emmett White to 'Let 'em have it.' He had a riot gun and he pulled the trigger. He didn't hit the tires; he didn't even hit the spare tire on the rear rack. He shot too high."

Another customs border patrolman in civilian clothes, like Servine's, was talking with us on the town sidewalk.

"But Virkkula was a blind-pigger," he said. "Right in that building," he pointed down the short street, "he used to sell liquor in what he called a hotel."

Jailing the Groom

Servine spoke up. The same logical words came to his mouth that I heard uttered by scores of the town's citizens.

"Of course it didn't make any difference whether Virkkula had been selling liquor in a store or not. He wasn't bootlegging, so far as we could find out, when he was shot."

"Yes, but he was a blind-pigger," insisted the other officer.

"That's the point," said Servine. "I didn't know who he was, but as his car passed I could see that he was mentally against the Federal government and actually disrespectful of it."

And what about the young man in Uncle Sam's grayish customs patrol uniform who pulled the trigger of the riot gun, at Servine's signal? I didn't see him; he was being hidden away by government officials on a distant farm in Minnesota.

Thirty-eight days before the killing this clean-cut young man of twenty-four, who had been in the militia and had served as a forest ranger, was married—the date was May first—in the home of his father and mother in Duluth. The celebration was a double one, for on that day he received notice that he had been appointed a member of the romantic customs border patrol.

Off he hurried to his new post at Rainy River, as soon as the short honeymoon had ended. That's why he said, over and over again, as he rode in his new uniform with the corpse and the distressed family to the hospital that night, "Lady, I'm a married man. I wouldn't have hurt your husband for anything."

And then he said to the widow, distractedly—this youth who had been turned into a killer by the Federal gov-

Town do?

By William G. Shepherd

ernment, which had armed him with that ugly riot gun, a weapon almost too cruel for decent warfare—"Please don't say anything about this. They'll ask you all kinds of questions."

They were all pitiable, helpless victims, in that car that night, of some ghastly error. An error greater than that of the young man who had pointed his death-spraying riot gun too high. Militia officials and forest service officials have declared since the killing that Emmett White was as fine a young fellow, with not a blot on his record, as ever came into their organization.

Fatal Disrespect

Little more than a month after he took his position he was in jail, uniform and all, charged with second-degree murder. No wonder his old father said, with a puzzled look on his face:

"That law, now, about this drinking business. How about it? The government hires men to try to stop it, and gives them guns. Well, what is the officer supposed to do? He is supposed to do what he is told, isn't he? And he is told to stop the booze cars, isn't he? Why don't people help the officers to do their work?

"Emmett didn't mean to kill anybody. That I know well enough. I hope he gets out of this, and gets out of the guard business. It looked like a good job he had, but it's no good for anybody."

No, it's certain that White wasn't any more of a killer at heart than was the high-school teacher of International Falls.

White, like Servine, was in a war. He, too, as he pulled the trigger of that machine-gunlike weapon, which could empty six shells, nine slugs in each shell, at one pull of the trigger, felt, as Servine expressed it, "the man in this car is disrespectful of the Federal government."

And now, right here, we are at the very heart of this Virkkula killing, and of the new problem it has raised everywhere, from White House to crossroad meetings.

Federal government officials—prohibition officers, customs officials, customs border patrolmen and even Federal immigration inspectors, are insisting—and have been for many months—that citizens of International Falls, Big Falls and other near-by Minnesota-Ontario border towns have ceased to respect the Federal Constitution or Federal government officials appointed to enforce certain portions of it.

The alarming fact is—and this is another brand-new development in the ever-changing course of our Federal prohibition enforcement—there are citizens and officials of the community who do NOT respect the Federal government, insofar as it is represented by Eighteenth Amendment policemen of the government in the office at the little bridge which crosses the narrow border, Rainy River, between the United States and Canada.

The fact of the matter is that International Falls is reeking-wet territory. It is reeking because of a wet local option that elects officials who are openly wet.

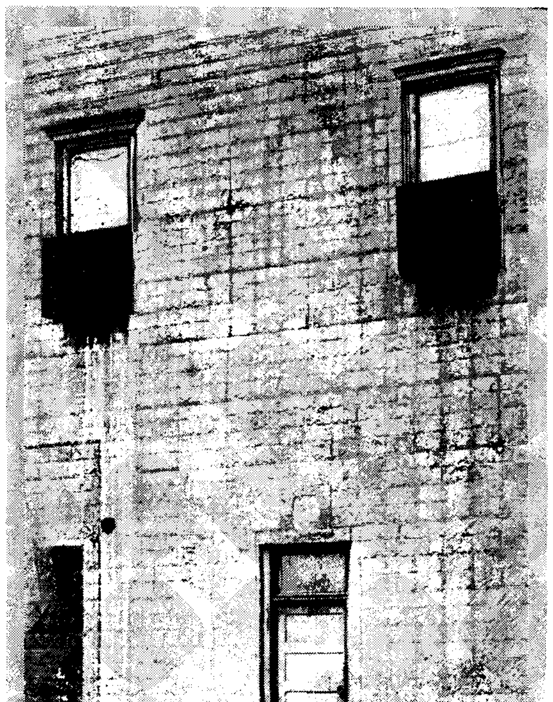
International Falls looks upon the presence of Federal officials who interfere with its wetness, somewhat as I saw Belgians look upon German officers. The presence of Federal officials enforcing prohibition is considered by many citizens of the town as an invasion of wet American territory, by a supposedly dry Federal army.

Quickly I say that International Falls may be all wrong. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that you have the making of a whisky rebellion in a situation like this. In all my investigations of the workings of the Federal prohibition law in several dozen cities or communities, I have never before seen the actual hatred on the part of citizens against the Federal government officials that I encountered at International Falls.

Nor, on the other hand, have I ever before seen such a feeling of antagonism against citizens by Federal officials, as I saw at International Falls. Going back to Belgium again, I saw German officers display something of the same attitude toward Belgians that has been displayed by Federal officials toward citizens of that town. Two astonishing illustrations of this will be given later on.

A Battle of Governments

The killing that June night caused talk of lynching in the town. The townspeople turned out, after midnight. They demanded the person of Emmett White, who had used the gun. Sheriff Hugo Reidy and County Attorney David Thurston appeased them by throwing White into jail.



Lookouts stationed behind these bulging screens on "The Bowery" can hail prospective customers

They gave him a chance to go free on bail but he remained safe in the jail for a week, so high was the feeling against him. Ten days later they helped him to depart quietly to another part of the state to await further action. The chances are there *might* have been a lynching except for one fact: Virkkula's skirts were not clean and citizens of International Falls knew it. Six months earlier he had pleaded guilty, before Judge J. H. Brown in the municipal court, on a charge brought by the sheriff, of maintaining a liquor nuisance, and had paid a fine of $100 and $4 costs to avoid spending thirty days in jail.

But the line of cleavage between the government of far-away Washington on one hand and the two local governments—town and county—at International Falls, became clear after the shooting. It was something new for me to see in America, though I have seen something of the same thing in invaded Mexico, invaded France, invaded Poland, and elsewhere.

"It's none of those fellows' business what we do in our own town," one of the aldermen of International Falls told me. And others spoke in the same strain. I am not condoning this feeling. It is too grim and too ugly to condone. I am only saying that it's there, and that it's something new in prohibition enforcement; you must go back to the days of the fugitive slave law to find its counterpart.

The fact of the matter is that the little border town of International Falls has deserted from the Union, if Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who lately wrote in Collier's that the States of New York and Maryland, Montana and Wisconsin had withdrawn from the union of States by disregard of the prohibition laws, is right.

International Falls by public opinion, as well as by the ballot box in local elections, demands the local right to be wet if it wants to. And there's no doubt that it wants to.

Now it is only fair to paint International Falls as it really is. No one can follow the course of prohibition enforcement without getting true pictures, uncolored by partisanship or prejudice.

No Dull Boys

Both International Falls, in Minnesota, and Fort Frances, on the Ontario side of the narrow Rainy River, are "lumberjack towns." They started as lumberjack towns, have existed as such and so far as International Falls is concerned, when it ceases to be a lumberjack town, it will probably cease to be much of a town at all.

International Falls stands at the lower edge of great forests that extend a thousand miles or more upward toward Hudson's Bay. Out of these vast woods come, from time to time, hordes of men who have been buried away in the northern silences, busy for months at a time, cutting down trees.

Money is burning in their pockets; thirst and passion in their blood. Men who work in the woods are like that. Their dreams of what they'll do when they "get to town" are all they have beside their work and the final headachy, sordid realization when the dream does come true.

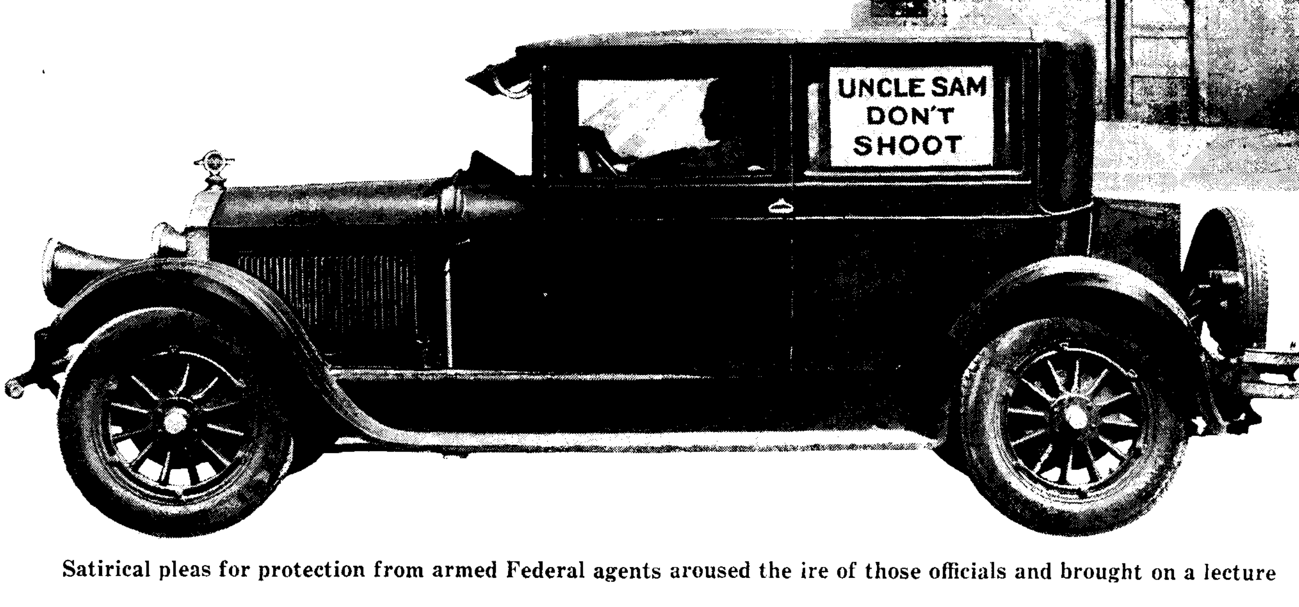
To International Falls they must come to reënter the United States; that's the gateway to home and to civilization.

One street in this town of 3,000 people is known as "The Bowery." It faces the railroad yards and the river. It is edged with two- and three-story buildings. On the street floors, you see signs on the windows: "Free Employment Bureau," "Lodgings," "Restaurant," "Hotel," "Beds, 50 cents a Night," "Checks Cashed Here."

Look at the upstairs windows. Some of the screens that keep out deer-flies, mosquitoes and other insects peculiar to the pine woods, bulge out so that a beholder at the window may easily look up and down the street from end to end.

There are pretty faces behind scores of these Bowery screens—that of a tousle-headed young brunette, with laughing eyes and very white teeth, or of a girl with long flowing hair that carries the soft gold of ripe Minnesota wheat, the hallmark of Minnesota's Scandinavia. All kinds of girls, with all kinds of pretty faces, are peering down along the sidewalks.

"These lumberjacks like 'em pretty," my old-timer car driver told me. "Lumberjacks used to be old fellers who couldn't read or write. When they came to town and looked up the women they were satisfied with old battle-axes. Why, *(Continued on page 71)*

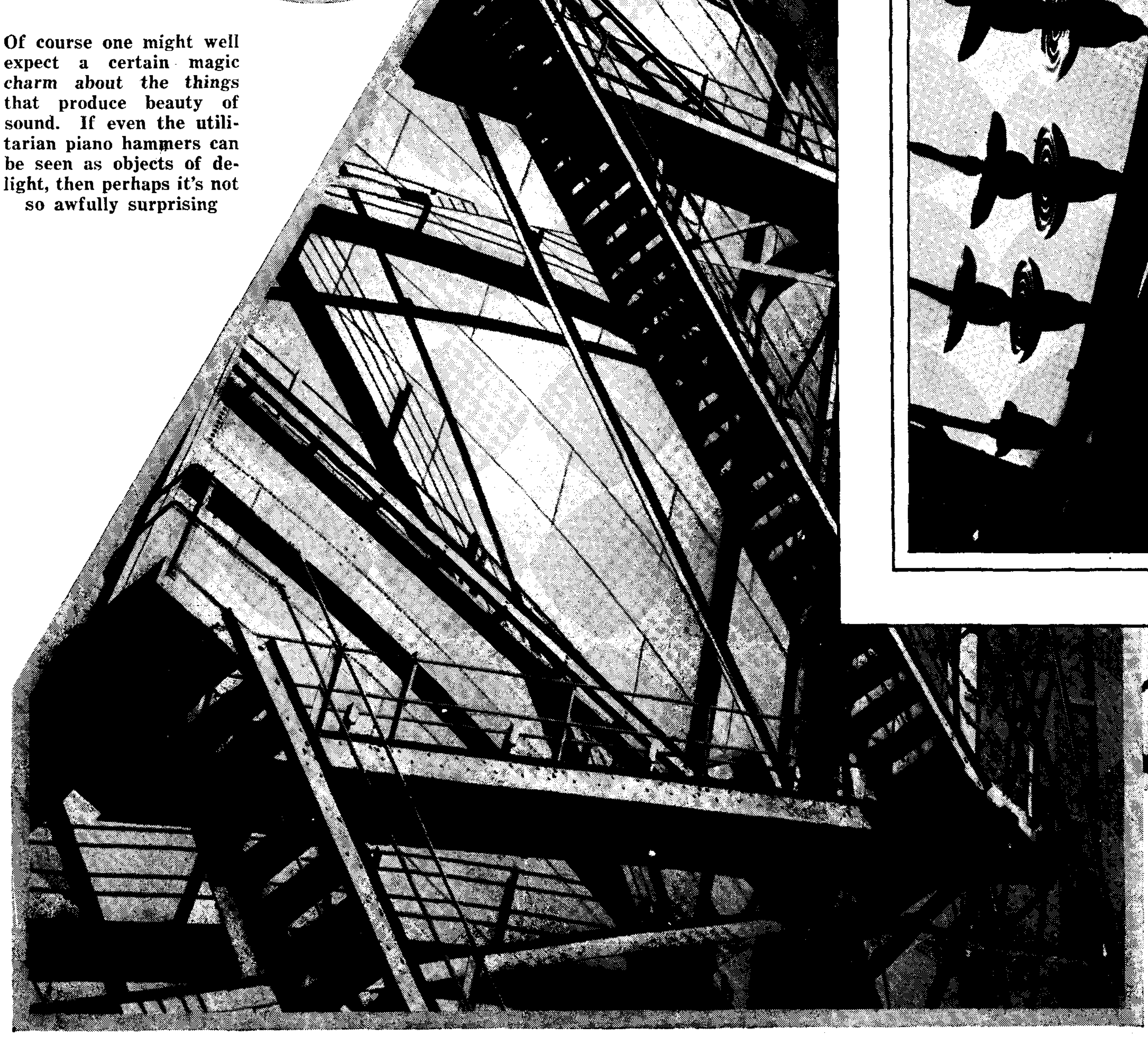


Satirical pleas for protection from armed Federal agents aroused the ire of those officials and brought on a lecture

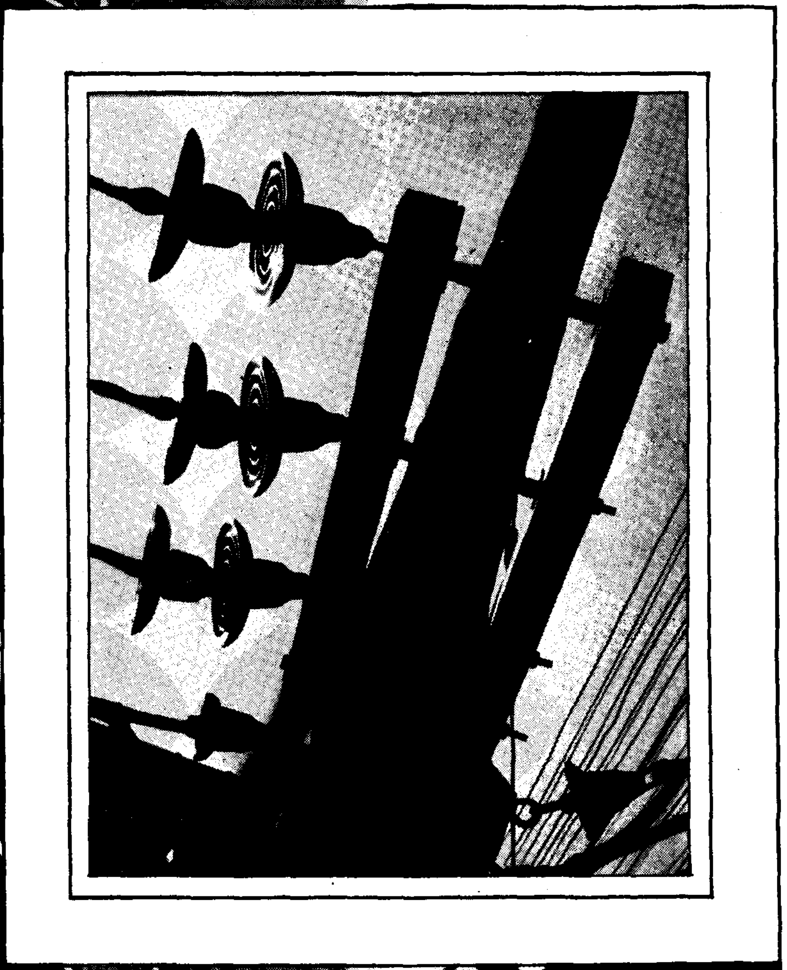
Beauty at a Glance

It's not so much what you look at as how you look. The eye of a camera in gifted hands sees unguessed beauty in commonplace objects. These unusual photographs are by Mr. Anton Bruehl

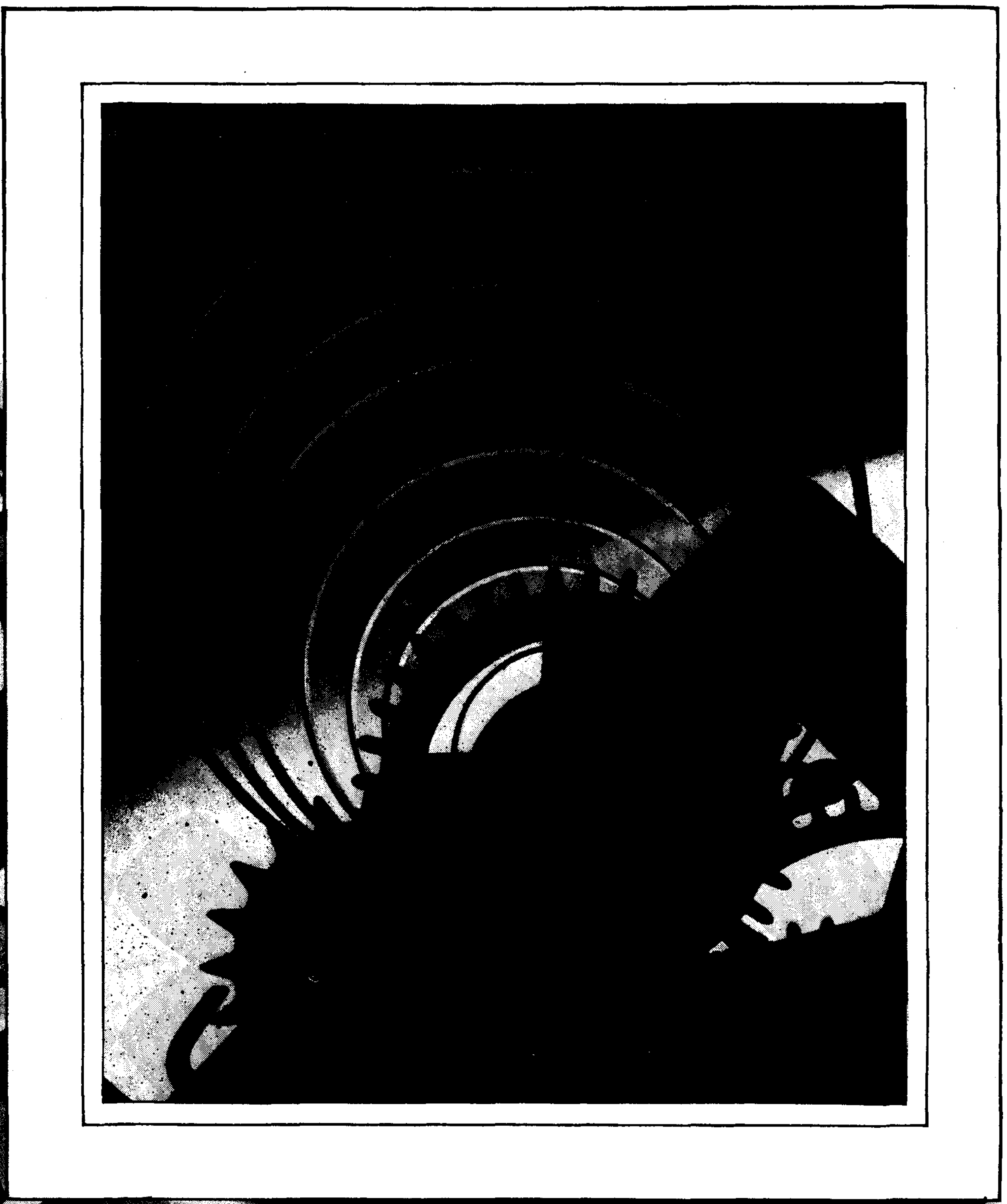
Of course one might well expect a certain magic charm about the things that produce beauty of sound. If even the utilitarian piano hammers can be seen as objects of delight, then perhaps it's not so awfully surprising



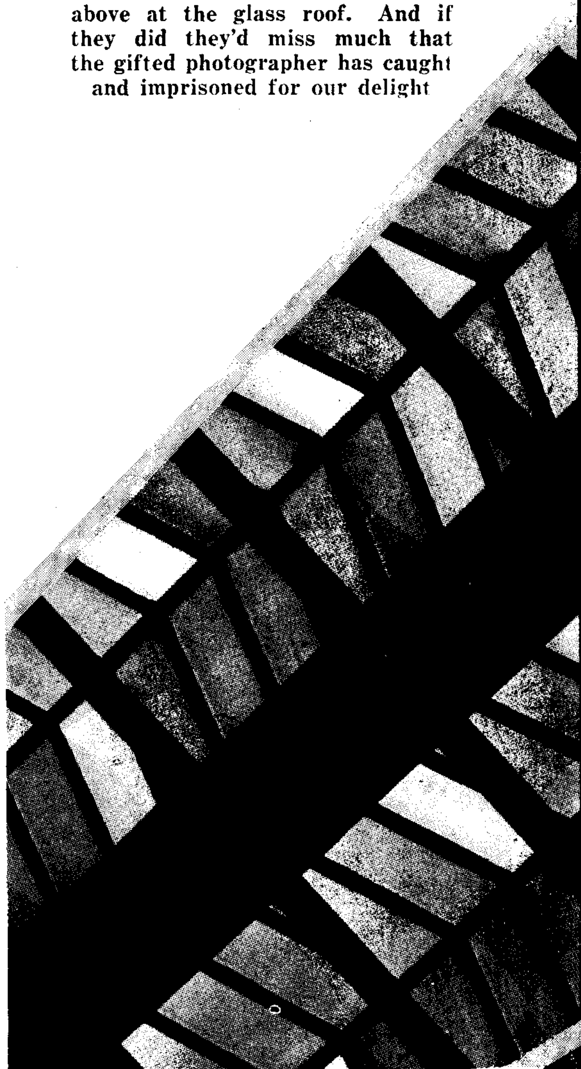
It makes you dizzy just to look at it, let alone climbing to the top. But it is merely a looking-up shot of a commercial gas holder, one of those mountainous red tanks that slide up and down like a trombone



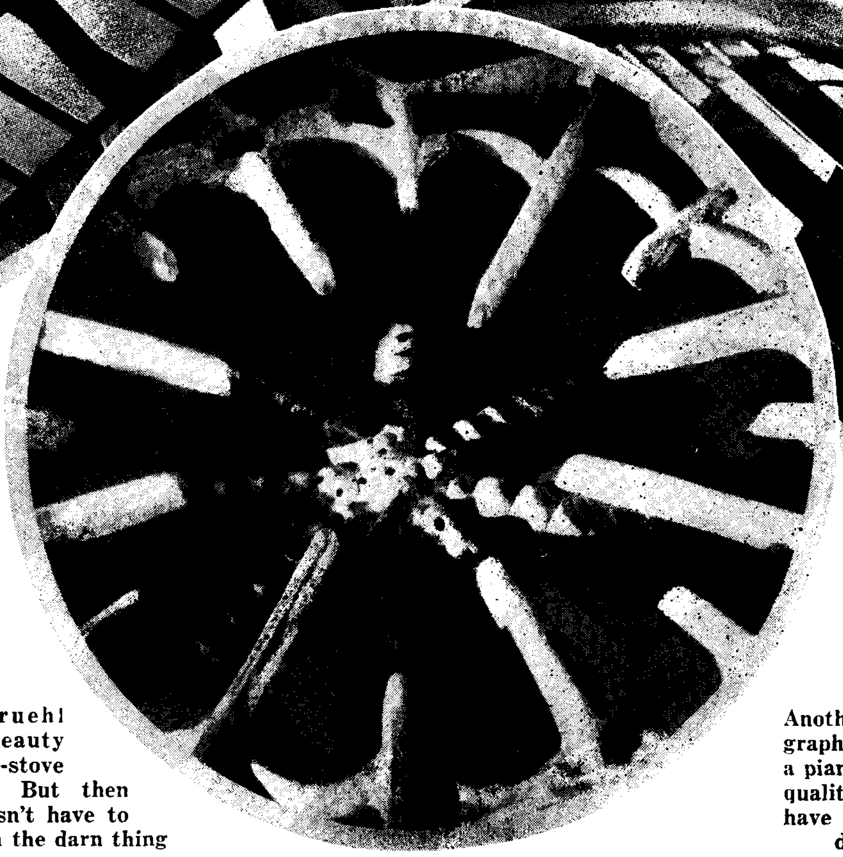
Many times as you've looked from the car window you've seen these things. But never before did you realize what pleasing objects high-tension insulators could be. A study in shadows



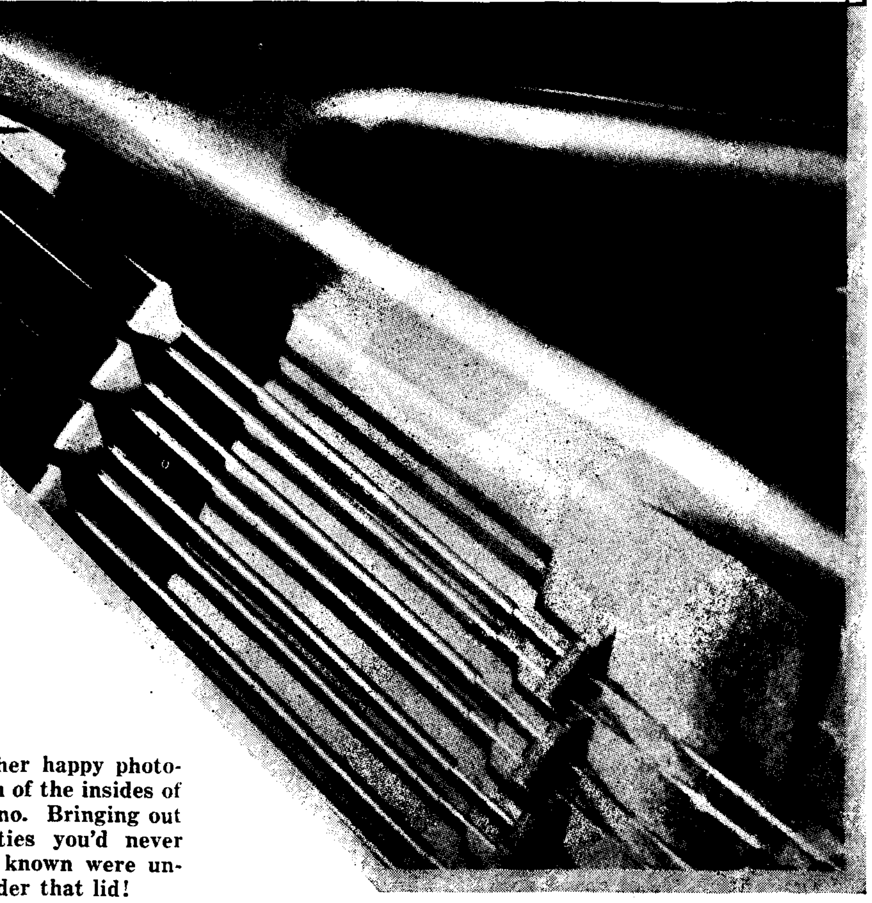
An overimaginative artist of the modernistic school might have called this his interpretation of Sunrise Over Industry, and got away with it if we hadn't been informed that it's a skillfully lighted picture of an alarm clock's innards



Scurrying through the great Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York, travelers seldom even glance above at the glass roof. And if they did they'd miss much that the gifted photographer has caught and imprisoned for our delight



Mr. Bruehl sees beauty in a gas-stove burner. But then he doesn't have to cook on the darn thing

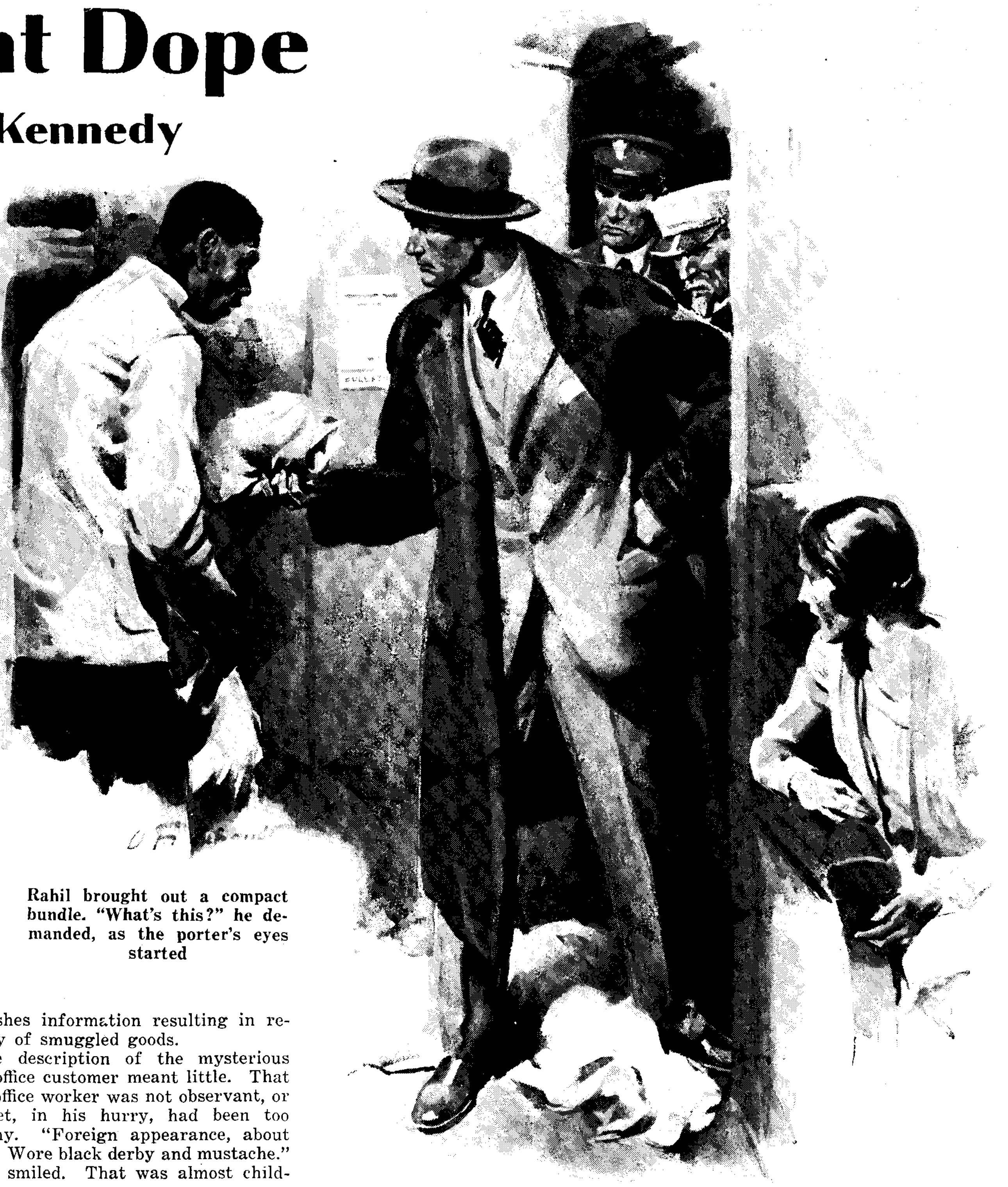


Another happy photograph of the insides of a piano. Bringing out qualities you'd never have known were under that lid!

The Right Dope

By John B. Kennedy

When you're playing the game Officer Rahil played, you have to think quickly. Rahil could and did



Rahil brought out a compact bundle. "What's this?" he demanded, as the porter's eyes started

FOR more than a month Rahil had been shifting from one side of the Canadian border to the other, working every port from Ogdensburg on the St. Lawrence to Dayville in Maine—more than three hundred miles of a lone patrol. He didn't like it. Not a thankful job, whatever happened. If he failed—well, he failed, and the reputation he had made on the Pacific states' line was dimmed.

That reputation led Washington to send Rahil to the East. Informants of the narcotics espionage had fairly convinced the authorities that the import attack had shifted from West to East. Certainly the stuff was coming through —in amazing quantities. In New York alone the police had netted in one raid two years' supply for hundreds of the wretched addicts.

And Rahil had been assigned to find the needle in the haystack. Thirty days of tireless gadding by foot, car, boat and train—nothing had happened. That is, nothing of the spectacular sort the Department seemed to expect from Rahil. He had turned up a cache of diamonds in a spurious cripple's clubfoot. But although that pleased the Collector at Ogdensburg, it was a disappointment to Rahil. His hunch had said "dope," and his hunch was wrong.

At the Point that night when he arrived, cold, tired, disgusted with himself and the world, were two letters. The first was official, from his bureau chief. It said—and Rahil sneered at the sarcasm—that if Rahil felt sure further work in the East was useless, he might shift his operations to Detroit. He grumbled his irritation:

"For six thousand a year they expect a guy to be Sherlock Holmes punching a time clock."

THEN he opened the other letter. It was from Barnet, an undercover man in Montreal. A good worker, too; so good that he was continually feeding the special operatives with more false clues than true ones. Too industrious.

The letter from Barnet, brought in an hour ago by the patrol, informed Rahil that something might be expected on one of the night trains to New York. A volunteer spotter in the Montreal post office had tipped off Barnet that his suspicions had been aroused by a man using the general delivery for packages from Quebec. The man had flashed a roll with a thousand-note wrapper when buying postage for the package which he readdressed for remailing. But he hadn't remailed it in that post office. Hence the suspicion, particularly as the thousand-dollar note was American. In Canada, if there are any, they're kept in museums under guard.

Rahil was unexcited. He had had tips from these post office spotters before. Those boys sent them through by the dozen, in the hope that one might lead somewhere sometime, and net them the twenty-five-per-cent moiety paid by generous Uncle Sam to anybody who furnishes information resulting in recovery of smuggled goods.

The description of the mysterious post office customer meant little. That post office worker was not observant, or Barnet, in his hurry, had been too sketchy. "Foreign appearance, about fifty. Wore black derby and mustache." Rahil smiled. That was almost childish.

But Barnet, who could be garrulous without cause, had chosen to send the letter by courier instead of calling the Point by long distance. That might signify importance, or else simply that Barnet was spending the evening at a show and didn't want to wait at the other end of a telephone for Rahil to reach Rouse's Point.

There were always, mused Rahil, these unaccountables in a service employed to discover the devious ways of crooks who themselves were unaccountable.

Rahil pocketed Barnet's note and reread the letter from his chief. Again he smiled.

"If I think further work in the East is useless!" he echoed the typewritten hint.

TWO night train inspectors stamped into the cold room, disturbing Rahil's reflection, which still harped on the blue note of six thousand a year for one expected to do wonders.

One of the officers was Indian-faced and gray. The other had a wiry goatee that made him resemble a farmer strangely miscast in the blue customs uniform.

Both nodded briskly to Rahil. They knew him, but paid no more compliment than a syllable.

"That," thought Rahil, "is also part of the hazard. Do the job and you're a hero to nobody. Flop and these local boys never stop laughing. Happy life!"

The old-timers stood against a radiator, soaking up heat and conversing in undertones. Rahil knew they were showing him enough respect by awaiting his instructions without showing him too much respect by asking for them. A locomotive bell clanged down the street. That was the train on which the inspectors rode to Montreal to board the New York trains and make inspection during the hour it took to get back to the line.

Rahil looked up at them. Their old eyes were kindly behind the horny skepticism that is the unavoidable ocular growth of a customs inspector whose chief contacts are with liars—amateur and professional. Yet he detected an amused sympathy for him—the bright boy from the West sent to solve their problems for them. He didn't like it.

"I'll go through both trains tonight," he said. "Here at the Point."

"Well," piped the goateed inspector. "'Twon't do 'em no harm to wait."

Rahil knew the crack was aimed as much at him as at the unsuspecting passengers. The old men clumped downstairs to make their trains.

Rahil waited, moodily. In a room across a poorly lighted passage tyro officers were enjoying themselves exacting five-dollar fines from half-drunk motorists whose unauthorized export of Canadian liquor had been exposed. He tried to picture the kind of man he should look for from Barnet's meager description. In a mirror strung on the wall he reflected it might be himself, save for the derby, the mustache, and, he snickered, the thousand-dollar wrapper to a pocket wad of money. In fact, it might be anybody.

THREE hours later, after an unimpressive and lonely dinner, he waited shiveringly at the station. The goateed inspector stepped from the first train, laden with the inevitable bag of confiscated bottles of booze. Just as Rahil was boarding it, the inspector called:

"Man on the train behind lookin' to meet you here. Come up to the Windsor station to tell me. Name of Brown."

Rahil stepped down and the goateed inspector struggled onward with his burden of bottles.

Brown, to Rahil, meant Barnet—the undercover man. The alias was obvious, it was subtle. An impatient railroad conductor stuck his head from a car end.

"Are we clear?" he asked, sensing Rahil's authority.

"Not yet," said Rahil.

The second train thundered up to the tiny station, and as it slowed down, the

Indian-faced inspector stepped off—also bearing a bag of confiscated liquors. Rahil climbed into the last Pullman, and walked through four sleepers and one compartment car. Passengers were getting abed or chatting in smoking-rooms—smiling relief if their stuff hadn't been captured, scowling darkly if it had.

To them Rahil paid little heed, for the moment. He sought Barnet, and did not find him until he reached the lone day coach up front. The undercover man was slouched in a rear, isolated seat—undistinguishable from a sprinkling of logy ex-revellers on their way back to dry repentance without benefit of berths.

BARNET sat up and spoke hurriedly. "I took that Montreal post office clerk with me through both trains at the stations," he said. "Had plenty of time with half an hour's difference in leaving. We saw everybody, and he picked out a guy on this train—Car 183—next to the last car."

"Good work," said Rahil. "Wait here. You may have to go through to New York."

"Not in this?" Barnet protested, glancing about the ill-smelling coach.

"How else will you keep awake?" asked Rahil. "I may have to go with you."

Leaving the undercover man with that scant consolation, Rahil started back through the sleepers. There was instant dismay when the Pullman conductor saw his badge and flashed word to the passengers that there'd be another customs inspection. Rahil beckoned him to a vestibule and warned him to shut up. Then he asked a burly and obliging immigration inspector to fall in line and follow him. The khaki-clad alien hunter made an impressive bodyguard.

In a middle section of Car 183, Rahil spotted a dark man of about fifty, a man wearing a mustache and well-dressed enough to be the possessor of a thousand-dollar note. A pale, exceedingly pretty girl sat opposite him, and Rahil was momentarily arrested by the somber beauty of her eyes. He stepped briskly to where the porter was making up an upper berth at the very end of the car.

"Open all your closets," he commanded.

The porter turned a face like black coffee diluted with milk. He appeared unhappily surprised. Then with an obvious air of indifference he pulled a chain of keys from his pocket. Rahil glanced back at the pair seated in the middle car section. He could see only the girl's pale profile. The man was talking earnestly to her.

"Nothin' you want there, boss," said the Negro, throwing open a linen closet door.

Rahil made no reply. Watching the porter closely, he asked the immigration officer a pointed question:

"Have you checked on the man and girl down center there?"

The immigration man nodded.

"YES," he said. "See them often. He comes through from Montreal about once a month. Takes that gal to a specialist in New York."

"Who's the girl?"

"His daughter."

"Oh!" said Rahil, purposely skeptical.

"Why," the other asked, "anything wrong?"

Rahil winked and nodded toward the porter, who had been laboriously emptying linen shelves for examination. Rahil sensed that his brief conversation with the immigration man had disturbed the Negro's impassivity, although the fellow seemed cool enough.

Curious passengers jostled down the car aisle and a conductor from the other waiting train burst from the vestibule.

"When can we pull out, Chief?" he asked Rahil.

"When you get the word," said Rahil.

The conductor sulked, fingered a watch-face and grumbled. Rahil stroked the compartments of the closet with the beam of his pocket-torch, then tapped the sides with its butt.

"The old guy got all our liquor," a thick-tongued traveler jeered.

Rahil bade the porter open his cleaning tool closet. There seemed nothing much there besides a bucket with mops and brooms. He nudged the immigration man to keep an eye on the porter, then he stepped back through the pressing throng of passengers and took note that the dark man and the girl remained in their seats.

Returning to the vestibule he bade the porter close the closet.

"All right now?" asked the conductor of the other train.

Rahil ignored him.

"What's that little closet there?" he asked, casually.

"Dirty laundry, mister," said the porter.

"Open it," said Rahil.

He motioned the immigration officer to push back murmuring passengers. The Negro bent, opened the closet and rolled out a bulging bag of soiled linen. Rahil pocketed his torch, stooped over the bag and, lifting it, shook its contents on the floor. He stood upright, eyeing a heap of pillow cases and sheets.

"HOW is it you're carrying dirty linen?" he asked the porter.

"Found it on the car, boss. This ain't my usual car."

"That's right," said the Pullman conductor from the rear.

Rahil smiled. He turned to the train conductor of the other express. Faces disappeared from the passageway. But suddenly, Rahil bent over, scooped both hands into the heap of linen and brought out a compact bundle.

"What's this?" he demanded.

The Negro's eyes started.

"Just a dirty shirt and some collars, boss," he explained.

"Whose?"

"Mine, boss."

"Thought you said this wasn't your usual car?"

The porter flinched. Rahil didn't observe that. He was untying the knotted sleeves of the shirt. He brought a square box wrapped in newspaper from the folds of the shirt.

"Them's dirty collars," said the porter.

Rahil made no reply. He stripped off the newspaper. Beneath it was a yellow cardboard collar box. For an instant it seemed as though he was going to toss it back into the laundry bag held open by the porter. Instead, he called to the conductor.

"Clear the wash room, please."

The porter dropped the laundry bag while the conductor obeyed. In the Negro's eyes was a scared look, unrelieved by the watchful proximity of the immigration officer.

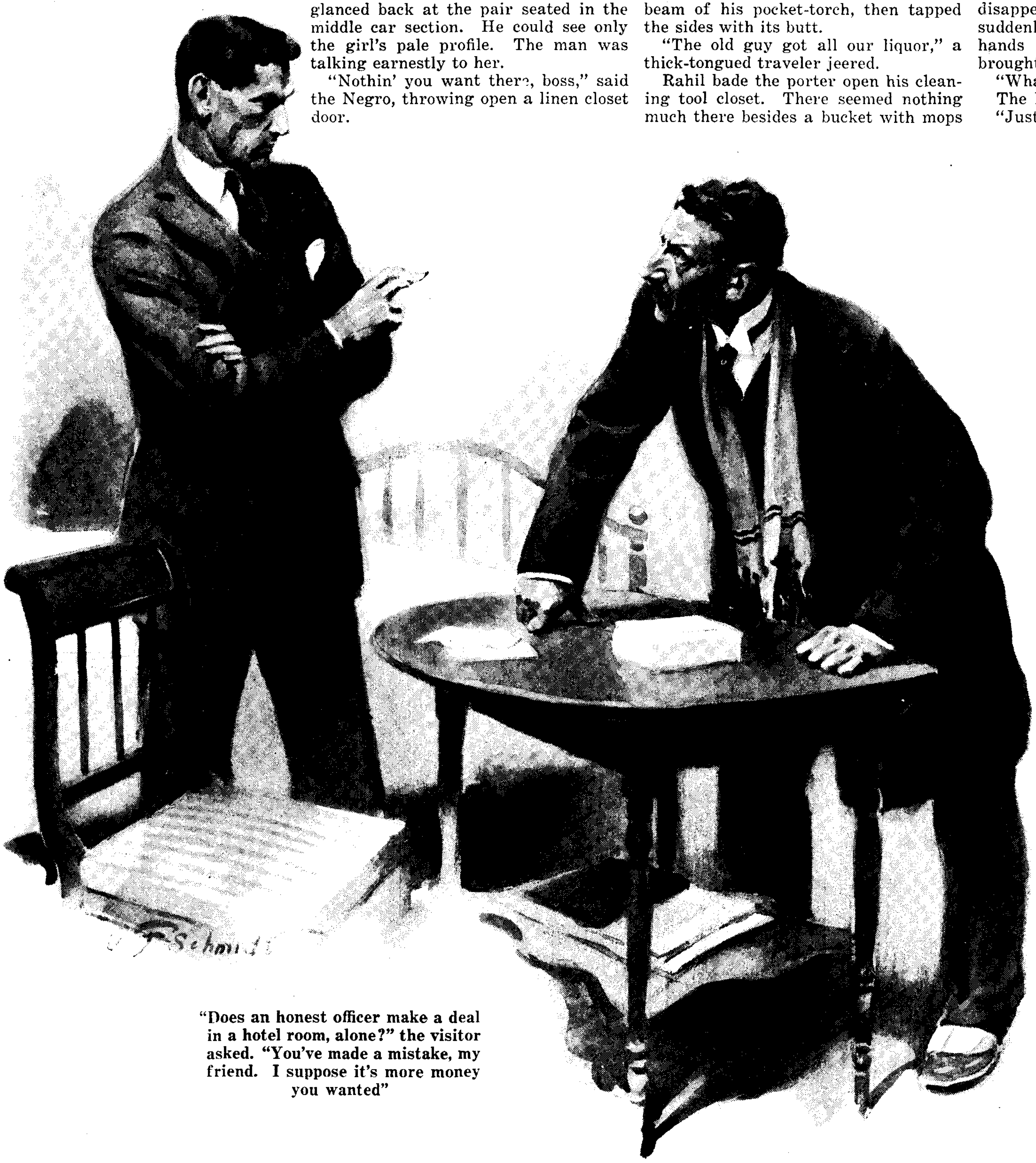
"Bring him in here," Rahil bade the latter.

Indifferent to loud protests filtering from the car, Rahil, before his brother officer, the Pullman conductor, and the staring porter, opened the collar box. Fitted neatly into the cardboard was a tin container, sealed.

"I thought," said Rahil, quietly, "this was a little too heavy for collars."

He broke the seals and opened the tin. Neatly compressed to occupy every speck of space were oil-paper-wrapped packages. Rahil picked one out and opened it. Within tissue paper beneath the oil-paper a fine white, silk-like powder was revealed. The Pullman conductor whistled. Smiling grimly, Rahil exchanged winks with the immigration officer, whose burly hand fell on the Negro's wrist.

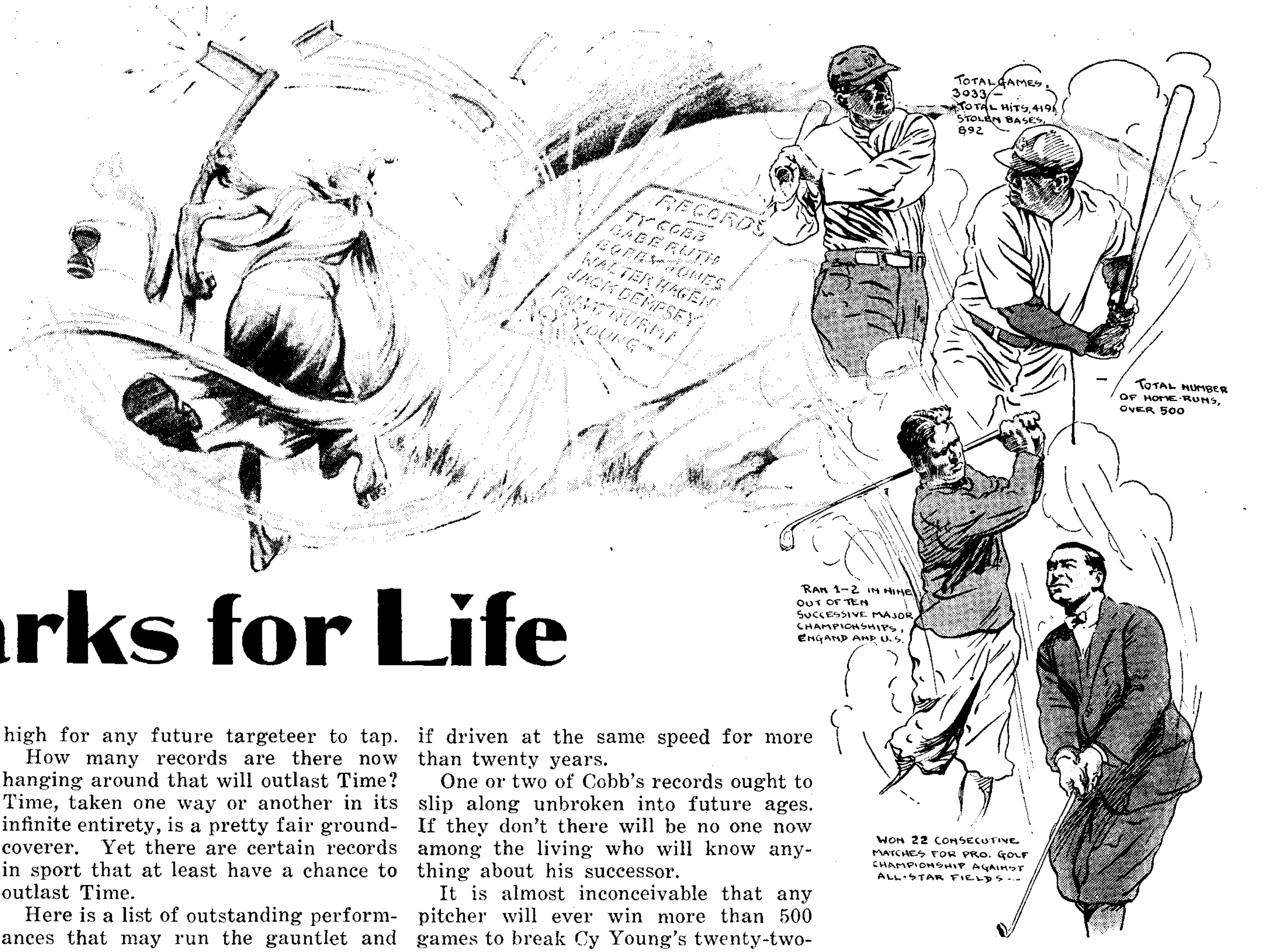
"I didn't know that was there, boss," (Continued on page 62)



"Does an honest officer make a deal in a hotel room, alone?" the visitor asked. "You've made a mistake, my friend. I suppose it's more money you wanted"

By Grantland Rice

Champions make sporting history—new champs, more history. How long will the achievements of today's stars remain unsurpassed?

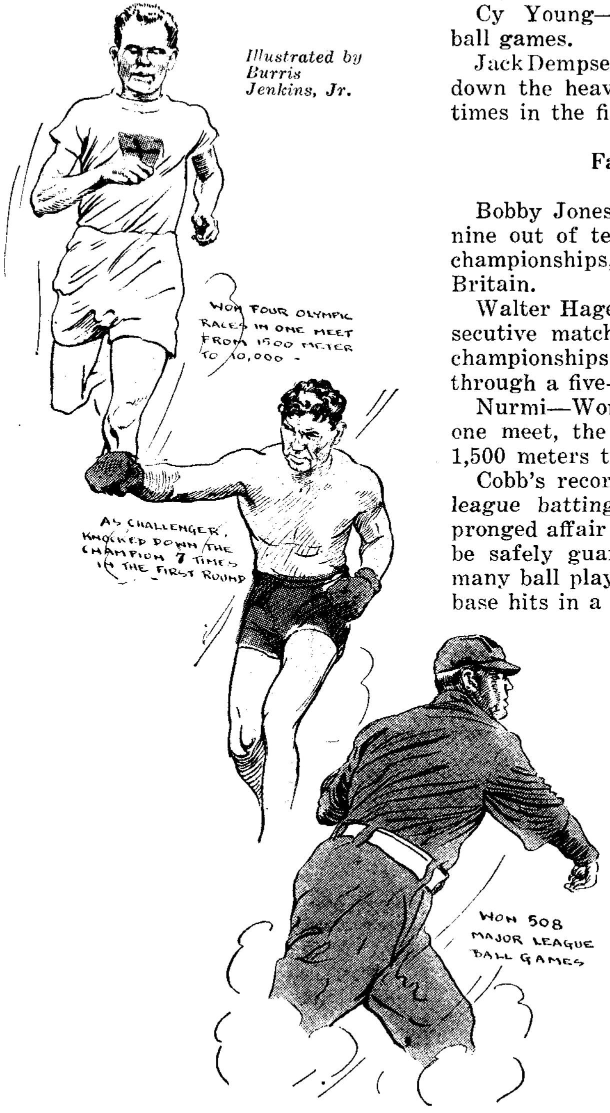

RECORDS
TY COBB
BABE RUTH
BOBBY JONES
WALTER HAGEN
JACK DEMPSEY
PAAVO NURMI
CY YOUNG
TOTAL GAMES, 3033 — TOTAL HITS, 4191 STOLEN BASES, 892
TOTAL NUMBER OF HOME-RUNS, OVER 500
RAN 1-2 IN NINE OUT OF TEN SUCCESSIVE MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIPS, ENGAND AND U.S.
WON 22 CONSECUTIVE MATCHES FOR PRO. GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AGAINST ALL-STAR FIELDS ...

Marks for Life

THE sporting generation of twenty years ago looked with considerable pride upon the records of that period thrown forward as a challenge to time and skill. Today most of those records resemble a wheat field in the wake of the reaper.

Here and there one or two remain, but for the most they have been badly cracked by modern sprinters, distance runners, weight throwers, hurdlers, jumpers, home-run hitters, golfers and the like.

Yet each generation likes to size up the record crop and kid itself into the belief that it has seen history made, history that will last. There is nothing like being among those present when one of the bunch hangs up a mark too high for any future targeteer to tap.


WON FOUR OLYMPIC RACES IN ONE MEET FROM 1500 METER TO 10,000 -
AS CHALLENGER, KNOCKED DOWN THE CHAMPION 7 TIMES IN THE FIRST ROUND
WON 508 MAJOR LEAGUE BALL GAMES

Illustrated by Burris Jenkins, Jr.

How many records are there now hanging around that will outlast Time? Time, taken one way or another in its infinite entirety, is a pretty fair ground-coverer. Yet there are certain records in sport that at least have a chance to outlast Time.

Here is a list of outstanding performances that may run the gauntlet and prove to be more than any future star can equal or surpass:

Ty Cobb—Total number of major-league games, 3,033; total number of base hits, 4,191; runs scored, 2,244; stolen bases, 892. He led the league twelve out of thirteen consecutive seasons.

Babe Ruth—Total number of home runs, more than 500.

Cy Young—Won 508 major-league ball games.

Jack Dempsey—As challenger, knocked down the heavyweight champion seven times in the first round.

Farm to Fame

Bobby Jones—Ran first or second in nine out of ten successive major open championships, United States and Great Britain.

Walter Hagen—Won twenty-two consecutive matches for professional golf championships against all-star fields through a five-year period.

Nurmi—Won four Olympic races in one meet, the distances ranging from 1,500 meters to 10,000 meters.

Cobb's record of base hits, runs and league batting leadership is a three-pronged affair and each prong seems to be safely guarded from assault. Not many ball players pick up two hundred base hits in a year, and 4,191 base hits means an average above two hundred a year for twenty years.

Cobb was one of those rare mixtures that are seldom duplicated. He had speed, brains, daring, amazing coördination, endurance, skill and instantaneous reflexes. He also had the luck to take desperate chances through year after year without picking up any injury worth speaking about. Normal human fiber would have split apart into various segments if driven at the same speed for more than twenty years.

One or two of Cobb's records ought to slip along unbroken into future ages. If they don't there will be no one now among the living who will know anything about his successor.

It is almost inconceivable that any pitcher will ever win more than 500 games to break Cy Young's twenty-two-year record. Few pitchers now hanging around will ever pitch five hundred games, much less hang up that many winning afternoons. When such stars as Mathewson, Johnson, Waddell, Plank, Bender, Walsh, Alexander and Vance could never approach the pitching pinnacle to which Young climbed, it is hard to believe that anyone else will come along to surpass it, unless they change the nature of the game.

Cy Young happened to be one of those human miracles. He stepped from the farm into big-league baseball and rolled back the enemy with two or three hits in his opening number. He was a great pitcher from the day he threw his first ball up to the day, more than twenty years later, when the old arm was refueled for the last time. Cy was big, powerfully built, with a smooth pitching motion that brought on little strain.

It is conceivable, of course, that another heavyweight challenger will step out and hammer the champion's head off in the first round. But this is also unlikely. The champion, even though he is slipping, usually knows too much to be caught that quickly.

It took Corbett more than twenty rounds to whip Sullivan. Fitzsimmons needed fourteen rounds to nail Corbett. Jeffries set a record by stopping Fitz in the eleventh. Jack Johnson needed a longer span to nail the fading Jeffries, and Johnson lasted twenty-six rounds against Willard. Dempsey should have been given the title in the first round at Toledo, after his arm had been raised, with Willard, battered, dazed and bleeding, hanging over a lower rope.

What about Bobby Jones' record in open championships? Golf has always carried its share of brilliancy. The lacking ingredient has been consistency. There is something about the ancient game that seems to work against the steadiness that other sports often produce. The great Vardon won six British Opens, but he won them through a stretch of twenty years. Braid and Taylor could rarely follow one great season with another just as great. Hagen won the United States Open in 1914 and again in 1919. But he has never won since.

Jones has been the only golfer in history who ever set such a pace for ten consecutive open championships, United States and Great Britain. To run first or second through so many years against such competition, with the run still on, leaves another target that may be baffling to the next genius who shoots at the mark.

Jones first hit his stride back in 1922 when he finished just a stroke back of Gene Sarazen. In only one start since, shooting at the main target of two nations, have they crowded him as low as third place.

The two records set up by Babe Ruth and Paavo Nurmi are more uncertain. Ruth is the greatest home-run hitter that has ever slugged a ball out of the lot. But if present home-run conditions, whatever the cause, are continued indefinitely, a Chuck Klein, a Mel Ott, a Jimmie Foxx or some other walloping youngster now around twenty may slip by the five hundred count in some fifteen or twenty years.

Home Runs and Runners

If that happens the Babe's all-time total will be something at which to take aim. And it might also be remembered that the Babe has not yet been measured for his baseball winding sheet. That immense system of his still has a flock of home runs left before they can call it a career. Ruth is among the few massive men in sport who also have had litheness, quickness, rhythm and controlled power.

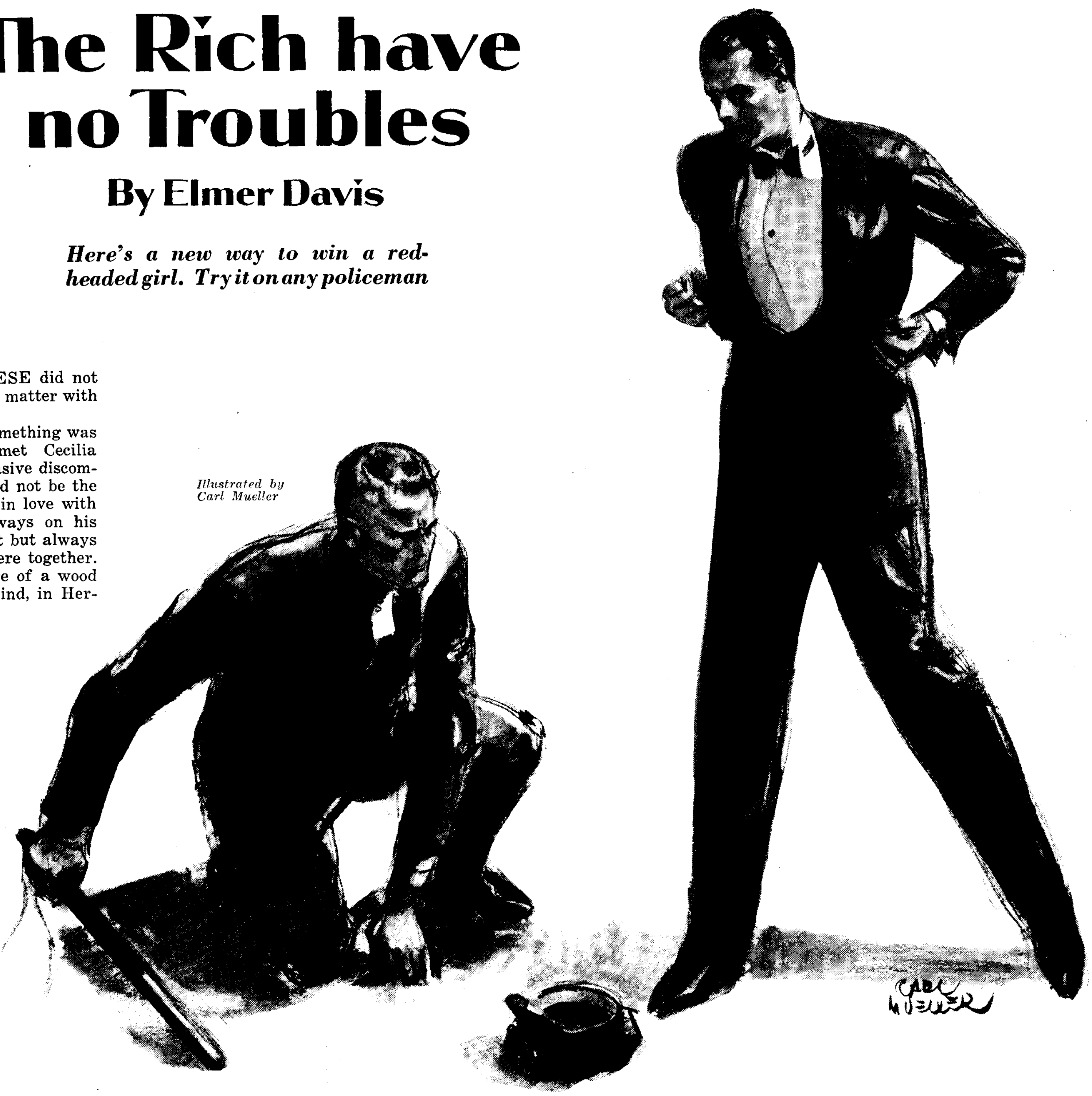
Nurmi's 1924 Olympic sweep of conquering all distances from the 1,500 to the 10,000 meters against the picked runners of the world, breaking records as he moved along, will last indefinitely. Competition is getting keener every year and the combination of Nurmi's speed and stamina has never been equaled.

It is not likely that anyone now living will ever see any of these achievements equaled or surpassed. Nor is the generation to follow pointed for any better luck in this respect. Beyond that point eternity extends for quite a stretch.

The Rich have no Troubles

By Elmer Davis

Here's a new way to win a red-headed girl. Try it on any policeman



Illustrated by Carl Mueller

"Stop this, then!" roared Herbert, and swung wildly to the policeman's chin. The fist landed and the policeman fell to the path

MR. HERBERT REESE did not know what was the matter with him.

He had felt that something was wrong even before he met Cecilia Carden, so this vague pervasive discomfort that troubled him could not be the pangs of love. He wasn't in love with her, anyway; she was always on his mind when they were apart but always on his nerves when they were together. She had the face and figure of a wood nymph; but she had the mind, in Herbert's opinion, of a fanatical little fool. To fall in love with a fanatical little fool would be an act of folly, and Herbert had never committed an act of folly in his life.

Still, something was wrong. He played his hour of squash at the Harvard Club before dinner every evening, his afternoon of golf at Blind Brook every Saturday; but he had no appetite, he lay awake for hours every night, he could not keep his mind on anything.

Luckily his money needed no attention; the stocks he owned ignored the fluctuations of the market; they went up slowly, but they never came down. But when, at an auction, he let his thoughts wander to Cecilia's shortcomings, and woke up to find that the Ming vase he wanted had been bid in by a dealer who would certainly ask him ten thousand dollars more for it than he might have paid at the auction, he began to be afraid that his mind was going. The collection of Chinese antiquities was the one occupation he pursued with something like zeal. If he could no longer keep his mind on that, he might soon have no mind to keep on anything.

But perhaps it wasn't his mind. He had never known a day of sickness since the age of measles and chicken pox; none the less he paid several thousand dollars to learn from the most highly regarded specialists, that nothing was wrong with his heart, his lungs, his liver, or his ductless glands. Yet he felt worse than ever. His brain must be going. He would have to see Vandeleur.

Vandeleur was the best, or at least the most costly neurologist in New York. Herbert knew him well, had played bridge with him and danced with his wife. At the card table, at the dinner table, Vandeleur was urbanely brilliant; but he had the reputation of being brutal with his patients. Most of them were women, who liked it; Herbert had a premonition that he would not.

He spent a pleasant hour reciting his symptoms and his life history to one of Vandeleur's assistants, but the great man's personal examination was unflatteringly brief. Or perhaps ominously brief, thought Herbert with a shudder; to the expert eye the signs of approaching insanity might be unmistakable. Herbert was shuddering still when Vandeleur glowered at him across the desk and began:

"Well! The trouble with you is—"

THE ring of the telephone cut him off; he turned to answer it, and Herbert almost screamed. If he was so far gone as that, it was lucky he'd never asked Cecilia to marry him. . . . As if he would dream of marrying the little idiot! . . . Vandeleur had put aside the telephone.

"Yes," said Herbert weakly, "the trouble with me is—?"

"Nothing!" Vandeleur snorted. "Too much money and nothing to do. Call it neurasthenia, if you want a high-sounding name. I'm ashamed of you, Reese. That's a disease of rich women—the ones who don't get fat."

"But my nerves have utterly gone to pieces—"

"Your nerves are perfectly sound—as sound as your muscles. But you give your muscles something to do. You play games, work up a sweat to keep from getting flabby. Did your mind ever work up a sweat? Did you ever get really heated up about anything in your life?"

"I don't like people whose minds get heated up," Herbert protested. "So few things are worth it."

"Not many," Vandeleur agreed. "But you've missed the ones that are. You've always had money; you've always belonged. You've never married; you never had to work. You've never done anything but collect Chinese doodads. Go out and get interested in something! Come to life!"

"You can't deliberately get interested in something," Herbert argued. "Anyway, you're mistaken. I take an interest in public questions, but getting heated up isn't the way to settle them. Besides, I saw too much of practical politics when I was father's secretary. But I—well, damn it, Vandeleur, I'm not such a bad citizen. I tried to do my bit in the war; it wasn't my fault if they thought I'd be more useful in the Treasury than in the trenches. I contribute pretty heavily to charity. I behave decently and try to vote intelligently—"

"The greatest psychiatrist that ever lived had a case like yours," Vandeleur interrupted. "A rich young man who obeyed the laws—they didn't have so many in those days—and contributed to charity, and generally lived a decent life. Yet he was neurasthenic; he felt lost. . . . He was advised to sell out everything he had and give it to the poor."

"And did he?" Herbert asked.

"No, he went away sorrowing; for he had great possessions."

"That sort of charity isn't the scientific way to help the poor."

"Possibly not. It was prescribed, not for its effect on the poor but for its effect on the patient. What that young man needed was to be shaken up—torn loose from everything he'd leaned on all his life and given a complete set of new interests. The medicine was too strong; he wouldn't take it. Neither, I suppose, would you."

"BUT you're not seriously arguing that I—" Herbert began.

"I'm telling you that the only cure for neurasthenia is to get worked up about something. If you haven't got an interest—I don't count collecting—go and make one. Give away your money and see if you could earn your own living. If you think it's unscientific to give it to the poor, give it to the rich; they'd take it. Get yourself shipwrecked on a desert island, and live on raw shellfish while you're building a raft to get away. Join a gang of racketeers and double-cross them; go down into Heflin's country and give three cheers for the Pope—anything to shake yourself up."

"Anything like that would be absurd, and you know it."

"Not so absurd as for a perfectly healthy man to believe he's a nervous wreck. If you had a wife, Reese, she wouldn't let you fall into these silly moods. Why don't you marry that red-headed girl I saw with you at the theater the other night? I'll bet she'd cure you."

"That girl? I wouldn't marry her if she were the only woman in the world!"

"Oh, you wouldn't?" asked Vandeleur, sulkily. "Why not, please?"

"I hate her!" Herbert exploded. "I mean I despise her. That is—she's a perfectly nice girl," he explained hurriedly. "But she's a little fool. She's got no sense of proportion. . . . Her name's Cecilia Carden. You've probably read about her—she gets in the papers a lot. She's a lawyer—works for the Legal Aid Society. Helping out the poor and downtrodden. She does a fine work, as far as that goes; but the trouble is that she runs into a good deal that's rather messy, and she thinks it's all got to be cleaned up before breakfast tomorrow morning. What's worse, she thinks I ought to do it. I personally. Myself."

"You lack enthusiasm for the downtrodden, I take it."

"Not at all! I give the Legal Aid a lot of money; it's more useful than I'd be. But I know that you've got to take time to let things work themselves out. She's only twenty-five and she won't wait. But, damn it, I'm not personally responsible for the existence of sin and disease and poverty and bad laws—"

"Why do you suppose she wants you personally to cure them?"

"Oh—probably because I'm the only man that lets her rave. She knows plenty of men, you understand—to dance with, and so on. But I seem to be the one she's picked on to reform the universe."

"Ah!" said Vandeleur. "And why do you let her do it?"

"Because—well, I— Oh, well!" Herbert concluded inadequately.

"I see," said Vandeleur. "Have you told her your own troubles, by the way—about your nerves?"

"Yes, but she laughs at me. She says the rich have no troubles."

"She'll know better," Vandeleur observed, "when she's had a few rich clients. . . . Well! You've taken up seventeen minutes of my time when you were booked for only five. Remember that, when you get my bill."

"But doctor! Aren't you going to give me—"

"A prescription? Certainly. Marry Cecilia Carden."

"MARRY her? But— Anyway, I don't believe she'd marry me."

"Ask her. Why shouldn't she? You're young, healthy, amiable, and rich. Also," Vandeleur added, "I've seen her look at you."

"You—you mean—" Herbert stammered.

"I mean she'd cure you. If her looks are an index to her temperament her husband might suffer from contusions and lacerations, maybe even gunshot wounds; but he'd never have time for neurasthenia."

"You're crazy!" said Herbert, more indignantly than he had said anything in years. None the less, when he left Vandeleur he went to a telephone; and presently Cecilia was telling him that she was dining out, but it would be lovely if he'd come around to her apartment later.

Herbert thought so, too. He hadn't seen her in weeks, except for that one evening at the theater; he knew now that since he had been making the rounds of the specialists he had felt subconsciously that he had no right to see her. But if his disease was one that only Cecilia could cure—

She gave him her hands at the door, her red hair glowing, her amber eyes aglitter. Herbert considered the advisability of kissing her. He had never kissed her; but if he began that way now it might save a good deal of explanation. But just as he made up his mind to it she turned away, picked a typewritten sheet off the table, and brandished it at him.

"Look at this!" she commanded fierily. And he looked.

It was a summary of a bigamy case she had taken. Her client was a scrubwoman with five children, whose drunken husband beat her but was never unfaithful—and infidelity is the sole ground for divorce in New York. So some shyster, since fled to parts unknown, had sold her a worthless paper that purported to be a mail-order Mexican divorce—

"Why didn't she get a legal separation?" Herbert asked when he had read that far. "Cruelty's ground enough for that."

"Because she wanted to marry another man—a childhood sweetheart of hers who'd turned up again and was willing to take another man's five children along with her. . . . Oh, yes, she married him; and now her first husband has had them both arrested for bigamy."

"Pitiful!" said Herbert. "But of course you can get her off. No jury would convict her, in a case like that."

"You don't know juries. Even if she's acquitted, she'd have to leave her second husband, and she's crazy about him. He's good to her."

"TOO bad," said Herbert, sadly. "But if he was her childhood sweetheart she ought to have married him in the first place. Why did she choose this other fellow?"

"Now why do you suppose?" Cecilia demanded. "Why does anybody marry anybody? *You* don't know of course." ("Is that so?" thought Herbert, whose thoughts seldom phrased themselves so rudely.) "We women are fools," she said drearily. "We think if a man looks like something he is something—well, thank God, some of us wake up in time. . . . This woman is ruined even if the jury acquits her! Her first husband could divorce her now, but he won't; he'd rather see her starve. It's all the fault of that stupid divorce law of ours. Why don't you do something about it?"

"I? What can I do about it? I'll give you enough money for this woman and her children to live on, till things break better; but—"

"Money! You think that will cure everything, don't you? Well, it has, for you. But rotten outrages like this are the fault of jackass laws. If we only brought our divorce laws up to date—"

"You know perfectly well you've got to wait on public opinion for that," Herbert argued. "Anyway, what can I do? I don't own the state."

"Your father as good as owned it for twenty years. You were his secretary; you could have owned it by now, if you'd had the spirit. . . . But you quit."

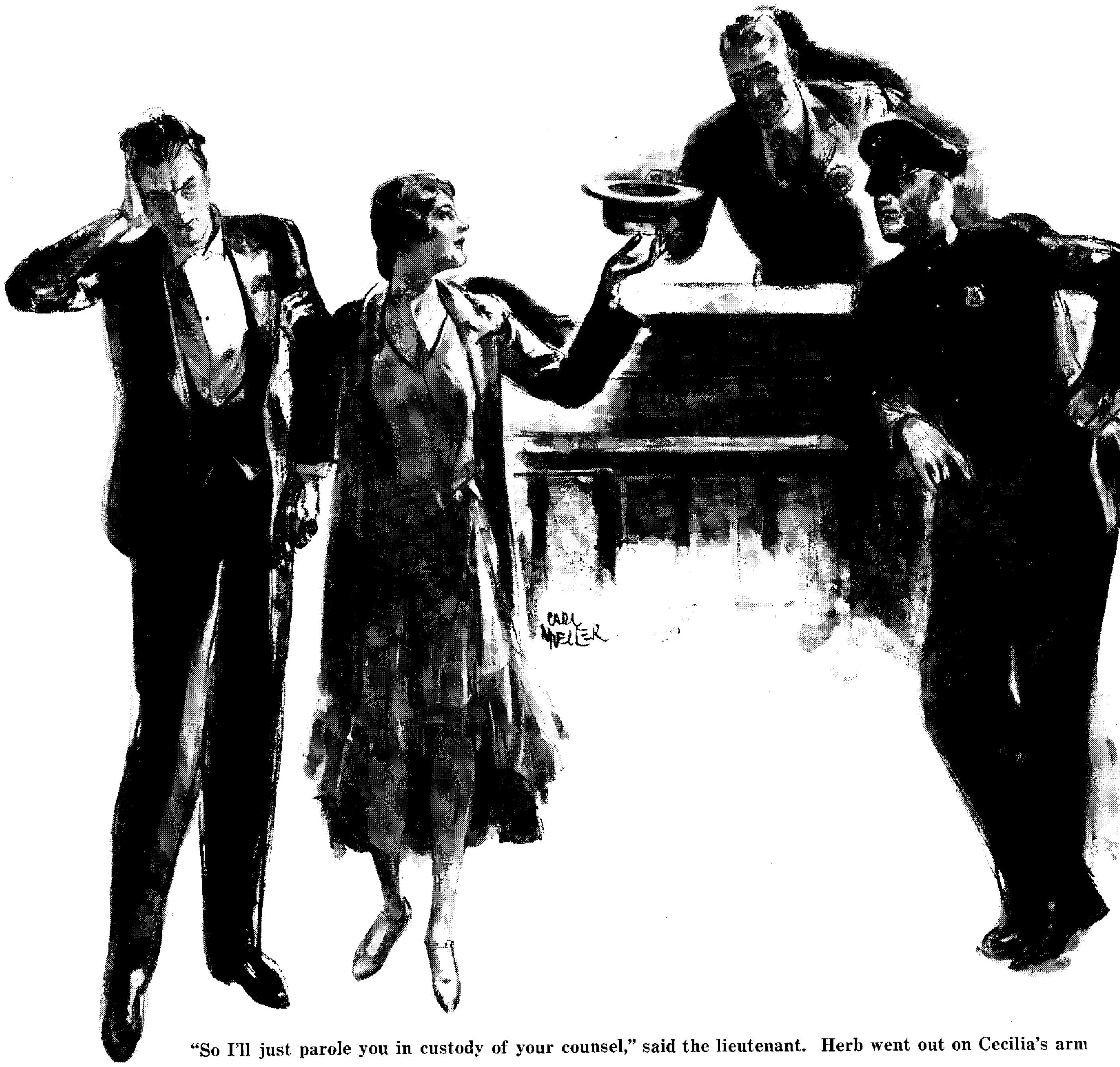
"Yes," said Herbert, "they said my father owned the state. I know better. The state owned him. He was a gentleman and a patriot, the best man I ever knew. And he had to truckle—yes, truckle—to men who weren't fit to shine his shoes, because they could crack the whip over blocs of ignorant voters. If he'd truckled a little more he could have gone to the White House, but thank God, he finally drew the line. . . . You think I'm too calm. Well, as his secretary I had to be calm. I had to be polite to men when I wanted to kick them downstairs. Maybe that got me into the habit."

"Probably," she agreed. "That's an alibi, if that's what you want. But what I wanted—what I wanted—"

She broke off, trembling; her eyes were wet.

Herbert's behavior, then, was headstrong and sudden. He took her in his arms and kissed her, with more force than he would have regarded as well-bred, if he had stopped to think about it. For one dizzy moment she kissed him,

(*Continued on page 67*)

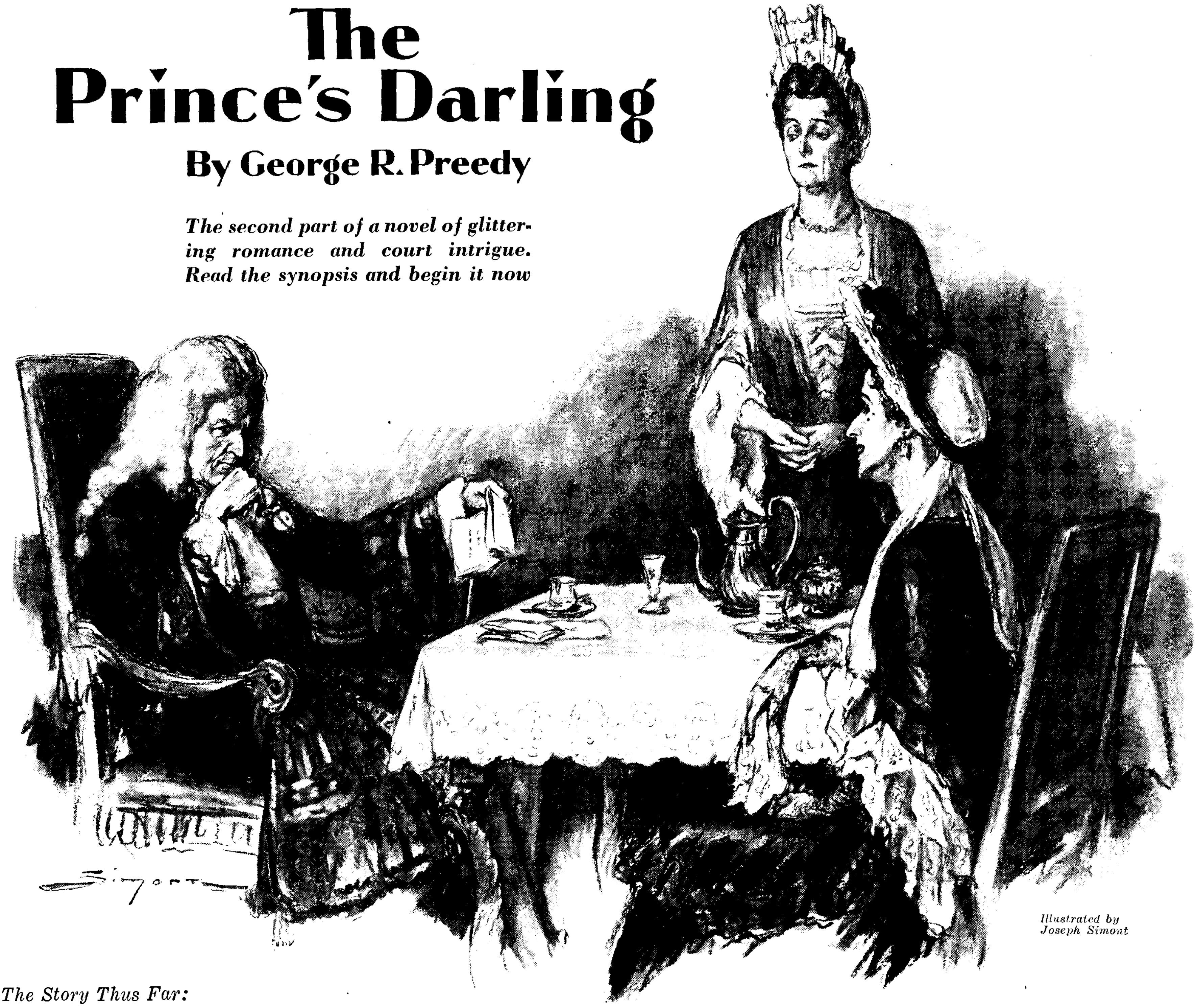


"So I'll just parole you in custody of your counsel," said the lieutenant. Herb went out on Cecilia's arm

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

The second part of a novel of glittering romance and court intrigue. Read the synopsis and begin it now



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"In short," said Fani von Ilten, "she has both the wit and the malice to ruin you, if you do not take your precautions"

The Story Thus Far:

EMBITTERED by poverty and failure, due to the machinations of his wily old enemy, Count Stürm, Minister at the glittering Court of Saxony, Major-General Rudolph von Neitschütz lives with his three children—Madelon, Clement and Casimir—in his crumbling ancestral home, the Château Arnsdorf, near Dresden.

Thither, in the year 1675—on Madelon's twelfth anniversary—come the Elector of Saxony; the Electoral Prince, who is madly in love with Madelon; Count Stürm, who, in the course of a heated interview, tells von Neitschütz he will never permit the Prince to marry Madelon; and von Neitschütz' nephew, Delphicus de Haverbeck, a dashing but impecunious young lieutenant in the Elector's Life Guards, who boldly asks for Madelon's hand in marriage and is cruelly rebuffed for his presumption.

Eight years elapse. De Haverbeck is now a major-general—a great soldier; and Johann Georg, the Electoral Prince, has become Elector. Both are still deeply in love with Madelon. The young Elector is determined to marry her, regardless of Count Stürm's frenzied protests.

Von Neitschütz and his sons are delighted. Soon—after the marriage—Stürm will be in their power, and they will be rich! The two boys—profligate, hopelessly involved with one Fani von Ilten, the vile proprietress of a disreputable gambling house—are squandering vast sums in anticipation of their good fortune. . . . Stürm asks De Haverbeck to assist him in preventing the approaching marriage. If the handsome young general will coöperate, Stürm will secure his promotion. And the old fox suggests that De Haverbeck, working through Fani von Ilten, secure some evidence—a' letter or note, perhaps—which will prove to the Elector what Stürm knows to be the truth: that Madelon does not love him, and that her father and brothers are plotting to entrap him merely to retrieve the family fortunes!

II

GENERAL DE HAVERBECK shook his handsome head slowly.

"Nothing," he said, "nothing whatever. The lady has never marked me out for the least consideration. . . . I know nothing, nothing whatever, of the House of Neitschütz."

"You will not help me, then?"

"No, I am not a man of intrigue."

"I suppose," remarked Stürm, seeming to huddle closer into his handsome clothes, "that you mean to do the best you possibly can for yourself?"

"I know of no one who would admit to less."

Stürm stroked his flaccid visage.

"You sent a memorial to the Elector on the state of the Army!"

"Uselessly. As I imagine."

"It has inflamed the young man to no purpose. Why excite him about what he knows nothing of?"

"The troops I have in Hungary," said De Haverbeck, "were far from an honor to Saxony. Lorraine remarked it. To my confusion."

"But you have amended that, eh? I hear you have some admirable soldiers now."

"They have improved. But I cannot prevail against the corruption here. Marshal von Pollnitz is senile, and ruled by a rapacious woman."

"He has, however, one merit," put in Stürm, gently. "He is obedient to all I say."

"I know. Your man. So all is blocked. I have set out the abuses to the Elector, yet with slender expectation of reform. The Council of State is in your hands, too. And the fame of Saxony is cheapened, Count."

"YOUR tone is not ceremonious," protested Stürm, yet mildly and with insinuation in his voice, "but I have not invited ceremony. I know you are a man of inviolable honor and distinguished energy—vigilant and cautious—a little out of place in these times. But no doubt, General de Haverbeck, you will make your mark. The quickness of your perception will have enabled you to realize that this will scarcely be through me."

"Precisely," replied De Haverbeck. "And you, sir, will be aware that I can be involved in no deception or stratagem that is intended on the House of Neitschütz."

The soldier took up his fringed gauntlets, his cane, and his braided cockaded hat; his pleasant manner verged on contempt. He departed with the least possible ceremony.

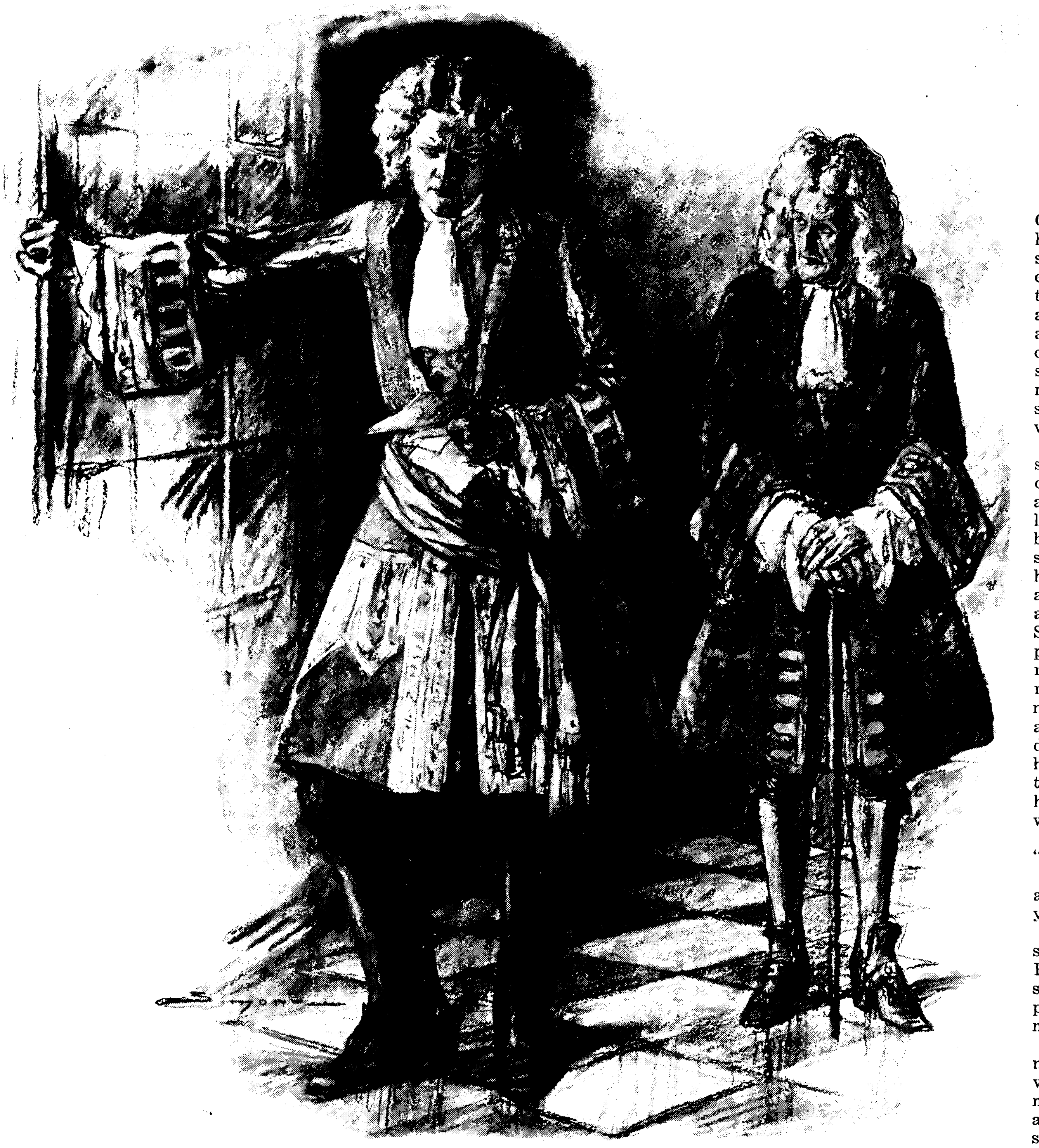
"Unshakable, useless," smiled Count Stürm, giving the monkey his finger to bite. "He'll climb on his own path, unaided, eh, Pug?—and probably fall before he reaches the summit." The old man then struck a bell that brought his somber, quiet secretary; Stürm handed him the letter with the marriage contract of the young Elector.

"Have these articles engrossed and sent off immediately. Have you the report from Strattmann about the brothers von Neitschütz?"

"Yes, sir, it is ready for your perusal."

"Very well, I will see Strattmann myself, and intimate to the Baroness von Ilten that I would like a personal interview—not here, I think, but at her own house. And now, hand me the green ledger."

The secretary unlocked a handsome cabinet in red lacquer, and brought out a thick book bound in green morocco which he put before his master. This contained a list, continually altered and brought up to date, of all the principal men in the Empire, of all the nobility who composed the court at Dresden, and of many of the considerable citizens of that city, together with the names of their wives or mistresses, and notes of the amount of influence these ladies



"These women," urged Stürm, "are like that, sir. As you grow older you will know it"

were supposed to enjoy with their husbands or lovers.

Count Stürm turned swiftly to the entry—*Major-General Delphicus Secundus Hyacinthus Luneburg de Haverbeck of the Life Guards—Commanding for the Elector in Hungary.* Against this was the note—"Angelica, or Angelique, an actress of the Italian Comedy (Carlotta Drezel, formerly a lace maker at Cassel). He has withdrawn her completely from the stage and keeps her in a small country house outside Dresden on the Bächnitz Road. Though she appears faithful she has no influence with him whatever; she is very ignorant; she does not accompany him on his campaigns. There is one child aged about four years."

COUNT STÜRM closed the green book and returned it to his secretary. He had learned nothing that helped him. "Eh, well, Pug, we've done our best."

The lean little man grinned, unfolded and read the report of Strattmann, one of his secret service agents, on the two young scions of the House of Neitschütz, the brothers of the dangerous Magdalena Sibylla. He found this very satisfactory. It should be easy skillfully to deal some fatal stroke at this most vulnerable spot. He reflected deliberately yet swiftly on time and circumstance, considered how long he could keep Johann Georg fretting at Mortizburg, how long von Neitschütz would be likely to wait for him at Arnsdorf, the possibility of the girl being brought to Dresden, whether it would be wise to detain De Haverbeck in Dresden, on the chance that he might again be brought face to face with Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, or whether it would be the greater prudence to arrange for his return to Hungary. . . . Fani von Ilten, who was likely to supply the key to the whole scheme, must be seen at once.

Count Stürm had recently noted that this lady had lately taken into her establishment—the pleasanter name for which was a gambling hell—a woman by the name of Françoise de Rosny, a discredited French noblewoman who had been for a number of years at Arnsdorf in the capacity of governess to Magdalena Sibylla. It was not to be supposed that she would feel much loyalty to her late employer. Stürm was certain she could be bought, and almost certain that she would have matter worth the buying. . . . This part of the game was apt to soil the fingers; he would move through it swiftly, fastidiously; it was not the first time that he had had to close his nostrils to the odor of the materials that he handled; he did not swerve from his purpose for any ugly details in the way.

Major-General de Haverbeck had left the Residenzschloss with some disturbance of his spirits. He had been aware of the methods of Count Stürm from the first time that he had been brought actually in touch with them. His life of the camp, though outwardly free and frank, had its undercurrent of intrigue, and intrigue not too delicate or savory; but De Haverbeck had never mingled in underhand policies—what he could not take easily and boldly he had forgone. He was convinced in his own mind that Count Stürm was overanxious, and that the Elector—infatuated as he might be—would never marry the penniless daughter of a ruined subject. He judged that young man to be too vain, too sensitive to ridicule, too mean to venture so great a throw.

RETURNED to his own lodging, De Haverbeck wrote a letter in duplicate, not without some disgust at those to whom he wrote and an uncommon lack of harmony in his own spirits.

> My Cousin:
>
> I believe it is necessary to inform you that you would do well to be cautious in your dealings with the woman, Fani von Ilten, and in every way to beware of creating any scandal. I have no knowledge of your circumstances or fancies, but, whatever they be, I beg you to take this to heart, for your own as well as your father's and sister's sake. Believe me to be, my dear cousin, your devoted, affectionate friend and cousin,
>
> DELPHICUS LUNEBURG DE HAVERBECK.

He addressed these two epistles to Casimir and Clement, and sent them by his footboy to the depot of the Cuirassiers, to which regiment the two brothers belonged. He was so ignorant of the affairs of the House of Neitschütz as not to guess that his warning came altogether too late, that it would prove of not the slightest significance, and be screwed up and tossed away as impertinence by the young men he wished to save from a degradation to which they were already too deeply committed.

The spring day hung slackly on the spirits of De Haverbeck when he had dispatched his epistles. The blue air about the city was for him empty of delight. He had been arrogantly menaced by Providence. His dearest desire seemed lost—she was withheld from him by all the force of vile, alarmed and powerful passions. And Stürm had allowed him to see that his career in Saxony was destitute of glorious opportunity; von Pollnitz, the sick, corrupt, ancient Chief of the Army, would retain his post, and he, De Haverbeck, might waste in the Hungarian marshes, a General of Cavalry, and no more, indefinitely. De Haverbeck did not abate his intentions of a better fortune than this, but he had the fortitude to do a hard thing for one of his temperament: wait, in idleness, on events.

"OBLIGE me," said Count Stürm, "as far as your convenience permits, and I shall not be troublesome either to you or your friends."

He warmed his hands before the large stove of dark amber-colored glaze, which Fani von Ilten still kept alight in her small decorous inner parlor. Both the pale spring day and the blood of the minister were chilly.

Making and serving coffee with that niceness which she had always cultivated as one of the most useful of the minor arts, Fani von Ilten ventured to ask Count Stürm, still close to the stove, slightly shivering even in his fur and velvet as he held out his shriveled hands to the steady warmth of the square orange-red windows, what was his immediate need of her. He knew, she was gratefully sure, that he could always count on her poor services. . . . He knew also, she was equally sure, that she was aware that Strattmann, his agent, had been about her establishment making inquiries regarding the two Captains von Neitschütz—was it of these gentlemen that His Excellency wished further information?

As she leaned forward with her question Stürm regarded her with an expression of reserved hostility. He took out his spectacles, adjusted them, and continued to stare at her through the large glasses. . . . He wondered quite who this woman was and if she was more useful than perilous; a courtesan, a spy, certainly worse than either, probably an agent for usurers in Venice, the presiding deity of a gambling hell, a purveyor of drugs to the cunning, of charms to the simple, an extortionist of money by every possible means of intimidation, assiduous in the service of all the vices, with the manner and the apparel of a gentlewoman.

Stürm gazed into the stove and spoke: "You know my situation—everyone knows it. The von Neitschützes are hoping—are staking on this marriage with His Highness. Now you know very well, my dear (Continued on page 54)

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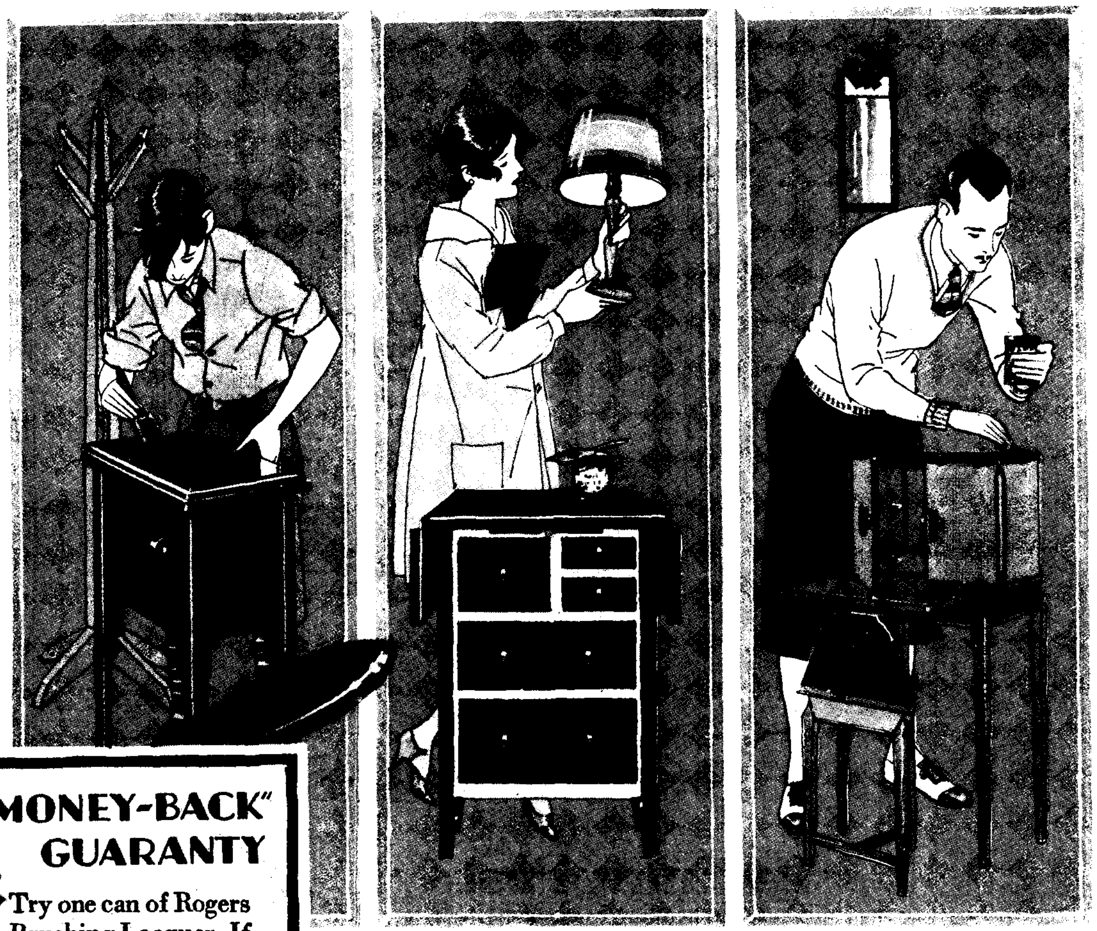

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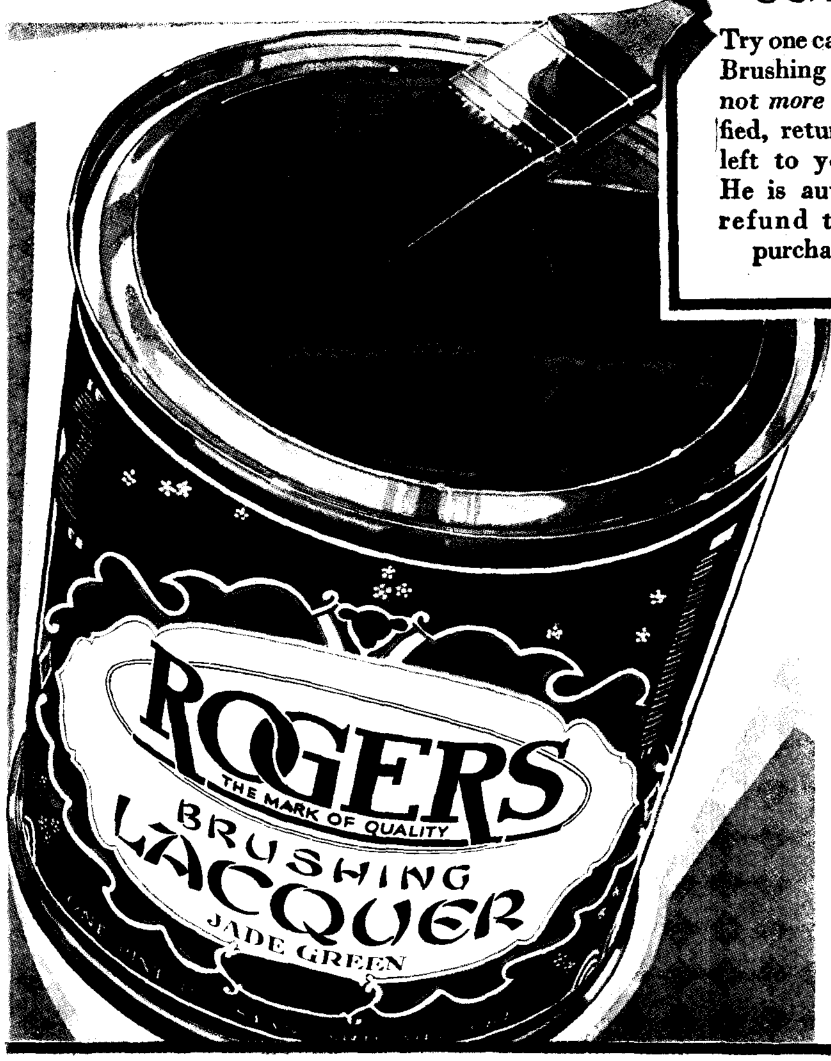

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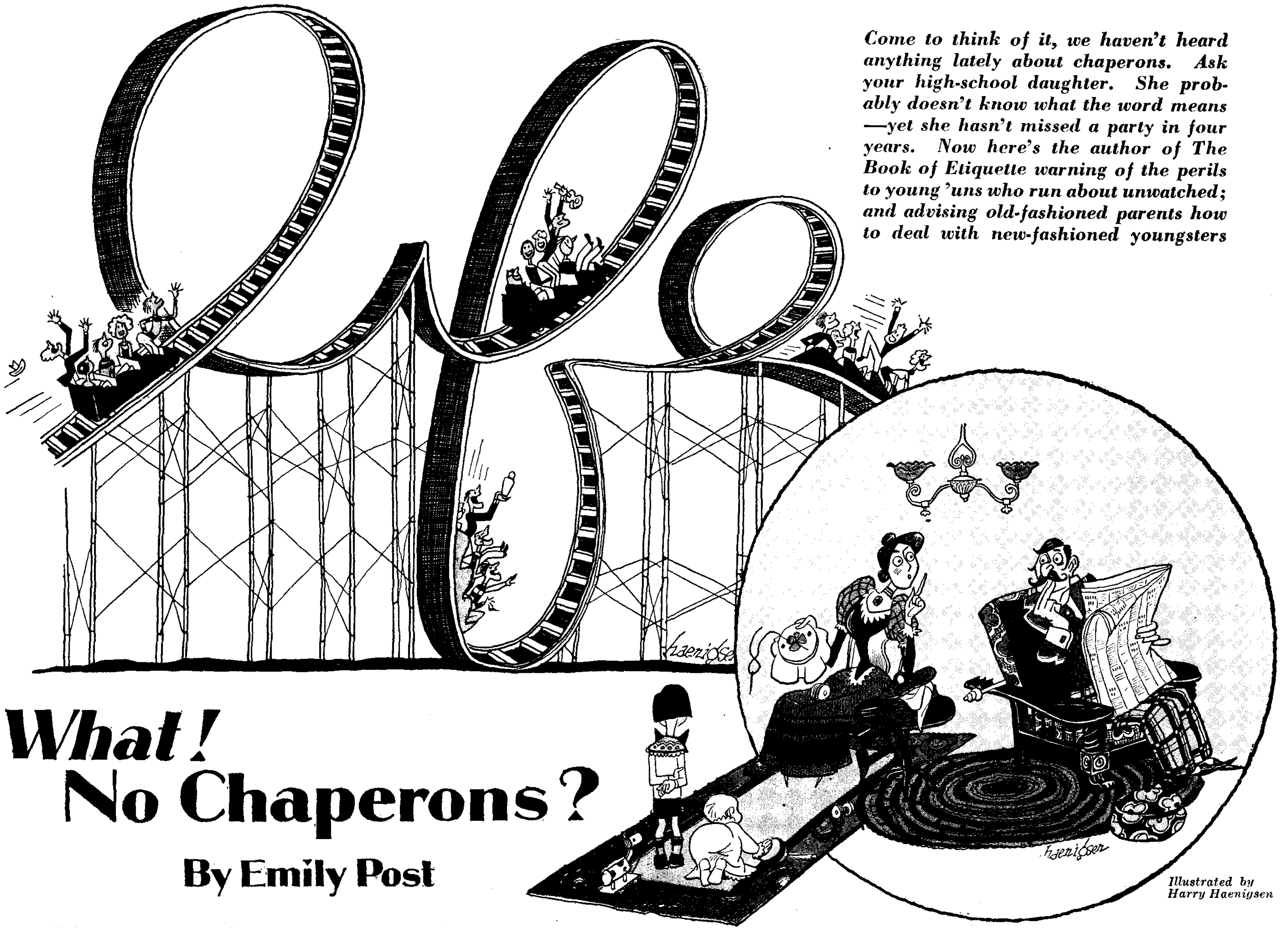
Come to think of it, we haven't heard anything lately about chaperons. Ask your high-school daughter. She probably doesn't know what the word means—yet she hasn't missed a party in four years. Now here's the author of The Book of Etiquette warning of the perils to young 'uns who run about unwatched; and advising old-fashioned parents how to deal with new-fashioned youngsters



What! No Chaperons?

By Emily Post

Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

"Hush, the moment the children come in hearing!" was a household law as fixed as that breakfast was a morning meal

FOR a long time—several thousand years or so—the older generation has held up its hands in horror because the younger generation was rushing straight to perdition. Up to the present time it has not as yet arrived—or has it?

In the smaller towns customs may still be jogging gently along (I doubt it!), but in the great cities like New York, youth is out of hand. Set free from the restraining influences of the chaperon, girls and boys alike have been attacked with speedomania and excitementia. Thousands of them are looking out upon the road of life as though it were a roller coaster.

"Let's have a good time," is the slogan of today. To find this "good time," they must run out, they must dash here, they must rush there. They can't keep still, they can't think of anything except where to find excitement next! A day in which there is neither speed nor thrill is not to be endured.

That the chaperon has gone the way of the powdered wig and the hoop skirt is not a rumor but a fact. The reasons given for her disappearance are not especially clear. Perhaps she could not keep up the speed, and youth, having all it could do to keep up by itself, left her behind. Or perhaps she has outlived her usefulness. The things that she existed to prevent are no longer banned; girls are free to go about with boys as much as they please—even to go after them to a reasonable degree. The restraints of formality and superficial conventions have been exchanged for unselfconscious frankness.

Until a fairly short time ago, people thought a lot about outward appearances; Mrs. Grundy's adverse opinion carried tremendous weight. Today few have time to listen to her, and the unconventional is a commonplace.

Even when young girls, like Julia and little Elsie, cut all apron-string tethering with shears, no one bothered to give either of them more than a half-amused shrug.

Julia, age twenty, unhampered by lack of money, went on French leave to Europe. The first her family knew about it was a postal card sent back by the pilot. The reason of her sudden sailing was that Bob London was on board. Within the hour she packed a bag, cashed a check, and went in pursuit. Her angling skill was not great enough to land such a wary fish as Bob, but three months later she married a Russian prince, who was struggling to earn a living in Paris, and as a "princess" was made much of on her return.

Playing at Work

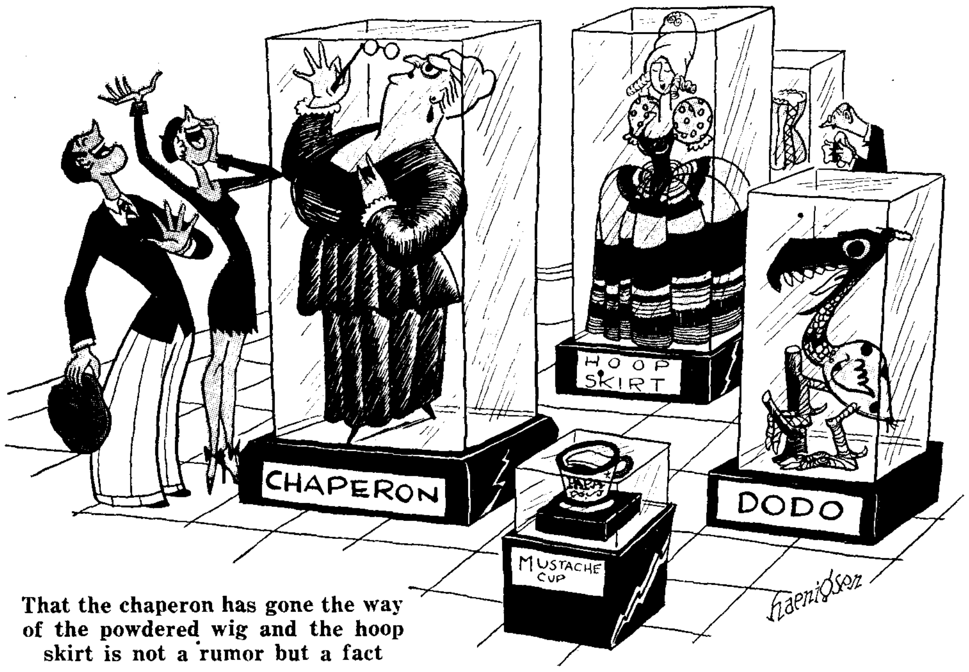
Elsie, age nineteen, complained that it was "not amusing to see her friends at home, with her younger sisters everlastingly running in and out." She asked her father for an allowance on which to rent an apartment of her own. Father refused. Elsie had some money of her own but not enough, so she went to an office and, being as bright as new paint, wangled a job. She held it, and moved into a living-room, bedroom and bath in an apartment hotel—in which, without any interference by her family, she can see whom she pleases when she pleases.

A few years ago society would have put her outside the pale; society today is unconcerned—but that it considers her situation dangerous is too obvious to point out.

Theoretically it should be no more "dangerous" than that of thousands of young business girls and women who live alone; the difference is one of intention. Elsie is living alone for her own amusement, "work" is merely a game she is pleased to play, and her danger is deliberately run into in a spirit of bravado. To the business girl work is a necessity and she lives as she must.

Neither Julia nor Elsie is average, nor is either extraordinary. Moreover, neither of them was at all "close" to her family. Julia had a stepmother she cared nothing about, who cared less than nothing about her. Elsie is one of eight unwelcomed daughters, who appeared one after the other in place of a hoped-for son. What Julia or Elsie might take it into their heads

(Continued on page 66)



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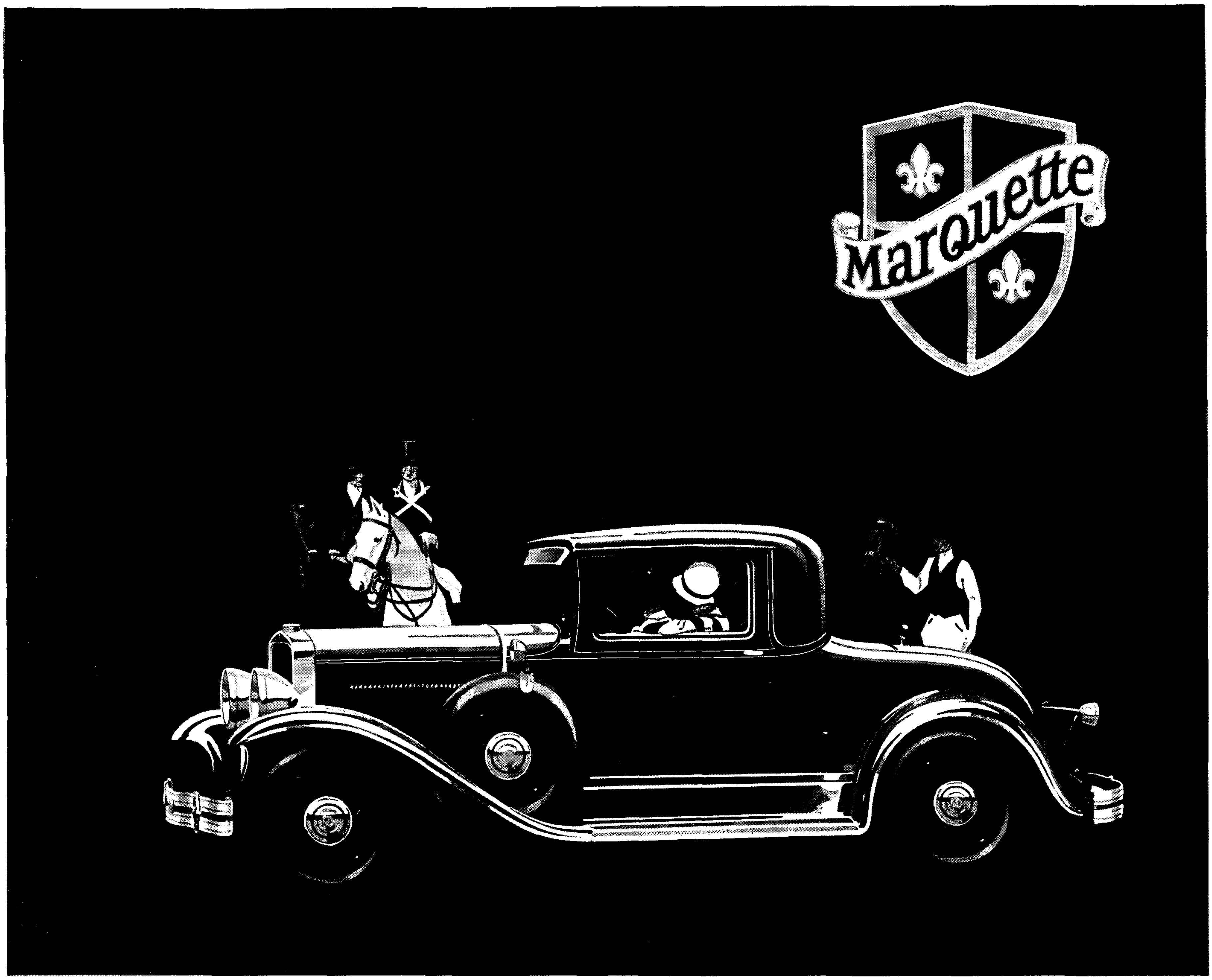

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Contractors —
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Russwin Dealers —
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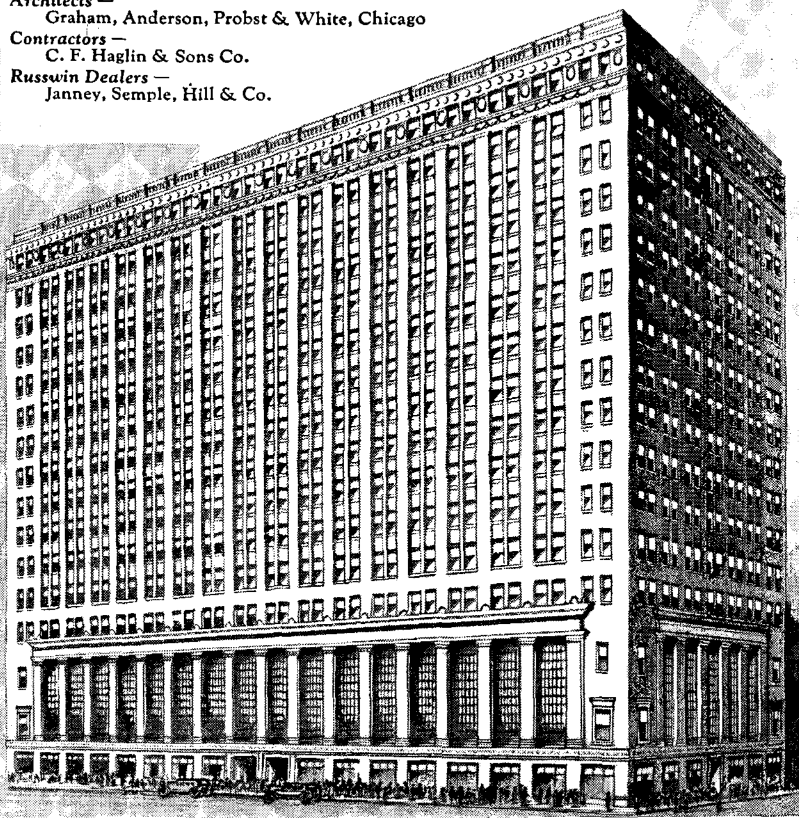

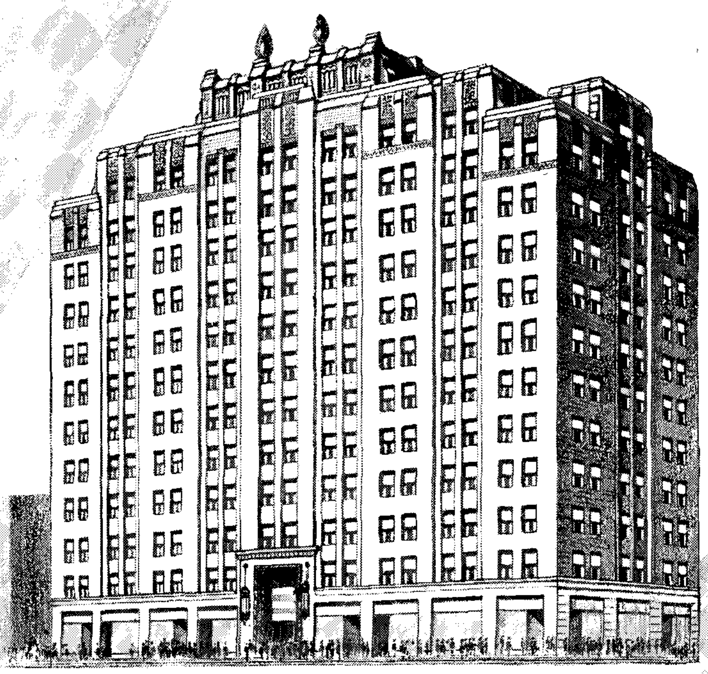

Hodgson Building — Minneapolis, Minn.

Architects	S. N. Crowen and Associates, Inc., Chicago-Minneapolis
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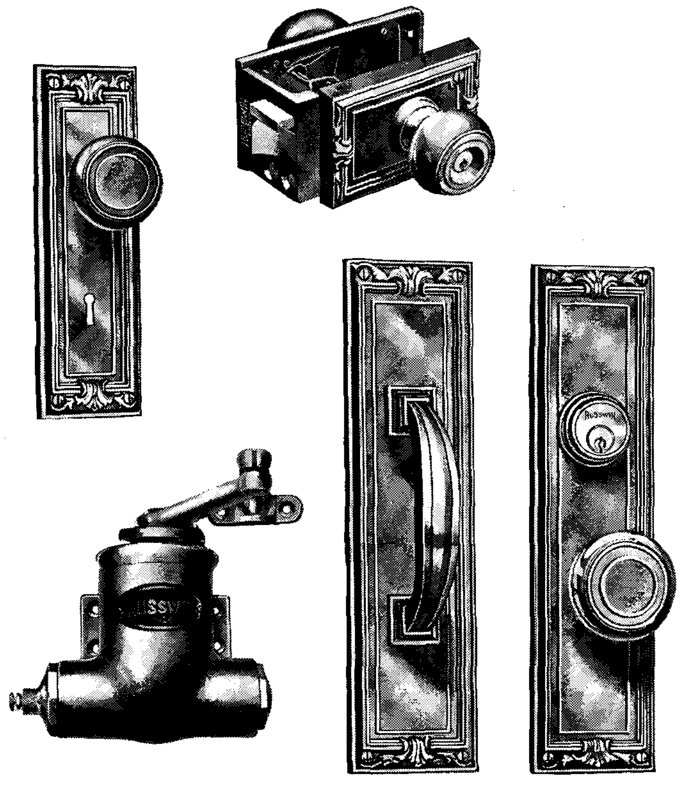

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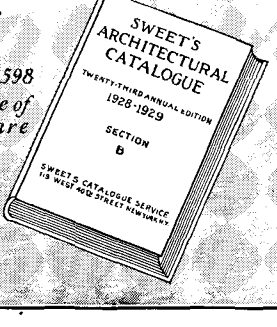
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Heavy grease paint is prescribed for mechanical sandstorms

The Big Punch

By Rob Wagner

It raises your hair. But maybe it burned the star's off! For there's more drama in the movies than meets the public eye—and a thrillmaker's lot is not a happy one. Herein a member of the hardy tribe gives you—through Mr. Wagner—a confidential peep behind the punch. . . .

I LEARNED my fate from an astrologer. Not one of those long-whiskered old birds wearing a star-spangled nightie and a pointed hat, but a clean-shaven man of science named Astro—"Professor" Astro—located next to the shooting gallery on the Santa Monica Pleasure Pier. I wanted to learn why my life had been marked by tumult and terror, and I thought the professor could explain matters.

Here was my record: I was born during the terrible blizzard of '88; at four years of age I was shipwrecked on Lake Erie; I went through the first St. Louis cyclone; I nearly lost my life in the Baltimore fire; and darned if I wasn't sailing into the Bay of Tokyo when the earthquake wrecked the works.

And now, by gad, here I was, reproducing all the terrifying cataclysms of God and man just to put big punches into motion pictures. The question was: Why should I, who craved nothing more than a book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine—good wine!—and an amiable Thou, have been picked upon by the gods for a life of chaos and confusion?

Well, Professor Astro figured it out in five minutes. After first taking down the date of my birth, he turned to his zodiacal chart, showing a nude man shamelessly agape at the abdomen, and surrounded by bugs, fishes and Gemini—whatever they are. Discovering therein my numerator, he began to do some fancy figuring from a wonderful chart of the heavens. The quotient was my complex—or simplex, as it turned out to be.

It seems that I came into the world under very disturbing influences, for on that fatal day Uranus was skidding down the Milky Way, Aries (the Ram) was butting Neptune, and Mercury, crossing the path of Venus, had stopped to rubber—with disastrous results!

It was something like that. In any event, I have no more chance of attaining peace and quiet on this earth than the proprietor of a cat-and-dog hospital. Even my name, "Buster" Bangs, seems entirely lacking in repose.

The joke of it is, I came to California to get away from the rough stuff, but after experiencing what they modestly call a temblor—realtorese for earthquake—I saw there was no chance of my beating the game, so I deliberately went in to capitalize my cataclysmic adventures. I got a job on the technical staff of the old Fine Arts Studio in Hollywood.

Ain't Nature Grand? No

My first chance came when they were making a cyclone story. After seeing the rushes, I went to Joe Aller, my boss, and told him the technique was blah-blah.

"Buildings aren't blown over in cyclones," I said, "they explode! It isn't the push of the storm that lays 'em flat; it's the vacuum caused by the storm passing over them. In St. Louis there were whole streets where the houses had dropped down one story. You could step right into the second story from the lawns. That was because in the heat of the day they closed the downstairs windows but left those upstairs open. When the storm came the upstairs air could escape, but downstairs it had to blow the walls out in its effort to fill the vacuum."

The next day I was on the set directing the first cyclone in pictures that was ever made right. Since that day I have been technically directing nature's most spectacular convulsions, as well as concocting human dastardies that nature would be ashamed to pull.

Curiously enough, our bosses have forbidden us to tell this end of picture-making on the ground that it will destroy the illusion! But at last they are beginning to realize the high price they are paying for this naïve decision.

The fans, realizing that we could not possibly arrange our shooting schedules to be present at an earthquake or cyclone, know that such scenes are artifice rather than realism. The worst part of it is, these blasé meal-tickets of ours are firmly convinced that everything we do is trick-camera work. They yawn at our grandest punches.

In this article I shall try to restore the kick, for, believe it or not, brother, there is more drama in the making of some of our big punches than ever shows on the screen.

Not Genuine Enough

Take the ship stuff. Did you ever take a snapshot of a real storm? If so, you know how flat and tame it appears upon the photographic print. Furthermore, the bigger the storm the less light there is to shoot by. No: real storms are utterly blah in motion pictures. As in every other art, we have to create impressions and compensate for nature's deficiencies.

It is true that we may shoot the long, establishing shot at sea or in a miniature, but the real rough stuff aboard ship has to be done on the lot. The deck and superstructure of the ship are built upon a huge rocker surrounded by high

Universal

Fifteen pounds of black powder raise ructions in The Trail of the Tiger trestles holding aloft immense tanks filled with thousands of gallons of water. Wind machines and lightning gadgets complete the equipment.

These storm scenes are almost invariably shot at night for the double reason that a night storm is more menacing than one made by daylight and that the darkness forms a huge cycloramic background which blocks out the rest of the lot. There may be a street or a temple set within fifty feet of the ship's deck, but it is lost in the mystery of the night.

A while ago the DeMille studio was shooting The Wreck of the Hesperus, and the action called for the crashing of the mast to the deck. The complication lay in the fact that Virginia Bradford, in the character of the skipper's daughter, was lashed to it.

It would have been a simple matter to arrange a breakaway mast that would fall over with a dummy, or even a double, lashed to the top side. But the director wished a more sensational scene. The mast must make a complete turn in falling, and in so doing swing close to the camera so that there might be no doubt that Virginia was indeed making the scene; then, finishing the turn, it must fall so that she would be on the top side.

That was where the technical staff came in for a bunch of headaches, for obviously we could not rehearse such action and smash up a perfectly good and expensive set. Furthermore, we were responsible for the bones, and possibly the life, of a valuable and charming star.

For several days we figured our stresses and strains and the pitching and rolling of the ship, and then finally arranged our guide and tensile wires. As there would be no chance of hearing directions shouted in competition with the roaring of the wind machines, we had to work from pantomimic signals given by the technical director, who stood beside the camera with a spotlight full upon him.

On the night scheduled for the shot we were all as nervous as wire-haired fox terriers, but we didn't dare show it for fear the courageous little star should feel the contagion. After the usual preliminary shots showing the fury of the storm, at a signal from the T. D., a bolt of lightning struck the mast and gradually it began to fall. Then with a lurch of the ship it started to swing around in its prescribed circle.

Not So Easy!

For an instant it looked as though it had got away and would fall straight over on the camera crew and kill a lot of others besides the star. But a signal to crew No. 4 pulled it back into place. Gradually it swung around past the cameras and both Virginia's identity and horrified expression were beautifully registered. Then it crashed to the deck, with Virginia on top! Oh, brother, we were glad when that scene was finished.

Perhaps you can visualize the corrugated brows that appeared in the technical department of the Lasky studio when handed the script of The Ten Commandments. The Biblical sequences, as you may remember, were from the Old Testament, and the Old Testament, as you probably don't remember, is just one grand procession of cataclysms.

The crashing of the heavens on Mount Sinai was enough to give us pause, but Pharaoh and his host swallowed up by the Red Sea! It's easy for these scenario birds to write such scenes into the script! But do it!

Mortensen

A ton of artificial stone might flatten a misplaced "earthquake" group (The King of Kings)

Well—there are no buts in our game. If they want a set of Heaven on Stage Three by noon on Thursday, we have to deliver in spite of Hell.

The Mount Sinai storm was, up to this time, the biggest punch we had ever staged, both in the immensity of the set and the number of people employed. DeMille was directing the whole scene; "Hezzy" Tate, his assistant, was directing the crowds and mechanical effects; Pomeroy, head of the technical staff, was in charge of the crews of ten wind machines, ten lightning gadgets, dust throwers, prop boys, grips and juicers. So complex became the cues for the various crews that their signals had to be worked from a keyboard like a typewriter.

At certain counts wind machines Nos. 1 and 7 must be turned loose, then lightning gadget No. 3 must flash, followed by more wind machines, dust and flashes. Finally the bolt that strikes the Golden Calf must be fired and—oh, oh, oh!—if Hezzy should strike the wrong key!

As a rule, when such scenes are begun we go right through with them and depend upon the cutting in of close shots in case anything goes wrong with the main action. On this occasion we had barely started when, for some reason or other—perhaps to try out his new amplifiers which he was using for the first time—C. B. called, "Cut!" Nothing stopped, for nobody heard him.

"Cut! Cut!" he yelled into the microphone. But on went the action with well-rehearsed precision. "Say, Hezzy, can you stop the damn' fools?" he cried to his assistant. Hezzy jumped up and began to wave his arms like a windmill. Still the show went on. C. B. next turned to Pomeroy. The technical chief raised his hand, and the storm was over! His crews—responsible for the tumult—were watching their own director.

That scene was comparatively easy. But the Red Sea! Not so easy! Naturally there was a lot of trick work in the long shots, but when it came to the close stuff of Pharaoh and his horses being overwhelmed we had to use real water. The script called for a running shot showing the horses tearing ahead of a wall of water that was about to engulf the whole works. Rather than shoot the picture from an automobile "dolly" we decided it would be better to have the cameras standing still and the horses running on a treadmill.

The Big Splash

The set was built, and for six weeks those horses actually lived on that treadmill. During the first weeks we walked them; later on they cantered; finally we got them to run like mad. And they loved it! Then in the sixth week we began to dump a little water on them—gradually at first—until they were used to their daily ducking.

At last everything was set for the big splash—which, of course, we couldn't rehearse. At the call of camera the boys started to crank.

On came the horses with Pharaoh lashing them to greater speed. Closer and closer they were allowed to approach the cameras, with more and more water being dumped on them.

Then, at a flash from Pomeroy, the technical chief, the triggers of the big tanks were pulled and tons of water came tumbling down in an engulfing and terrifying torrent. It's nobody's business how Pharaoh and the horses were saved from complete annihilation, but just tell any one of them that that scene was made from a miniature, and see what happens.

Perhaps you remember Doug Fairbanks riding a phantom horse across high heaven in The Thief of Bagdad. Well, it took over a month to train that horse for his high and lofty flight. The first week he walked up an incline carefully guarded by fences. The next week he galloped. The following week he galloped with one fence removed, then with both fences removed and finally with the blinding lights turned on. One minute on the screen and one month to make! Do you wonder that pictures cost money?

And oh, the grief in fire scenes! This also is stuff that can't be rehearsed, for production managers would never O. K. the rebuilding of expensive sets just to let us technical hounds have a chance to practice. No, we've got to anticipate every possible contingency and then prepare for it. But with all our care accidents are always turning us gray.

The scenario department has a habit of giving us forest-fire scenes. They seem to think that all we have to do is to go up into the high Sierras and set fire to a couple of square miles of virgin pine or redwood. The fact that the Forest Service spends its time protecting the trees from just such holocausts is not even guessed at. When we explain this they say: "That's your problem. If you can't get a forest, build one." So we build a miniature for the long shots, but we've actually got to build an acre or two of real forest to shoot the close stuff.

A Real Cataclysm

Last summer, however, we had a bit of luck. I got a letter from a forest-ranger friend of mine that they were going to burn a long, wide strip, up in the mountains back of Big Bear, as a clearing for the Edison high-power line running down from Lake Elizabeth. Dropping everything, we secretly gathered our cast and crew together, and the next day beat it off 150 miles into the mountains to grab some scenes before any of the other picture companies heard the news.

Well, it was grand stuff. But as we were not in charge of operations, Harry Garson, who was shooting, had only two hours in which to frame our big punch, which nearly spelled curtains for our handsome and husky star.

The big scene was to occur when the hero came staggering through the burning embers into the foreground, just as a huge blazing tree fell across his path and all but crushed him to the ground. Of course the tree was intended to fall in front of him, and he was instructed to fake the fall.

Great stuff! But how to get it? Sure, the rangers could knock over the tree in any spot we indicated. "Set your stake where you want it to fall and the tree will drive it in," said the chief ranger proudly. Harry marked the spot, and while we were rehearsing and timing the action the rangers went to it. First studying the perpendicular of the tree and the center of gravity of the foliage aloft, they began chopping in their peculiar way. Finally it was notched and wedged until one or two hard blows would start the monster over. The rangers then withdrew to watch us do our stuff. We hopped right to it and immediately squirted the tree with gasoline as far up as our hose would reach. Nature's cataclysms are too tame for pictures!

Everything was now set, and Garson called for action. Two blows started the tree slowly falling, and the actor came forward, timing his action to arrive about three feet back of the stake just as the tree came crashing down. Bang-o! What a beautiful spatter!

As the smoke cleared we waited for him to stagger to his feet as per schedule. But no hero. Fearing to spoil the scene, we (*Continued on page 75*)

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April Escapade

By Kathleen Norris

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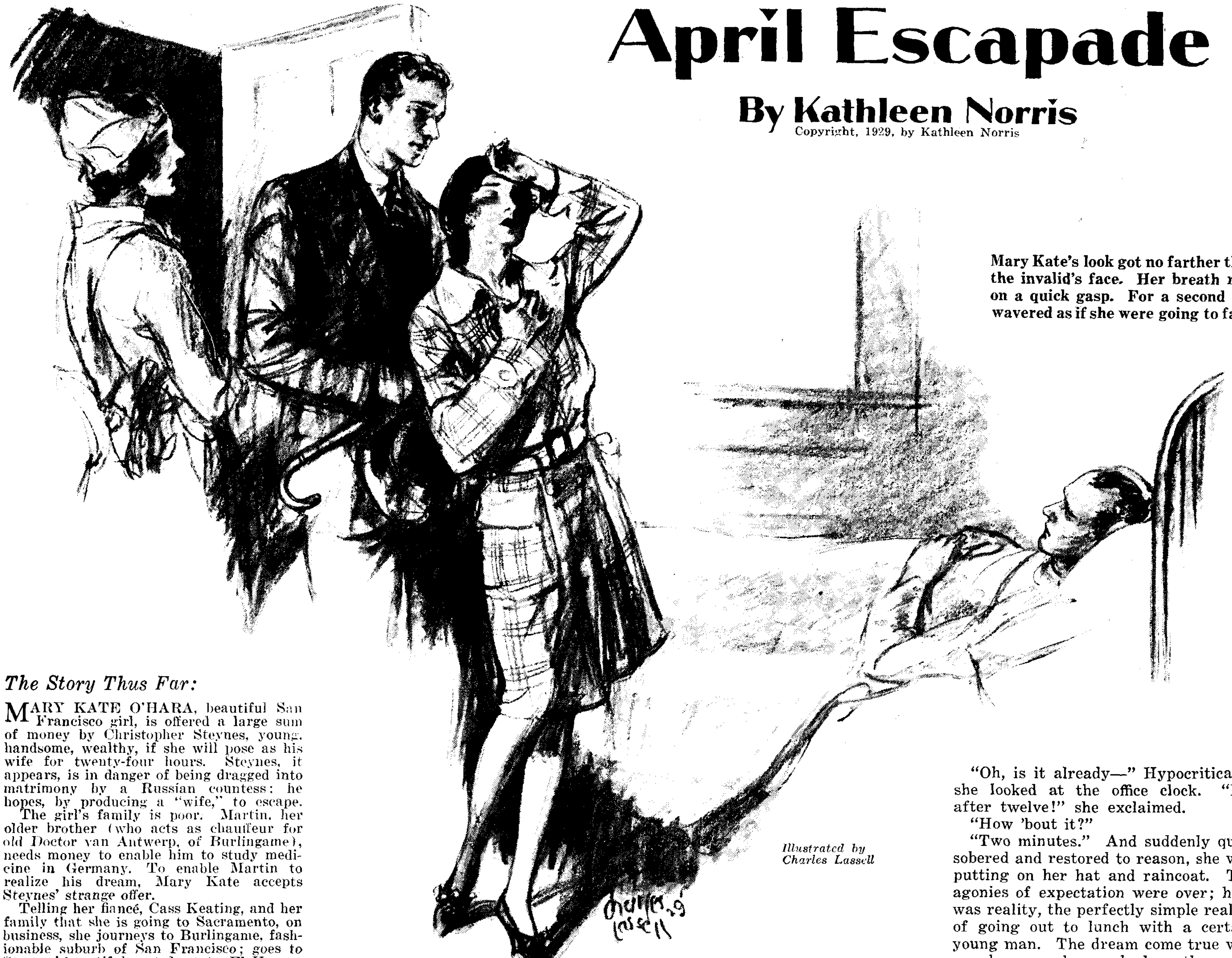


Mary Kate's look got no farther than the invalid's face. Her breath rose on a quick gasp. For a second she wavered as if she were going to faint

Illustrated by Charles Lassell

The Story Thus Far:

MARY KATE O'HARA, beautiful San Francisco girl, is offered a large sum of money by Christopher Steynes, young, handsome, wealthy, if she will pose as his wife for twenty-four hours. Steynes, it appears, is in danger of being dragged into matrimony by a Russian countess: he hopes, by producing a "wife," to escape.

The girl's family is poor. Martin, her older brother (who acts as chauffeur for old Doctor van Antwerp, of Burlingame), needs money to enable him to study medicine in Germany. To enable Martin to realize his dream, Mary Kate accepts Steynes' strange offer.

Telling her fiancé, Cass Keating, and her family that she is going to Sacramento, on business, she journeys to Burlingame, fashionable suburb of San Francisco; goes to Steynes' beautiful rented estate, El Hogar; dines, with her "husband," at the home of Gordon Rountree, her employer, a close friend of Steynes; meets the Russian countess, and effectively blasts her matrimonial hopes. After which, very late, she returns to El Hogar with Steynes, and retires.

A few minutes later, a burglar enters her room. Mary Kate, terrified, rushes to Steynes' bedroom and rouses him. Together they notify the servants and phone the police. After which, Steynes shoots the intruder—one Tony Moody—wounding him seriously. The victim is carried away, and Mary Kate is forced to reveal her true name and address.

The following day, after telling her story to the police, Mary Kate returns to her home. Martin, she learns, is away—driving Doctor van Antwerp to Portland; and she notes, with relief, that the newspapers have not mentioned her. But she is miserable. Steynes is sailing in a few days. She has told him she must never see him again. And she is wild to be with him.

Overwrought, full of fears, she confesses (in part) to her fiancé, who is shocked but sympathetic. Then Steynes telephones her. "You've got to lunch with me tomorrow," he tells her. "There've been new developments, and we're in trouble!"

VIII

A LIGHT sweet spring rain was falling next morning, but for Mary Kate the sun of no remembered April had ever shone so bright. The sun was behind the rain anyway, burning and sparkling through it; the acacia trees in people's gardens, and the lilacs at the florist's all sent sweetness into the warm air, and the streets flashed and shone, and were full of good-natured persons in new mackintoshes.

It was a pretty rain; not a deluge with a wind sweeping it about, and gutters running coffee, and umbrellas crashing against each other, but just a sifting of drops not much heavier than mist, through the air, making the green grass spectacularly green, and beading the first of the year's flowers with thousands of trembling little pearls.

Mary Kate had a blue and green plaid raincoat; Mart had given it to her for Christmas. So she did not even have to carry an umbrella, and reached the office with her face washed rosily and her copper-wire hair curled all about her brow and ears, in a hundred little rebel tendrils.

The office seemed attractive, somehow, as she hung up her things, and settled down to her morning's work. The place was in speckless order, radiator clanking, telephones and typewriters in perfect array, brightness of oak wood and flashing nickel and brass on all sides. And the big windows that looked out over all the city were beaded with rain.

She stood at a window, loving it all; the hotels at the top of California Street hill, and the cable cars gonging and rattling, and the little creeping beetles that were motor cars, slipping and passing one another, in the streets. The traffic in Chinatown was in a hopeless jumble, as usual. Ferryboats, under a low gray sky, cut long gray wakes in a level gray bay. The smoke from a coffee-roasting establishment rose white in the air, and sank again, and clung to the roofs of the buildings.

This was at nine. At ten o'clock she could hardly breathe, and before eleven felt fairly ill with expectation and suspense. Her hands were cold, her cheeks burning, and she kept swallowing with a dry mouth. With her utmost effort she could not keep her mind upon what she was supposedly doing.

The younger Delaney was talking to her seriously about the insurance on a new garage on the Bakersfield place. He thought there should be some insurance on it, and would take it up with Mr. Rountree. Insurance was very heavy on a garage, and at the same time—

"Will you incorporate that in a memorandum, and give it to me before twelve o'clock?"

WHAT on earth was the man talking about? Ten minutes past eleven. Her mouth was salty; her heart beat as if it would tear her to pieces.

Sitting at her typewriter, with her back to the room, she heard his quiet voice behind her, and the whole world split into pieces, and shook and wheeled.

"Will you do that then, Gordy? You're awfully decent—"

Chris's voice. She had to turn. But he was not looking her way. He stood, very tall and broad, only a few feet away from her, wearing an old tan raincoat that was spattered with just as much rain as would fall on a man who had hurried from a taxi to a building's street door.

"Good morning," he said, coming around to face her. Their eyes did not meet.

"Oh, good morning."

"All set?"

"Oh, is it already—" Hypocritically, she looked at the office clock. "It's after twelve!" she exclaimed.

"How 'bout it?"

"Two minutes." And suddenly quite sobered and restored to reason, she was putting on her hat and raincoat. The agonies of expectation were over; here was reality, the perfectly simple reality of going out to lunch with a certain young man. The dream come true was somehow much, much less than the dream had been.

Out in the street, his umbrella over her, and the bright drizzle still falling, he paused at a florist's window.

"Flowers?"

They went in. And the richly scented damp atmosphere that to Mary Kate was associated only with funerals, met them with a rush.

"What do you want? Let us see the orchids—"

"Oh, no, the violets! I like them a thousand times better—"

Chris paid for a great shaggy bunch, dripping with sweetness.

"Shall we go up to the Fairmont Hotel? We've got to talk."

The intimation of affairs in common thrilled her; her face was radiant.

"But we don't need a taxi!" she protested, at the curb. "The California Street car goes right to the corner."

"Oh, for Heaven's *sake*—" he said patiently. And the magic began to work again, and her senses to swim.

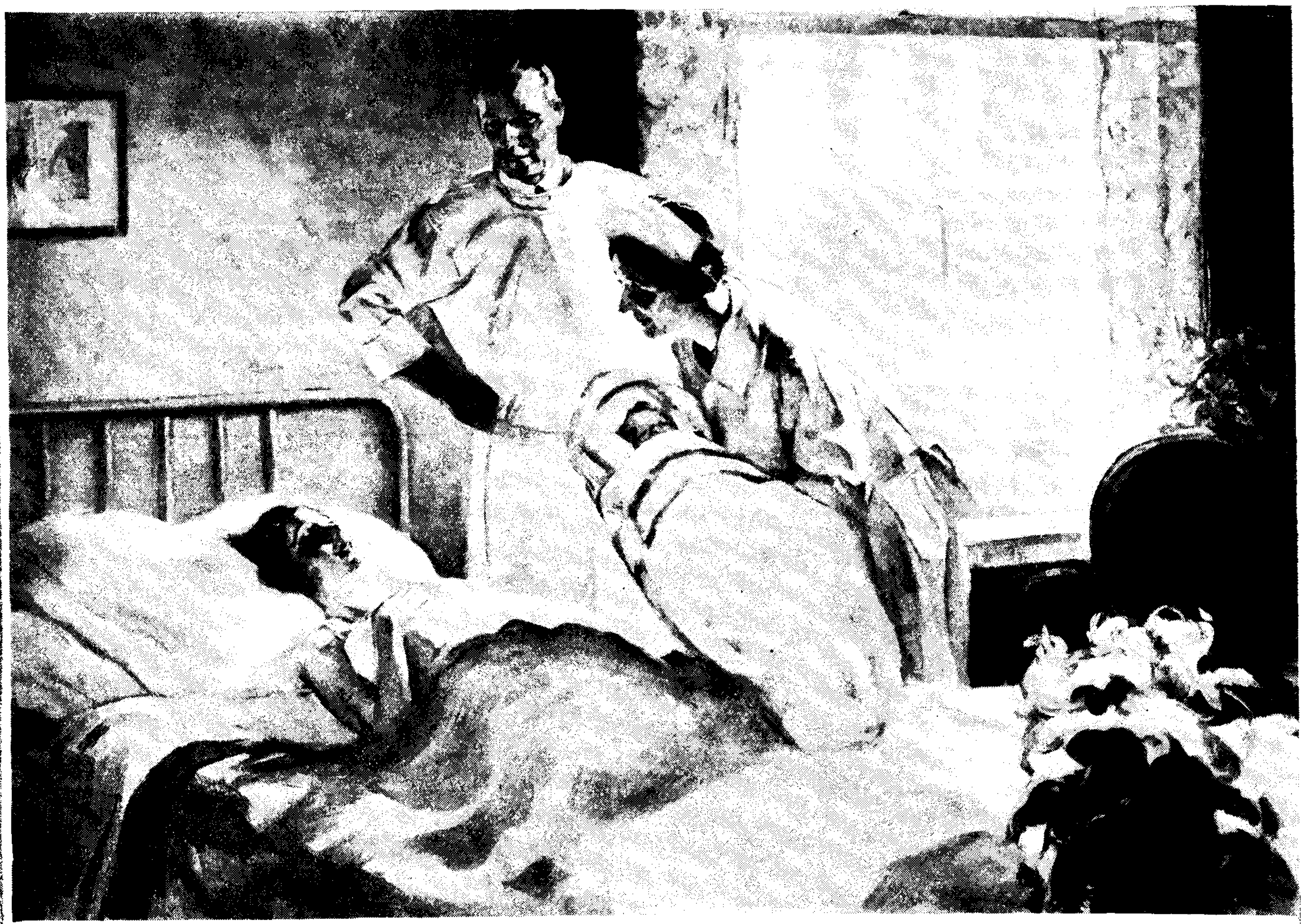
THEY went up the hill in the taxi with only monosyllabic comments on the weather and the traffic, and were presently in the great wide acacia-scented foyer of the hotel. Walking straight through the building to the big dining-room at the back, they were placed at a little table by a window that looked down across wet shining roofs, and the long line of the ferry buildings and the piers, to the gray waters of the bay.

The magic—the magic—the magic. Musicians began to play an old-fashioned German waltz; Mary Kate knew it, played it

(*Continued on page 29*)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines, are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Is my baby perfect?"

When the first flickering rays of returning consciousness break softly through her mind . . .

When she faces, in one tense moment, the culmination of all those months of alternate distress and delightful anticipation—of constant sacrifice and strange nervous fear . . .

Out of the loving depths of self-forgetfulness springs that thought, eloquent of her warm love for the bright little life beside her:

"Is my baby perfect?"

Fortunately for the mothers of today, the physician and the medical research worker can come nearer than ever before to giving her a happy answer.

Prenatal care, scientific equipment, surgical asepsis, pain-conquering anesthesia, obstetrical skill—all these, developed in less than a century, combine to dispel much of the danger that childbirth so often meant not only to the child, but to the mother as well.

And those diseases that were once regarded as the inevitable visitations of Providence upon children are, one by one, being conquered by preventive medicine.

No child, for example, need have smallpox today. Diphtheria, too, has been brought well under control. And encouraging strides have been made in the prevention and cure of scarlet fever.

An inspiring goal

In a score of laboratories throughout the world, devoted men and women are seeking effective means of controlling meningitis and infantile paralysis, and of curing those dread diseases, tuberculosis and pneumonia.

Parke, Davis & Company know of no greater responsibility, no greater opportunity to serve humanity, than is offered by the privilege of sharing in such momentous research.

The development of new medicines is as much a part of the daily task of Parke, Davis & Company, as the preparation of the serums and vaccines which already have done so much to guard the children of the world against disease.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

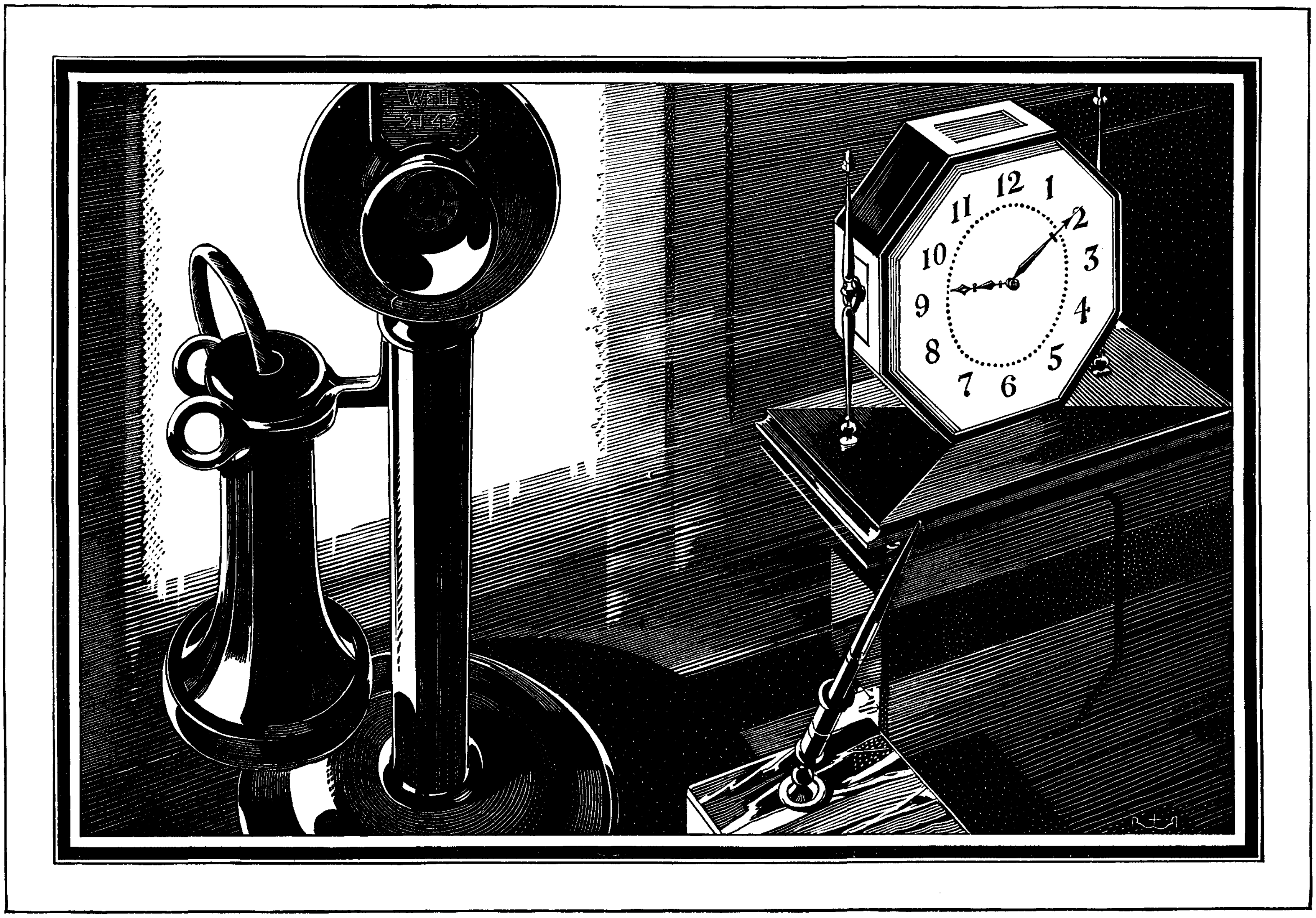
The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

Milk of Magnesia made the Parke-Davis way

Purity, uniformity, dependability—here are three distinguishing characteristics of Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Because of the high quality of its ingredients, and because of the exacting care that marks its manufacture, you can always depend upon the medicinal activity of our product. Yet it is so mild and agreeable to the taste that children take it readily. Ask your druggist about Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

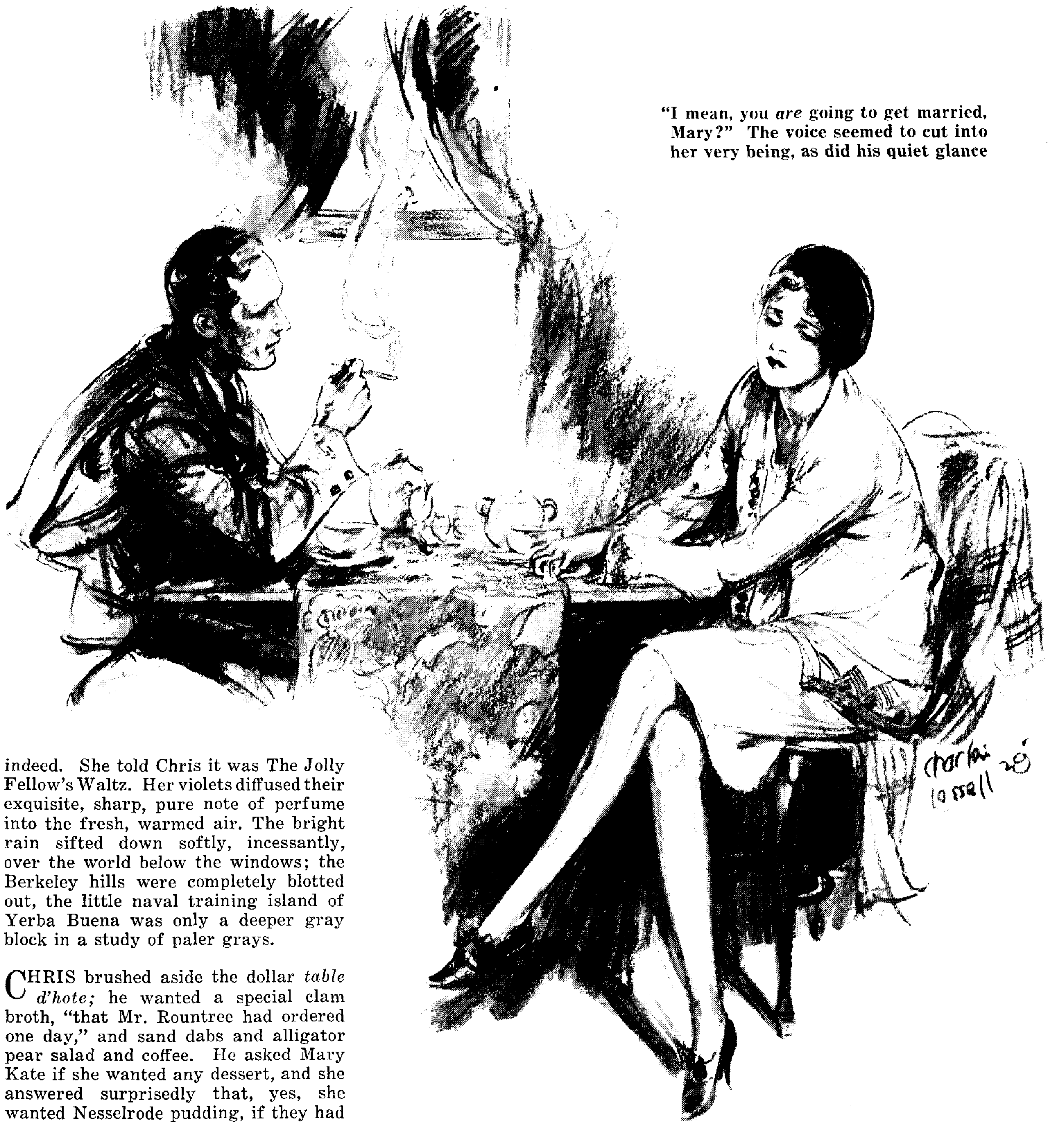
To get the Most Out of your Inter-city Calls



WHILE every hour is telephone hour, there are certain periods of the day better than others to place your inter-city calls. Between the hours of 9.30 a. m. and 11.30 a. m., for instance, executives are busy answering correspondence, seeing visitors and attending to other details. Your calls—those that do not have to go through immediately—are more likely to receive undivided attention if made in the less crowded periods of the business day.

In fact, many business men prefer being called by telephone before 9.30 in the morning, others just before 2 o'clock, and still others after 4 in the afternoon. Telephone calls to other cities are easy and convenient, and the time and money they save are surprising. A New York executive had a business matter to be settled in Indianapolis. He was too busy to go. He placed a telephone call and made the round-trip without leaving his office.

The Bismarck branch of a packing concern estimates that it saves $2540 a month in costs and time out of the office by the use of inter-city calls. Calling by number takes less time. Bell Telephone Service is *Convenient* . . . *Economical* . . . *Universal.*



"I mean, you *are* going to get married, Mary?" The voice seemed to cut into her very being, as did his quiet glance

indeed. She told Chris it was The Jolly Fellow's Waltz. Her violets diffused their exquisite, sharp, pure note of perfume into the fresh, warmed air. The bright rain sifted down softly, incessantly, over the world below the windows; the Berkeley hills were completely blotted out, the little naval training island of Yerba Buena was only a deeper gray block in a study of paler grays.

CHRIS brushed aside the dollar *table d'hote;* he wanted a special clam broth, "that Mr. Rountree had ordered one day," and sand dabs and alligator pear salad and coffee. He asked Mary Kate if she wanted any dessert, and she answered surprisedly that, yes, she wanted Nesselrode pudding, if they had it, and if not, *meringue glacé.* She looked at him, surprised in her turn when he laughed.

"You seem such a kid, in that blue-jacket's hat effect, with your hair all fuzzed up, and your ice cream!" he said.

"But goodness knows," he added presently, "that we haven't got anything to laugh at. This thing has become darned serious. I don't know what we're going to do about it—I don't know whether I can sail on Sunday or not."

"That doesn't make me mad!" Mary Kate assured him serenely.

He paid no attention to the little pleasantry, and she felt snubbed.

"Here's the situation," he said, while the girl asked herself dreamily if she were really looking at that long, brown, clever, sunburned hand again, if she were really seeing his gray eyes contract and frown, as he spoke, if the voice she was hearing were really Chris Steynes' voice?

"I don't want to bring charges against this feller—" Chris began again, discontentedly, and stopped.

"Bring charges?"

"Against Moody."

"The burglar? Oh, yes! Oh, no!" stammered Mary Kate.

"I want to get away," Chris said. "I certainly don't propose to hang around here indefinitely, waiting for him to get well, so that I can send him to jail."

"He's going to get well?"

"Oh, yes. It was only a flesh wound; the bullet went right through him, under his arm, and grazed a rib. They've got him all packed; he'll have to wear a sling for a while, but that's all."

"Chris, what a blessing!"

"Yes, that part of it is. But here's the catch. You see, I'm willing not to press charges, and Gordy could frame it all up that he was a friend of ours—he really is a decent sort of fellow—and that he was drunk, and have the whole thing quashed—"

"But wouldn't that be far, *far* the best thing to do?" she broke in eagerly, as he paused. "*We* don't want revenge! We don't want him punished—"

Chris was looking at her curiously.

"You mean because you're going to get married, and I'm going to China, we want the whole thing kept quiet?" he asked, in that reflective, poised, easy tone that always impressed her, that always reminded her that Chris was preëminently a man of the world.

Mary Kate collapsed suddenly. The glow faded out of her, and her own expression became a little strained and strange.

"Well, yes. Isn't it?" she asked, flatly.

"I mean, you *are* going to get married, Mary?"

The voice seemed to cut into the very vitals of her being, as did his quiet glance, over a cigarette.

"I suppose so—" she answered, a little thickly.

"Well," he went on, returning abruptly to the original topic, after a pause in which the telltale red crept slowly up into her face, and her honest eyes never left his. "Well, the point is that this Moody *wants* us to prosecute."

"What!" She was once more alert and attentive.

"That's what he says. He says that he wants the whole thing to be dragged right out into the open."

Mary Kate's color faded, her eyes were round.

"What for?"

"Revenge, I suppose."

"Revenge! But revenge for *what?*"

"Being shot, maybe."

The absurdity of her question and his answer struck the girl suddenly, and she laughed. But it was a mirthless and anxious laugh, and died immediately into gravity again.

"You mean he wants money?"

"Gordy—I didn't see him. But Gordy hinted at money. He wouldn't hear of it!"

"BUT Chris—" She leaned forward on the table, her eyes puzzled. "My gracious, if a man breaks into your house and is armed and terrifies the whole household almost to death, at night, how dares he then—how dares he then try to—to make terms? He's the offender, he's the one to be punished, if anyone is—"

"Exactly! And you're expressing that like a professional lecturer," Chris said, when she paused. His praise brought the happy color to her face. "But that's just where he's a freak, this feller," he went on. "He rather has us over a barrel, and he knows it."

"Is he a Socialist?"

"He must be. Gordy says he's a well-educated man, and appears to have a grievance against everyone who's got a little money. He says he holds that we have a perfect right to punish him, for housebreaking, but that he has his rights, too, and if he wants to give the whole thing publicity and show us up, that's his privilege."

"The scut!" Mary Kate commented simply.

"Gordy saw him in the hospital, Sunday, and sort of tried to reason with him—said there'd be no trouble about clearing him, and so on, but he said he didn't propose to be let off his sentence because of the privileged rich—"

"But all he shows up—the only person he hurts—is me!" Mary Kate, who had been thinking fast, said bewilderedly.

"Well, exactly!"

"But—good heavens—" she whispered, turning white.

"NOW, don't worry," said Chris quickly. "We're not going to let you get in for that, no matter what we do. But this poor sap has an hallucination—you're not having potatoes?"

"Nothing." Her appetite was dead. Her eyes were bright with fright.

"He has an hallucination," Chris resumed, "that some stupid intrigue was going on there that night—he kept hinting, Gordon says, that it was a married woman of the upper circle who was there—"

A sharp exclamation of indignation and disgust escaped the girl. She put up her head, her chin high.

"Well, exactly, that's what I thought," the man commented on her unspoken protest. "But he probably gets his ideas from Bolshevik journals or from the movies."

"But why didn't someone tell him the truth? Tell him I am just an office employee of Mr. Rountree's—"

"Gordy did. But he didn't believe it. He kept saying that he would find out who the woman was, because he could identify her, and that when he found out who it was, he would expose that just as prominently in the papers as *his* case was exposed!"

"Well, the papers wouldn't run a lot of nonsense on his say-so!" Mary Kate protested, uncomfortably, proudly.

"No, not exactly. But you know how they play up society stuff and mystery stuff."

"BUT how could he say that he could identify me—he never saw me!"

"He says he did."

"Well, but you know he didn't! The room was pitch black, and he was just at the window—opening the shutter—"

"But he might have seen you before, Mary. Mightn't he have seen you at Gordy's, perhaps—followed us home—?"

"Oh, my God!" she whispered, stricken. "Of course he might."

"He says that whoever you are he can find you—"

"To murder!" she ejaculated, incredulously.

"No. To blackmail." Chris could almost laugh at her consternation. "He must be a scoundrel," he repeated.

"But then—" she argued, thinking aloud. "But then, if he knew that I was only a working girl—"

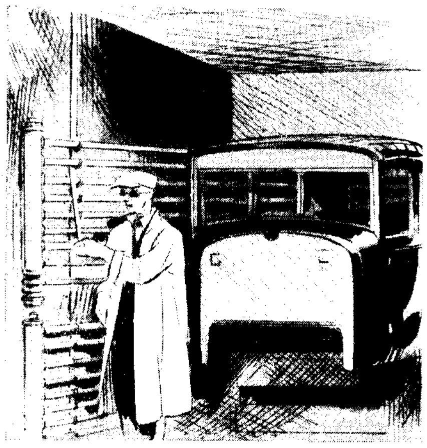
Chris was watching her interestedly, as she formulated her ideas. Now he said:

"That brings you to exactly the point that I gather he reached with Gordon. He said—and this is the whole point: he says he wants five minutes' talk with you, and that after that he'll give the whole thing up. (*Continued on page 46*)

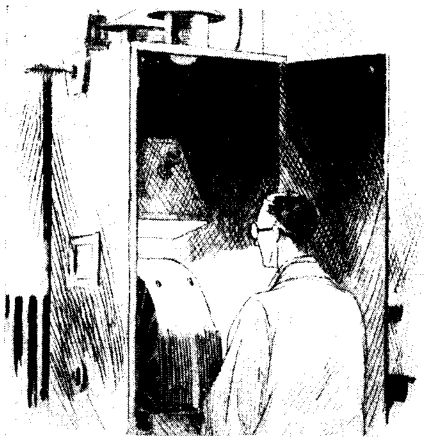
All branches on the same tree;
all growing out of the Chrysler root principle
of standardized quality

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL
CHRYSLER "77" · CHRYSLER "70" · CHRYSLER "66"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR · DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX · PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES
All Products of Chrysler Motors

MAKING QUALITY RUN THE GANTLET



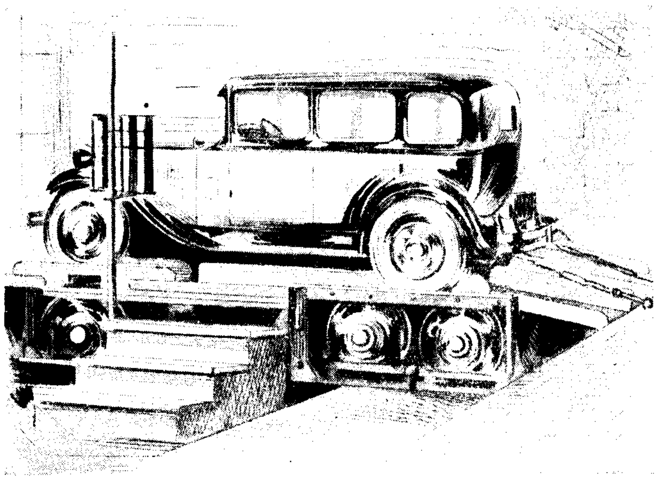
A Chrysler Motors car body is placed in a compartment walled with steam pipes. The door is closed, the steam turned on, and the mercury in the thermometer mounts to a blistering temperature. Only the finest materials can withstand the ravages of this terrific heat test. This is only one of several severe body material tests.



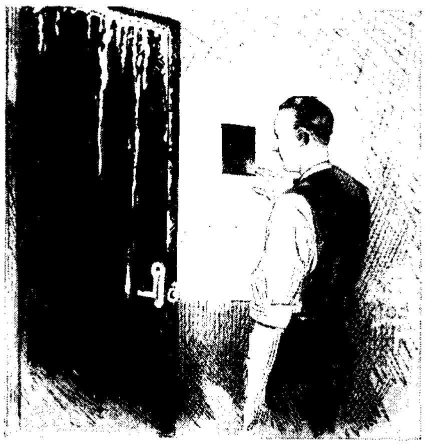
A certain color lacquer is used on Chrysler Motors cars. A sample of this is periodically subjected to the Violet-Ray test. Day in and day out, the beams of a Violet-Ray machine beat upon a piece of metal finished with this lacquer to determine its non-fading properties. Several years of summer sunshine are thus duplicated. All lacquer used must successfully withstand this test.

If the world's worst driver could take a car built by Chrysler Motors and drive it for days of the worst weather over thousands of miles of the world's worst roads, he could not even approximate the punishment inflicted in the Chrysler Motors Engineering Building. A few hectic hours in this great laboratory, running the gantlet of all its unique testing apparatus, equals a lifetime of abuse and hardship on the roadways of the world. The Engineering Building is a great scientific censor—harsh, rigorous, fault-finding. Through it all materials must pass before they qualify for use in Chrysler Motors products. It is a definite assurance that every Chrysler Motors car will always be as fine, competent and trouble-free as its builders can possibly make it.

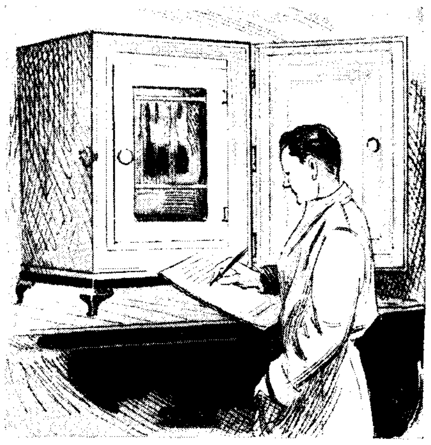
CHRYSLER MOTORS



A car is picked at random from the assembly line at one of the Chrysler Motors plants. It is anchored over a series of eccentric rollers, called a Belgian Roll, then run under its own power. Road conditions far worse than those of the western front in war-time are here simulated to be sure this typical car is flawlessly made, and just as flawlessly assembled.

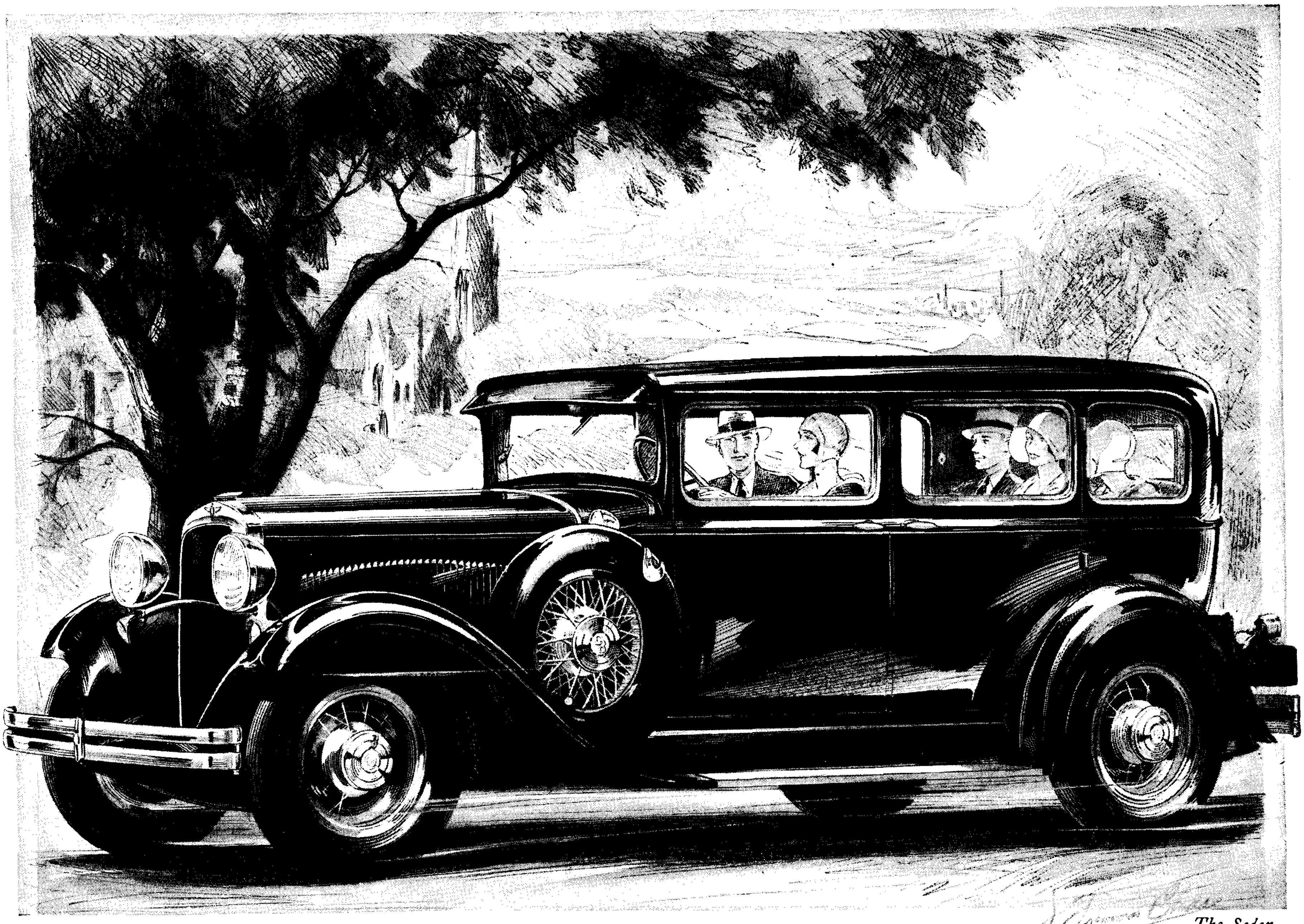


A special make of chromium-plated doorhandles is suggested for adoption by a Chrysler Motors unit. Before determining on its fitness, Chrysler engineers submit this handle to the salt spray test. Samples are lashed for hours by a strong saline bath. Only if they survive without corrosion, are they eligible for use.



Comes a shipment of rubber for use as engine mountings. At random, several specimens are selected and roasted for hours at a time in the rubber-ageing ovens. Then they are tested for "strength" and "stretchability" in tensile machines to prove their quality under the most severe conditions. Only by such drastic methods can Chrysler Motors insure the utmost in quality.

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



The Sedan
(wire wheels extra)

SUSTAINING WELL-MERITED PUBLIC CONFIDENCE

There could be no more convincing indorsement of the fundamental excellence of Dodge Brothers products than the fact that thousands upon thousands of persons who drove the first automobiles this company ever produced are still driving Dodge cars.

Throughout the great evolution that automotive engineering and design have experienced in the last fifteen years, these steadfast owners have had implicit confidence in Dodge Brothers ability to keep ahead of the times — implicit confidence that every good thing in motoring would be theirs at the lowest possible price consistent with a sound business policy of highest integrity.

The New Dodge Brothers Six — handsome, powerful, durable — up to the minute in all its appointments — is the latest and finest proof of this company's intent and ability to keep faith with the public at all times.

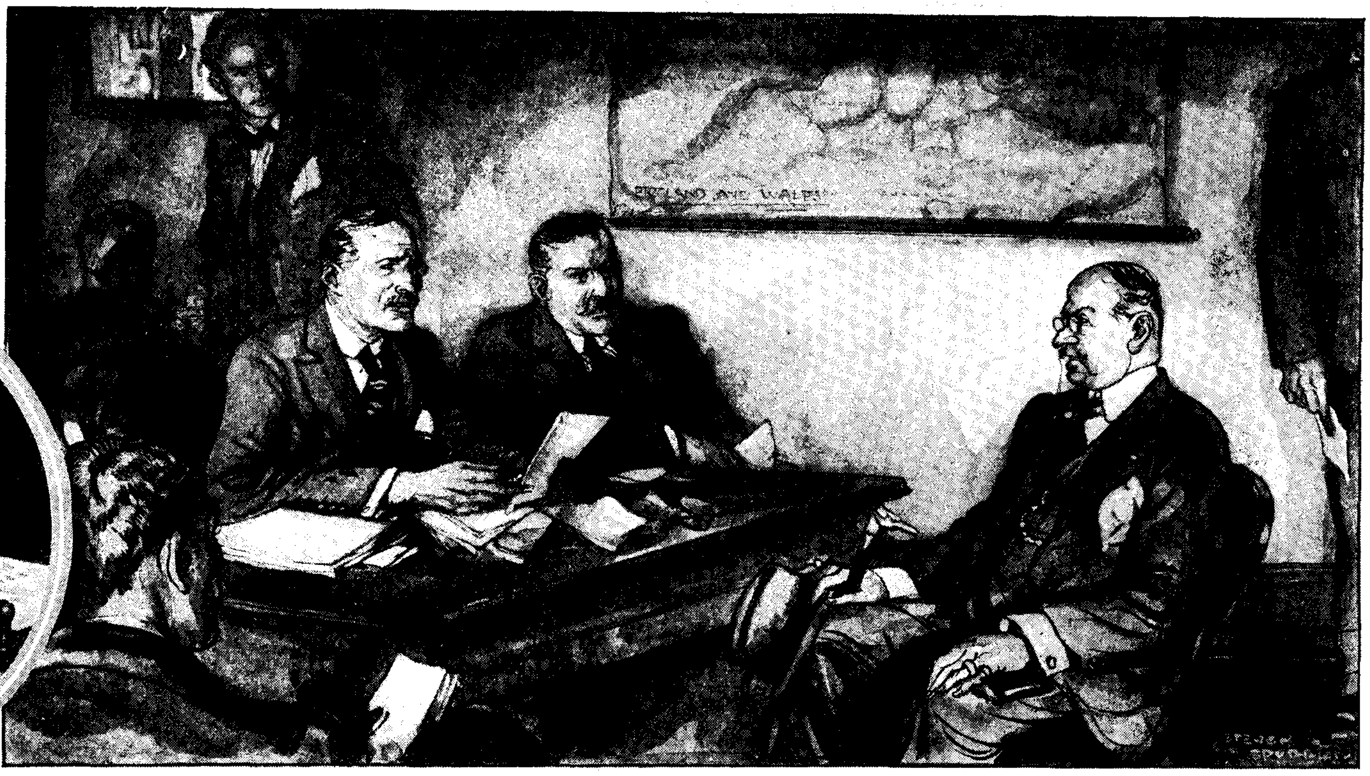
Convenient Terms

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

In that comfortable red leather chair sat everyone who was later shot as a spy. (Below) The chief inspector making a microscopic comparison of fingerprints

Photopress



Drawing by Steven Spurrier

Call the Yard, Watson!

By Joseph Gollomb

Time was when Sherlock Holmes could afford to sneer at Scotland Yard. Mr. Gollomb shows you how it looks and works today—the most efficient and expeditious detective force in the world and the most fascinating

A LONDON "bobby" patrolling Muswell Hill noticed in front of an unobtrusive two-story dwelling, four bottles of milk patiently waiting to be taken in. From the looks of it two of the bottles had turned sour and a third was on the way. The "bobby" knew his beat well and decided that if old Mr. Smith, who lived in that house alone, let milk go to waste, emphatically there must be something wrong. He rang the bell, then hammered at the door, and finally broke in.

He found the old man dead on his bedroom floor, his head battered. A rifled iron money box told the story. The "bobby" telephoned New Scotland Yard. Two detectives from the Central Office Squad came with a fingerprint man. A minute search and investigation yielded only these facts:

The old man was a recluse and had neither friends, kin nor enemies.

The deathblows had been dealt with something like burglars' "jimmies."

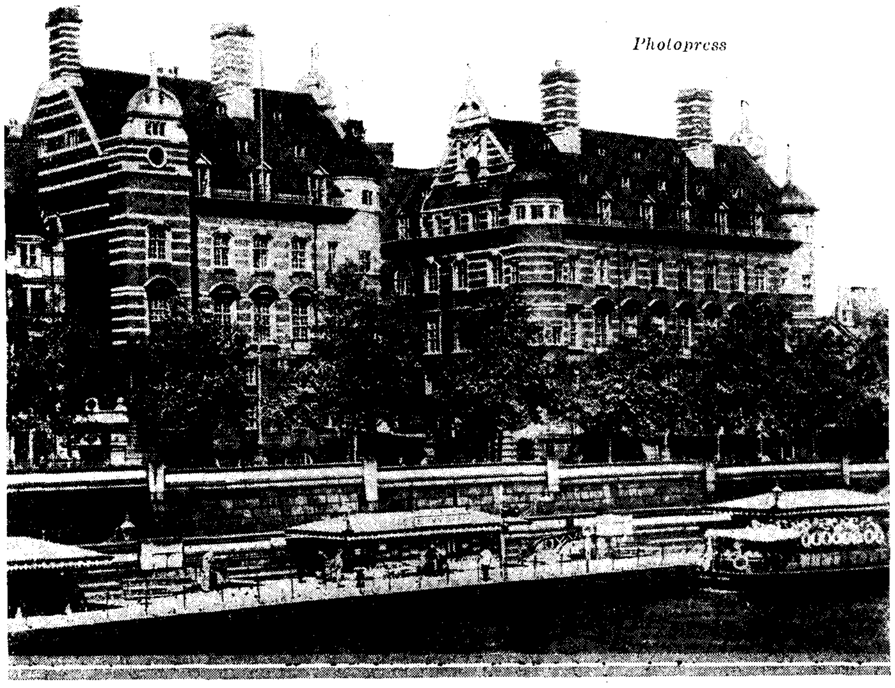
Whoever did the thing had worked in gloves, leaving no fingerprints.

A burglar-alarm wire had been cut. The old man, fearing some such danger, however, had so fixed it that the instant a wire was cut a weight would drop and explode a percussion cap. The weight had dropped, but the percussion cap had previously been removed.

Finally there was found a child's toy tin lantern.

Not at All Like Fiction

Scotland Yard felt challenged. Practically the whole Central Office squad, consisting of four chief inspectors, ten detective inspectors, nineteen detective sergeants and fourteen detective constables, went on the case.



Photopress

Scotland Yard, headquarters of the world's most famous man-hunting organization

The child's lantern was the only positive clue. There began a hunt typical of the Scotland Yard of reality as distinguished from the story-book version of it. With photographs of the child's lantern, Scotland Yard men made the rounds of all the toy manufacturers to find out which of them had made the lantern. Scores of shops were visited where such lanterns had been sold. Then hundreds of other visits were made to customers who had bought them.

It was all a matter of patience, plodding, trudging and drudging; nothing like the fictional tracking by an inspired sleuth; and the fruit of all this drudgery was practically nothing. But Scotland Yard persisted. It would.

A lone detective was put on the case because he had a seven-year-old son. The child was given the lantern to play with. He played with it down the whole length of a street in a tenement quarter. Then he played with it in the next street; in a third, a fifth, a tenth. Weeks passed and still the child was kept at it.

Finally one day a small boy of the quarter looked sharply at the lantern and cried, " 'Ere, that's mah lantern!"

" 'Taint," retorted the detective's son.

His father came forward. "If you can prove that the lantern is yours, you can have it," he said to the other boy.

"Well, when mah wick burned out I cut off a little piece of mah sister's petticoat for a new wick."

The wick confirmed his claim. His widowed mother, the hard-working keeper of a boarding house, was questioned. Her boy had missed the lantern months before; about the time of the murder, Scotland Yard concluded. Who were her boarders at the time? The same she had now, except two young men, who had a room together and left about the time the lantern was missed. One was a plumber by trade, Evans; the other was Brown, an electrician.

Scotland Yard investigated every one of the woman's remaining lodgers but found nothing of interest there. Then a hunt for the plumber and the electrician was ordered.

It was like asking bloodhounds to hunt without scent or trail. Not a soul knew the two young men.

Whereupon the hunt was concentrated within the walls of the brick-and-stone structure on the Thames Embankment, known to the world as New Scotland Yard. Countless smoke-filled fogs—"smogs" some Londoners call them—have tinged it with a sort of dignified grime. But if the home of Scotland Yard looks a shade grimy it does not look grim, as fiction would have it.

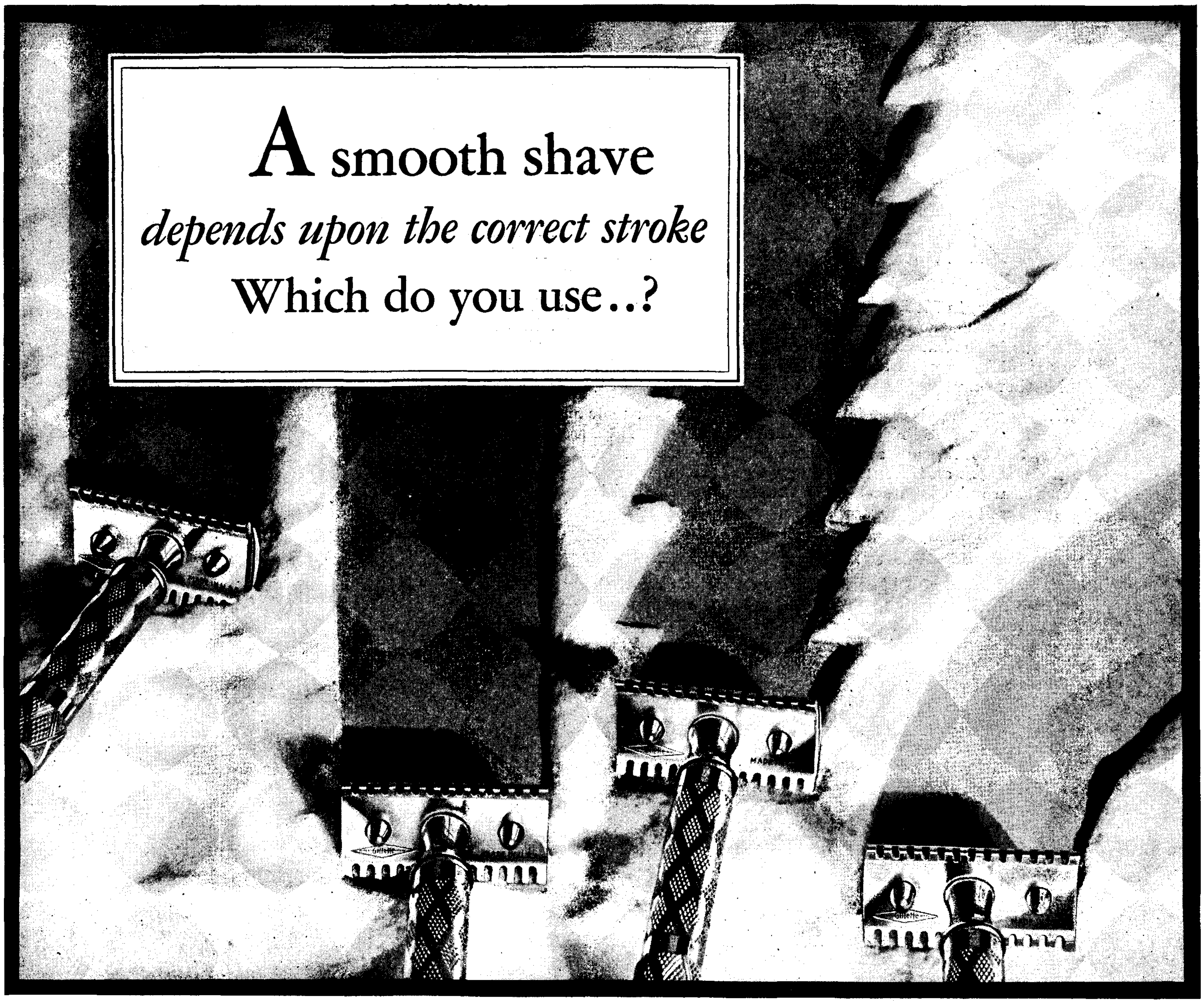
The hunt began in a single office. Say "C. R. O." to an English crook and you will probably give him goose flesh. But you would never guess why from the appearance of the Criminal Records Office itself. A large dusty room full of old-fashioned filing cabinets with sedentary elderly office workers sorting out papers. Not a uniform in sight, probably not a detective in the room. Yet this is the room where Scotland Yard earns much of its fame.

Classification of Crimes

"Criminals, like most human beings," said the inspector in charge of C. R. O. in explaining to me the basis of the system in use there, "get into ruts in their work. For instance, a burglar has found that posing as a plumber or an electrician is a help to him in burglary. That becomes his trade-mark to us, his *modus operandi*, or as we speak of it in this office, his 'M. O.' "

In the filing cabinets at C. R. O., records of former crimes by the hundred thousand are classified under more than a thousand categories: Arson, Burglary, Counterfeiting, and so on down the alphabet of crime. Under each category are further subdivisions according to the technique employed. Under Burglary, for instance, are envelopes with such subheads as Bank, Cutting bell

(*Continued on page 73*)



A smooth shave *depends upon the correct stroke* Which do you use..?

EIGHT out of ten American men shave with a Gillette Razor, and probably not more than half of them use the correct diagonal stroke shown at the extreme left.

But they all judge a shave on its face value, and they find the value *there* in every Gillette Blade, no matter what stroke they happen to use. Gillette has put it there—designed the blade to meet all possible changing conditions.

In the past ten years the Gillette plant has invested $12,000,000 in blade improvements alone. Today the work is done by amazingly skilful machines—adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch. And the product of these machines is tested and re-tested by a long line of inspectors who get a bonus for every blade they discard.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

Tomorrow morning slip a fresh Gillette Blade into its holder. Lather well and use the correct diagonal stroke. Let the world's best blade in the world's best razor give you the best of all possible shaves. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

Gillette

CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL
AND PACIFIC

A Pageant of Progress

When, in 1805, at the Missouri River's source, Lewis and Clark met with the capricious Shoshonees, the fate of the Northwest was in the balance. An Indian princess, Sacajawea, aiding the expedition westward, discovered that the tribal chief was her brother—and progress continued on its way.

What pageantry since! Picture the venturesome pioneers and trappers, the brave Bridgers and Colters, the hostile Indians. Picture the courageous settlers creeping in covered wagons into the Dakotas and Montana, or on to Idaho and Washington. Picture the fortune-hungry thousands of the Gold Rush days, lured on by each new strike.

In this early influx, some were forward-seeing and industrious. They stayed, and sowed the seeds of agriculture and industry.

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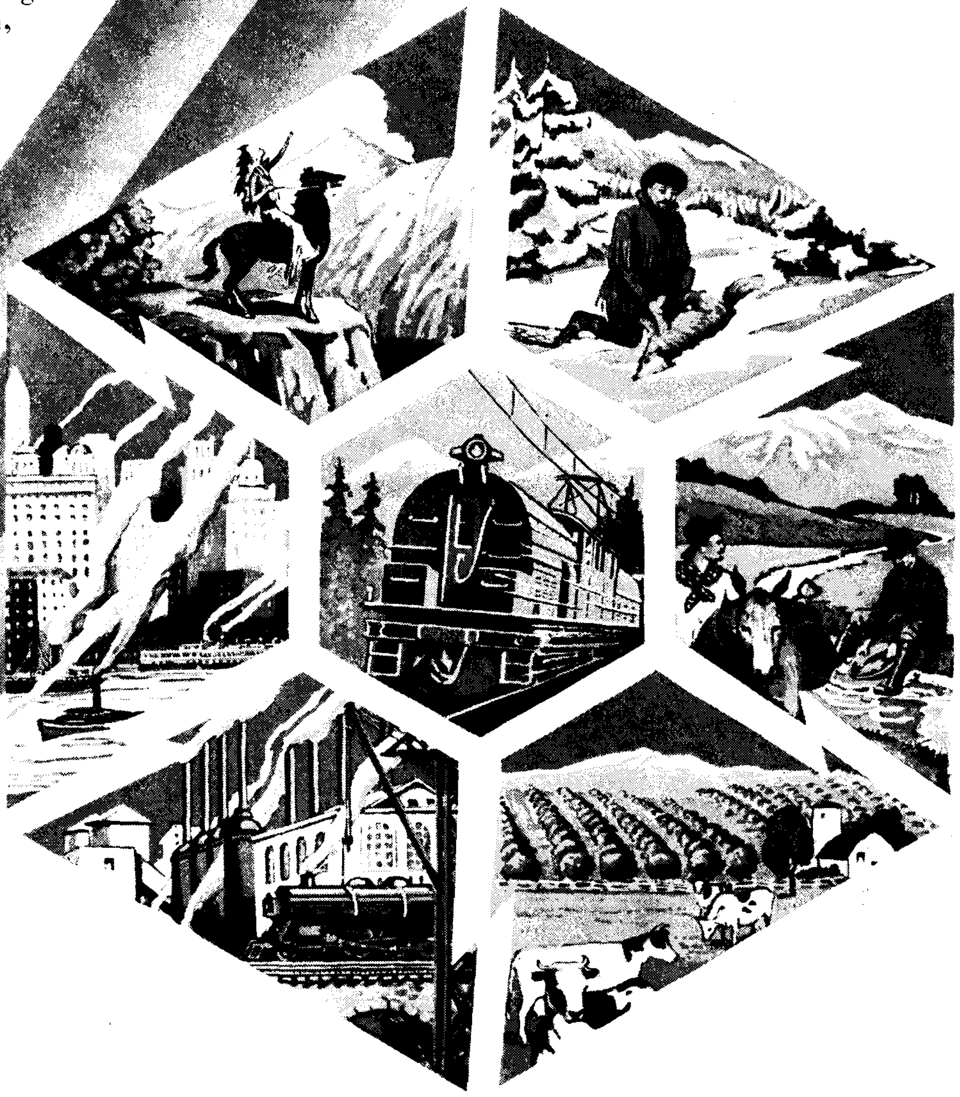

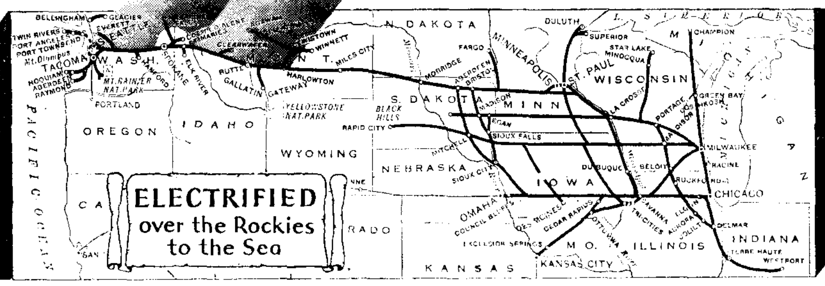
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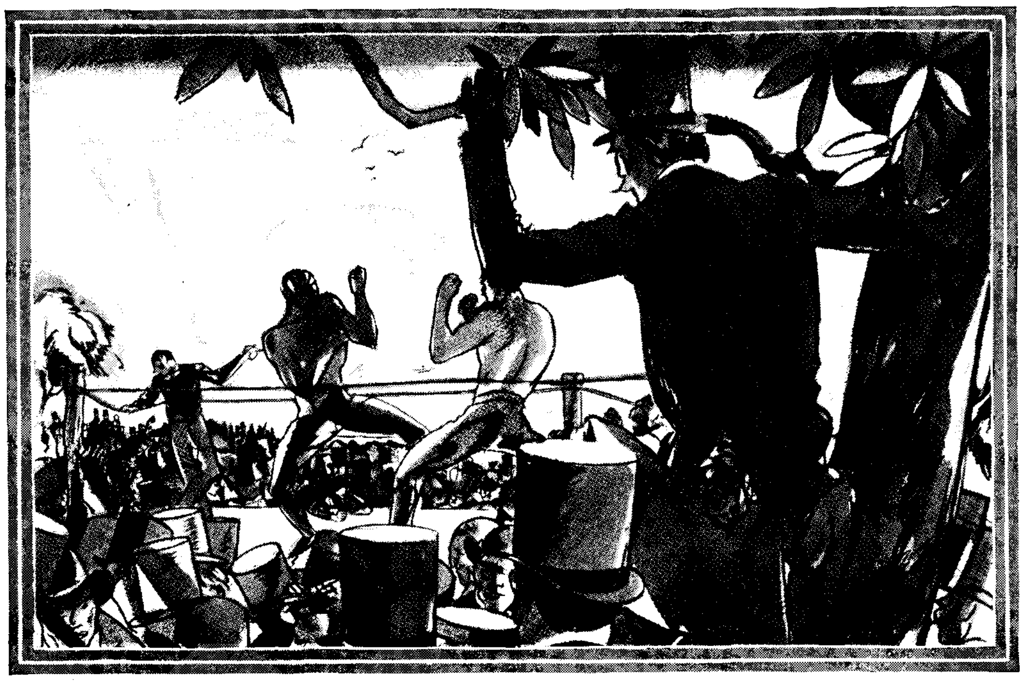
Illustrated by George Illian

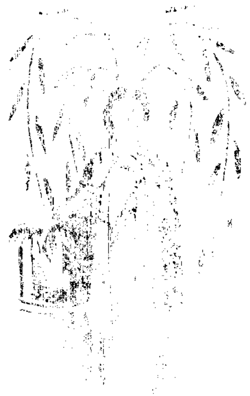


A fearsome sight, that battle between the cornered killer and the fancy-stepping Englishman

Knock 'em Cold

By Walter Davenport

As a boxer, Lilly My Beauty belonged to the Old School. He fought Tom McCoy for two hours and twenty-four minutes. At the finish McCoy didn't leave the ring: He was dead. Lilly agreed to lose to the Englishman, Burchall. At the end of thirty-four rounds Burchall failed to leave the ring: He, too, was dead



IN THOSE days, girls of Rose Seven's class were rather lucky to die young and a great many of them did. If they died naturally—which is to say if they were not done to death by the fists, bludgeons or knives of their men—they did so with fortitude born of knowledge that worse things were thereby avoided. Middle-age discard, for example, or a starving, haggish dotage.

But an amazing number of them died violent deaths and unless they were damsels like Rose Seven (and the record fails to produce another of her mold) the police preferred to acknowledge the news with shrugs. One got nowhere poking about in the wake of such minor social tragedies on the East Side of New York in the year 1842.

Rose's death was never satisfactorily explained; if she was murdered there was no official vengeance. The city's doctor came into James Street, falsely courageous, with a policeman on either side of him, to procure the scientific facts and render a convenient verdict.

In the room where she lay was her father, Jem Seven; James Ambrose Sullivan, the English bruiser, better known as Yankee Sullivan; Chris Lilly, protégé of Yankee Sullivan, who fondly called him Lilly My Beauty; John McCheester, who was famous as Country McCloskey, the pugilist, and a dozen more. They let the doctor advance as far as the bed, but when he stretched forth his hand to remove the blanket, Lilly My Beauty growled:

"You ain't to lay a hand to her."

And then, except for the doggish whimpering of Jem Seven, who long since had had all the wit and understanding bashed out of his head in the prize ring, there was a silence. The doctor looked to the policemen for encouragement, but they shook their heads.

"It's of no consequence anyhow," said the doctor, eager to be off. "It's clear that she died of sickness."

They hustled him out, roughing him as he hurried through the tenement's halls, because he was a weakling. Died of sickness, indeed! Rose Seven, who but the night before had danced with twenty men at the Ball of the Irish Brigade and had slapped the crooked mouth of Jim Sandford the giant, because he was making a greater fool of poor Jem by holding up to him a bottle of whisky as you would hold up a bone to a dog to make it beg.

To Fight for Fun or Ducats

Had they found that doctor later it would have been all up with him. Back where he had come from he had given it out that Rose Seven had died from drink, when the town itself knew that it was one of the wonders of her that she hated liquor because of what it had helped to do to Jem.

Neither was she any man's woman, except, perhaps, foolish Jem's and Jem she treated like a baby, which, in truth, he was. There had been bloodier battles fought over her than ever the fat Trojan queen had caused; but she had always walked between the factions, contemptuous of both.

If there was a man's name tucked away in her heart it was, perhaps, Chris Lilly's; and never in all the history of the foolish love that women give to men who don't deserve it, was there such unwarranted squandering of good emotion. Of course we have no proof that she loved Lilly My Beauty, but we have a right, after reading of her here and there in the newspapers of her time, to suspect that she did.

Champions stood at her funeral. There was Jimmy Reed, whose right hand was fingerless, yet who was one of the most terrible of the rough-and-tumble fighters of his day; Boss Bill Harrington, the Washington Market Butcher, who was forever calling upon Tom Hyer to "come out and fight for fun or ducats"; the terrible Yankee Sullivan himself; Sam O'Rourke, who had been blinded by Deaf Burke; George Owens, the Manchester Pet; Jack Teale; Jimmy Jeroleum, the Infant; Murdering Mike Walsh, leader of the Spartan Band; and Tom Hyer, one of the mightiest of all pugilists and the first big-purse man in the ring's history ($5,000, no less).

Not in the history of New York City had a woman been seen off to her grave by such notability; and I have named but a few of Rose's important mourners. I mention just two more:

One of them was Tom McCoy, the middleweight champion of the world, whose shibboleth was that he would fight any man his pounds on earth at any time and any place for the amount of money he had in his pocket at the moment. His laurels were new for he had won them but a month before by beating Cheshire Bob, the Englishman.

And the other was Chris Lilly—Lilly My Beauty—himself a middleweight who had just beaten Tim Murphy of Troy at Kingsbridge in ten rounds which took seventeen minutes.

The body of Rose Seven lay in its coffin on the platform of Puggy McGee's Garden of Eden in the Bowery. In a back room, large enough for the purpose, the heavy-handed lads were enjoying elegant regalement at the expense of Puggy, because so great an honor had fallen upon his house.

A little away from the coffin sat Jem Seven with a sailor's bucket clamped between his knees and making clutching motions with his hands over it. As the crowds trooped by they threw coins.

Only once, say the journals of that day, did Jem Seven leave his post and then only long enough to trot into the back room of feasting to complain to Yankee Sullivan that the line had ceased to move.

"It's Tom McCoy," whined Jem Seven. "He's stopped a long while now and he's weeping. Come out and make him move. They're getting tired of waiting behind him."

Yankee Sullivan motioned for the others to remain in the room.

"Come, Lilly My Beauty," said he. "It's your chance."

They found Tom McCoy, as Jem had told them, standing at the coffin's side with tears on his cheeks; and at his shoulder towered the mighty Jim Sandford to see that a lad could spend his pretty emotions without interference.

Yankee Sullivan nonchalantly stepped to the side of Jim Sandford and measured him with his hard blue eyes. Neither he nor Sandford said a word, but the Beauty was livid.

"You're drunk," said he to Tom McCoy.

No answer.

"Either that or you're joking."

McCoy made no reply. He even refused to look at Lilly. Neither did he move nor dry his eyes.

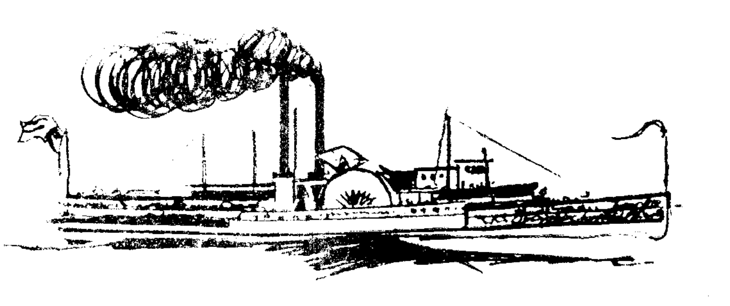
"If you'll step outside—" began Chris Lilly.

An Impending Clash

McCoy moved. Briskly he strode out of Puggy McGee's Garden of Eden with the frothing Beauty tagging along at his heels. In their wake, smiling wickedly at each other, came Yankee Sullivan and Jim Sandford. The crowd was held, fascinated for a moment, by the sense of the impending Olympian clash; and then it melted into a chattering mob stampeding for the door. . . . The wails of the cheated Jem Seven soared shrilly. The bucket still needed filling.

At the Garden of Eden's door they came upon a late arrival, the exceedingly popular Professor Billy Bell, proprietor of America's first gymnasium, and a business man of rare attainments. He had tried his hand at pugilism just once and that was when he took a bloody beating from Yankee Sullivan on Hart's Island in 1841. He was a man who could learn from life, particularly when it went against him.

With a few (Continued on page 64)



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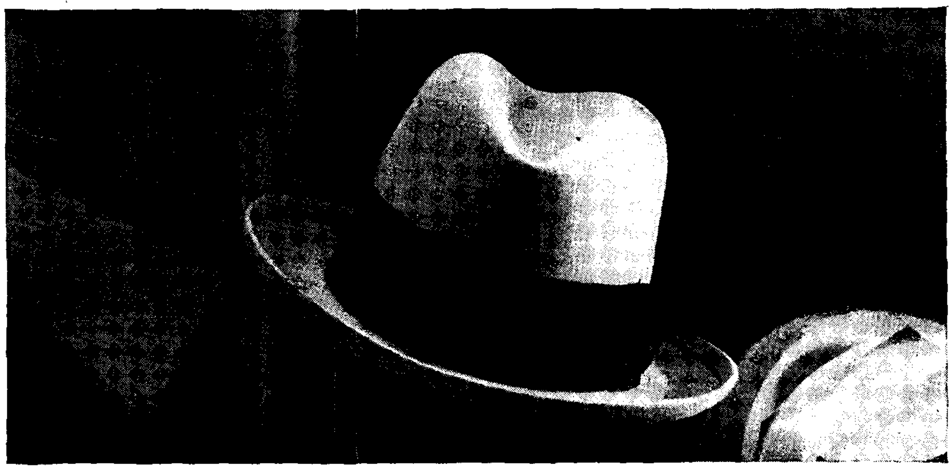

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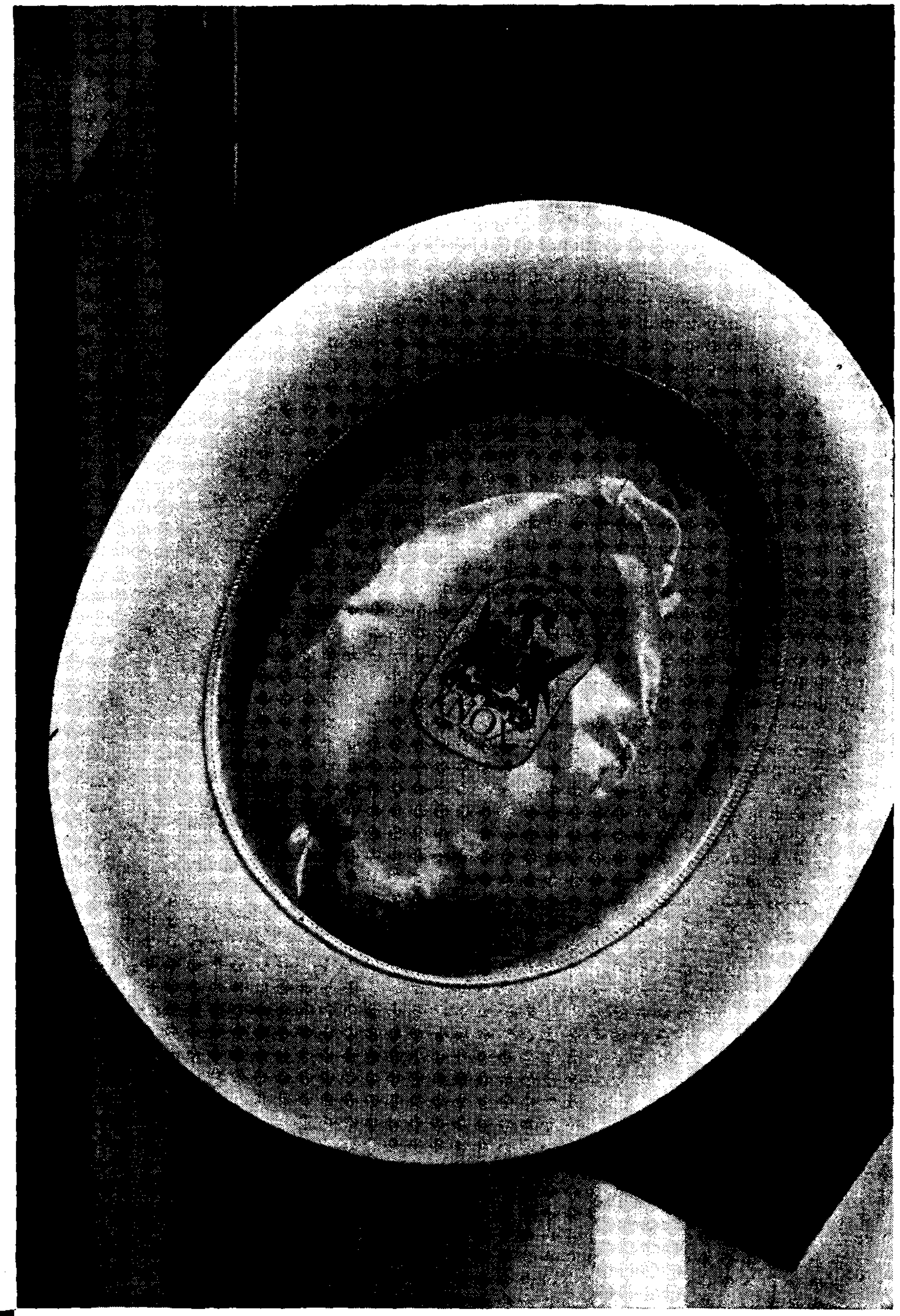

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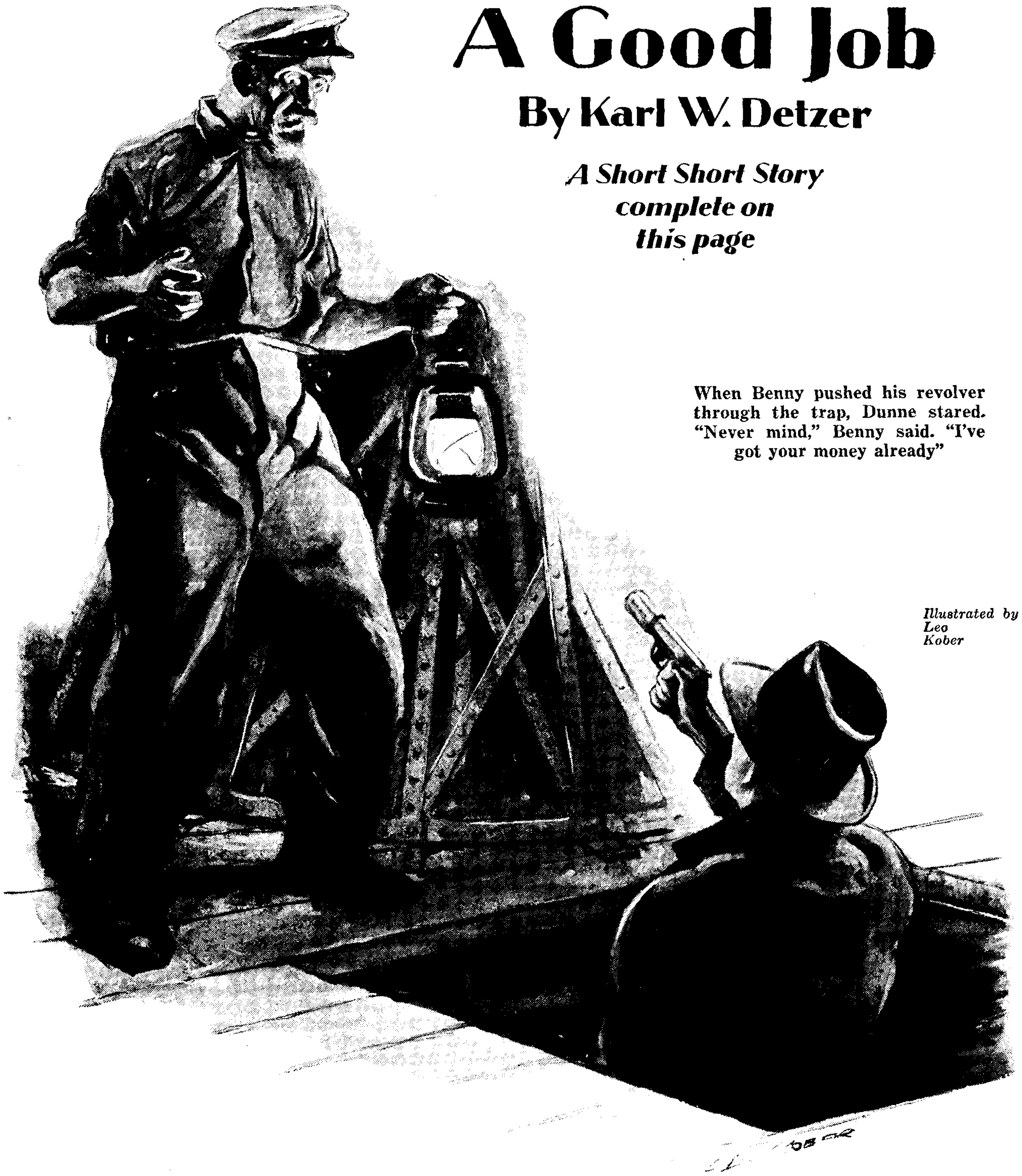
A Good Job

By Karl W. Detzer

A Short Short Story complete on this page



When Benny pushed his revolver through the trap, Dunne stared. "Never mind," Benny said. "I've got your money already"

Illustrated by Leo Kober

BENNY HATFIELD emerged confidently from the lighthouse tower and closed the door. He had just killed old man Dunne, and he contemplated the job with satisfaction. As usual, there had been no hitch. Benny was a careful worker; he believed in preparedness and deliberation.

"The good Lord gave me brains to use," he often told himself. Tonight, and for many days and nights on this Lake Michigan island, he had been using those brains. As the result Dunne lay dead in the lamp room, Dunne's ten thousand dollars were Hatfield's now, and Olsen, Dunne's assistant, would sleep till one o'clock, as was his habit. It would be days before the alarm would reach the mainland, and by that time Benny would be in New Orleans. This was October, and he hated cold weather.

He pushed his boat off silently and rowed for ten minutes. Then safely around the point, he started the engine. In three hours he'd be ashore.

He smiled through the dark at a lighted steamer, down-bound to Mackinac. On such a vessel he got the inspiration for this job. The first officer had pointed out the lighthouse on its lonely island.

"Miser Light," he informed Benny, "named after Dunne, the keeper. Been there twenty-odd years. Never goes ashore. Got his money hid . . . his first nickel."

"Many neighbors?"

"Just his assistant. What's anybody want with ten thousand in such a lonely place?"

Benny, pondering this, discovered no satisfactory answer. So he came to Tamarack, the mainland port opposite the island, rented a motor dory, bought a book on geology, and sailed to Miser Light. That was five weeks ago.

Tonight he had earned his reward. His spirit was at ease. It had worked out exactly as he had planned—a clean, water-tight job. Dunne had fallen for the geology line, of course. Benny chuckled in appreciation of his own talents and bent low out of the wind. His back was stiff from lying all last night outside the tower. But he was glad he'd done it; as a final precaution.

YESTERDAY Olsen, the assistant, returned from four days' leave, bringing Dunne's monthly pay. Benny's plans were laid. He knew the routine of the light as well as Dunne did; the night, being clear and windless, was perfect. Foggy nights both keepers stoked the fog signal boiler. Tonight Olsen went to bed at seven as usual. He would sleep till one, longer perhaps, since Dunne would not awaken him. Benny chuckled again.

Reviewing the job, as he chugged landward, Benny felt a rich contentment. He had planned everything to the last detail. The island was a storm signal station, connected by submarine telephone with the mainland. Five strokes of the ax severed the cable.

Next he had rowed to the lighthouse launch, anchored in the bight under the point. Silently, he pulled its bilge plug, heard water rush in, then cut the anchor line. The skiff took longer. He filled it with stones before setting it adrift with a rip in its bottom. His own was the only other boat.

Benny remembered with relish how he disconnected the two brass whistles in the fog signal house, stowed them in the dory, dropped them overboard in deep water, thus silencing their steamy voices.

"Could you flash a signal with the light?" He'd asked Olsen last week.

"Never," the assistant replied. "Too big . . . need a screen big as a house."

"In emergency," Benny had prompted.

"Can't be done," Olsen persisted. "I was blinker operator during the war . . . know how hard it is. . . ."

There was no radio set on the island. Olsen was alone there now, would be alone for days. Plenty of time to get to New Orleans. A man could spend ten thousand pleasantly in that town. Benny felt the warmth of professional pride. In Chicago, tomorrow night, he'd see a show.

After an hour and a half he made out the glow of Tamarack pierhead light. An hour later he rounded the breakwater. Here, too, he was prepared, had even taken the trouble to examine the docks, planning his get-away. There was a fish wharf to the right, near the main street. He'd tie up the boat, get a car, hire it if necessary, and meet the three o'clock train at Cedar.

He steered clumsily alongside the dock and turned off his engine. The silence following its exhaust struck him sharply . . . he hadn't realized it was so noisy. He sat a moment listening, his hand on the wet piling. The town was quiet. Again he thought of Olsen, wondering if he were awake yet. Probably not. Probably waiting for Dunne to call him.

He laughed again, remembering Dunne's stupidity. The keeper had climbed to the tower, carrying the hand-lantern, just as he did every night at nine. Benny followed silently, a dozen paces behind. The steps wound upward around slanting walls. When Benny pushed his revolver through the trap door, Dunne stared.

"Never mind," Benny said. He'd rehearsed that speech. "I got your money already."

Dunne swung around at that and peered into a corner behind two metal drums.

"Got my money?" he repeated hoarsely.

THAT was the last he said. It was very simple. He'd pointed out the hiding place. Benny lifted the loose panel in the wall and found a neat stack of envelopes, tied in a red string. He took his time, for he knew he hadn't wakened Olsen. That's what a silencer is for, to keep from disturbing people's sleep. He made sure the old man was dead, then returned contentedly down the stair. A good job. Not a hitch, everything smooth as butter.

Now he was safe. He climbed to the dock. A black warehouse spread its shadow across the planks. Benny stepped forward cautiously, feeling ahead with his feet. Then a hearty voice, surprisingly near-by, said:

"Put 'em up, you."

Benny dropped his hand to his pocket.

"Oh, I say!"

Benny squeezed the trigger, firing through his coat.

"Up! Don't want to hurt you," the voice persisted.

So Benny, glad that no one wanted to hurt him, started to run. A foot pushed out from behind a stack of net boxes, catching him between the ankles. Sprawling forward, he fired wildly again.

Three knees pressed him down and six hands searched him.

"Here's his gun, Sheriff," someone said.

They dragged him into a car. Then talked casually about him, as though he had no ears or feelings.

"THEY'RE all dumb," the sheriff explained. "Think they can get away with it. Always slip up on something. This guy killed Dunne before the old man had a chance to pump up the lamp. Does it at nine o'clock every night. It's one of them old-fashioned gas lamps. Well, along about ten, just as the Empire was passing, the light went out. The steamer sounded off its whistle, asking what's wrong. It waked Olsen.

"Olsen, soon's he found Dunne's body, took his flashlight and begun snapping it. . . S. O. S. So they sent a boat in and he told 'em. They put it on their wireless, and the state police called me just in time."

Benny groaned. He'd thought of killing Olsen.

"That's my trouble," he admitted. "I'm too soft-hearted."

"Yeah!" the sheriff said.

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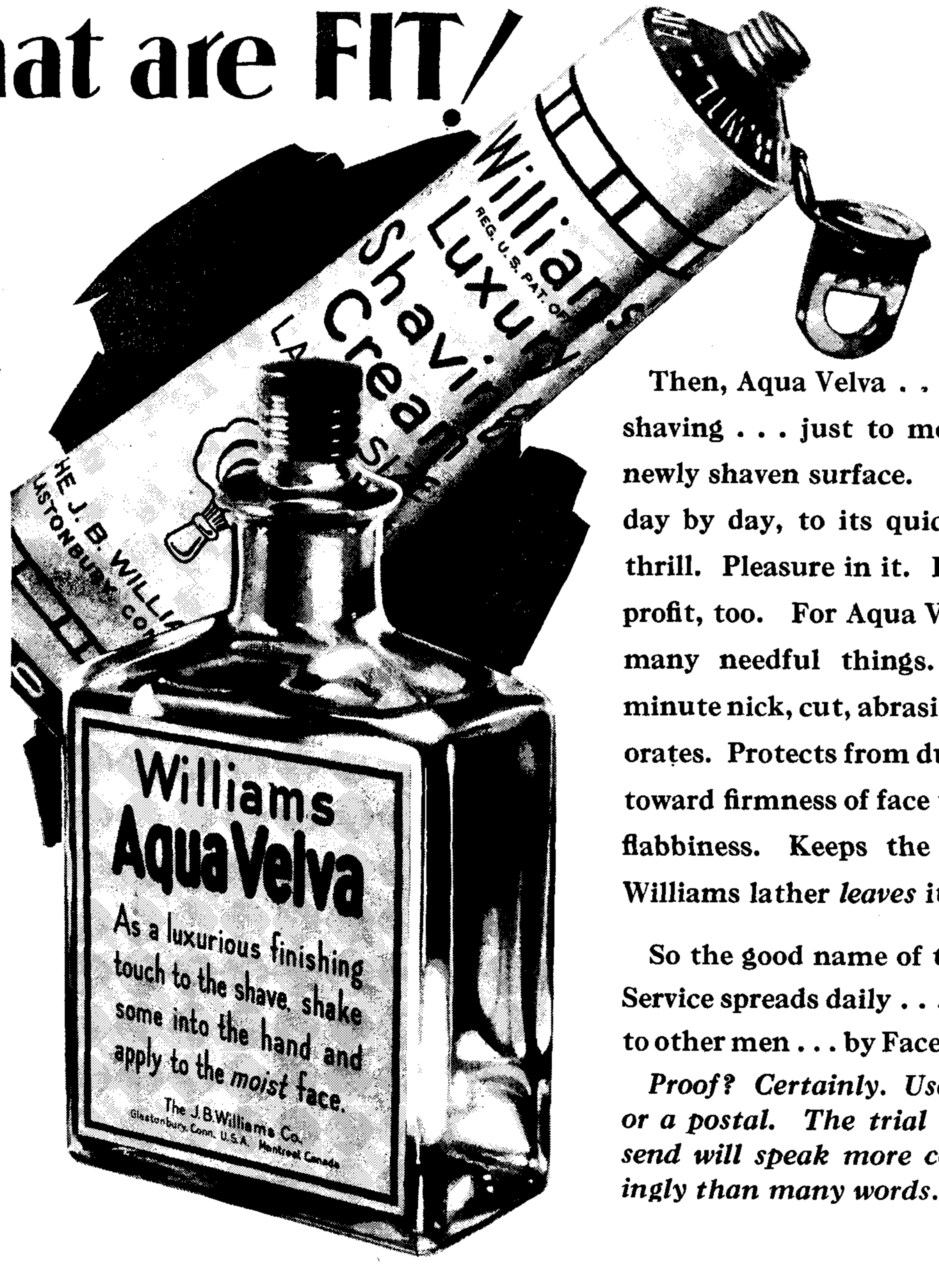
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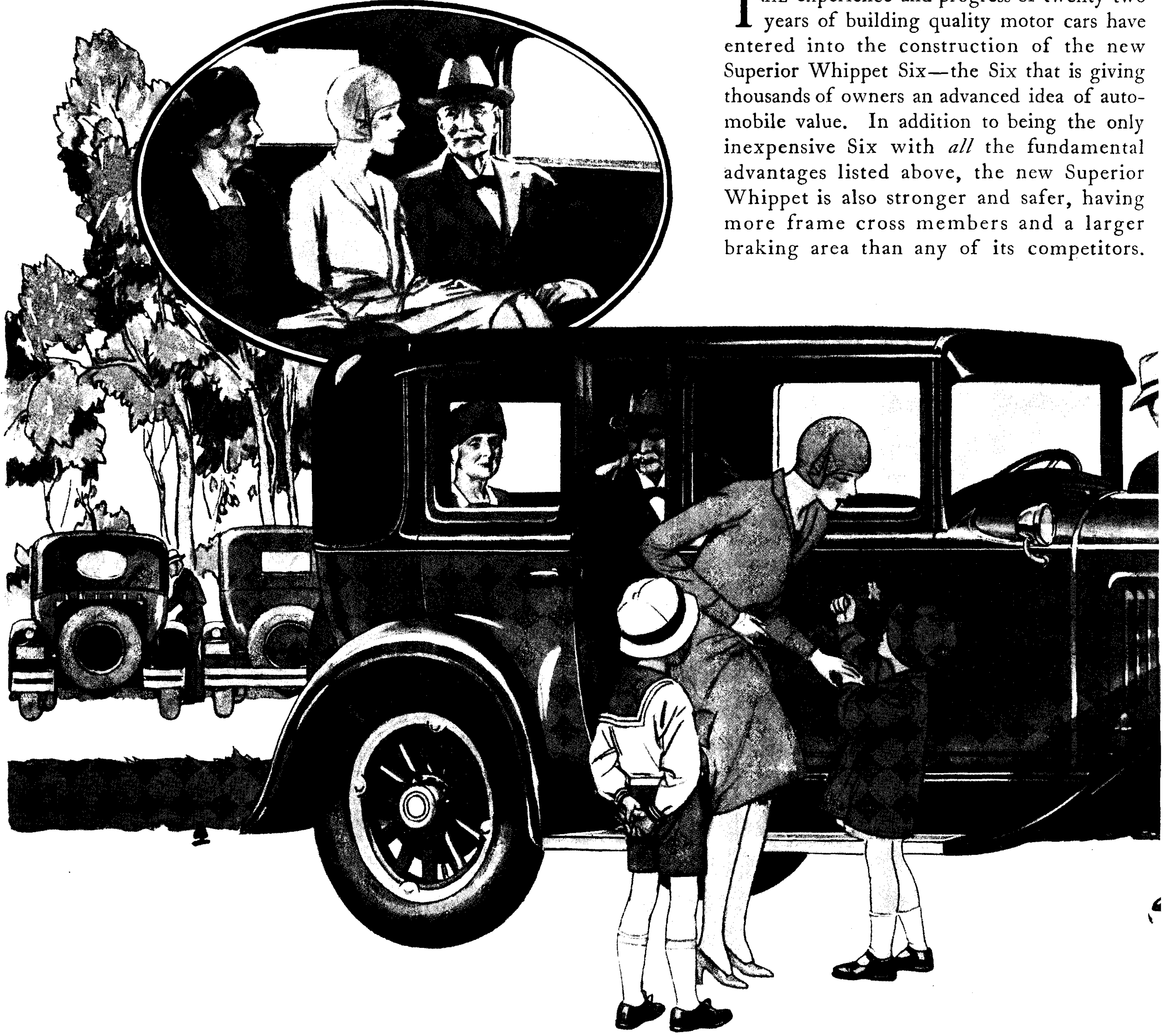

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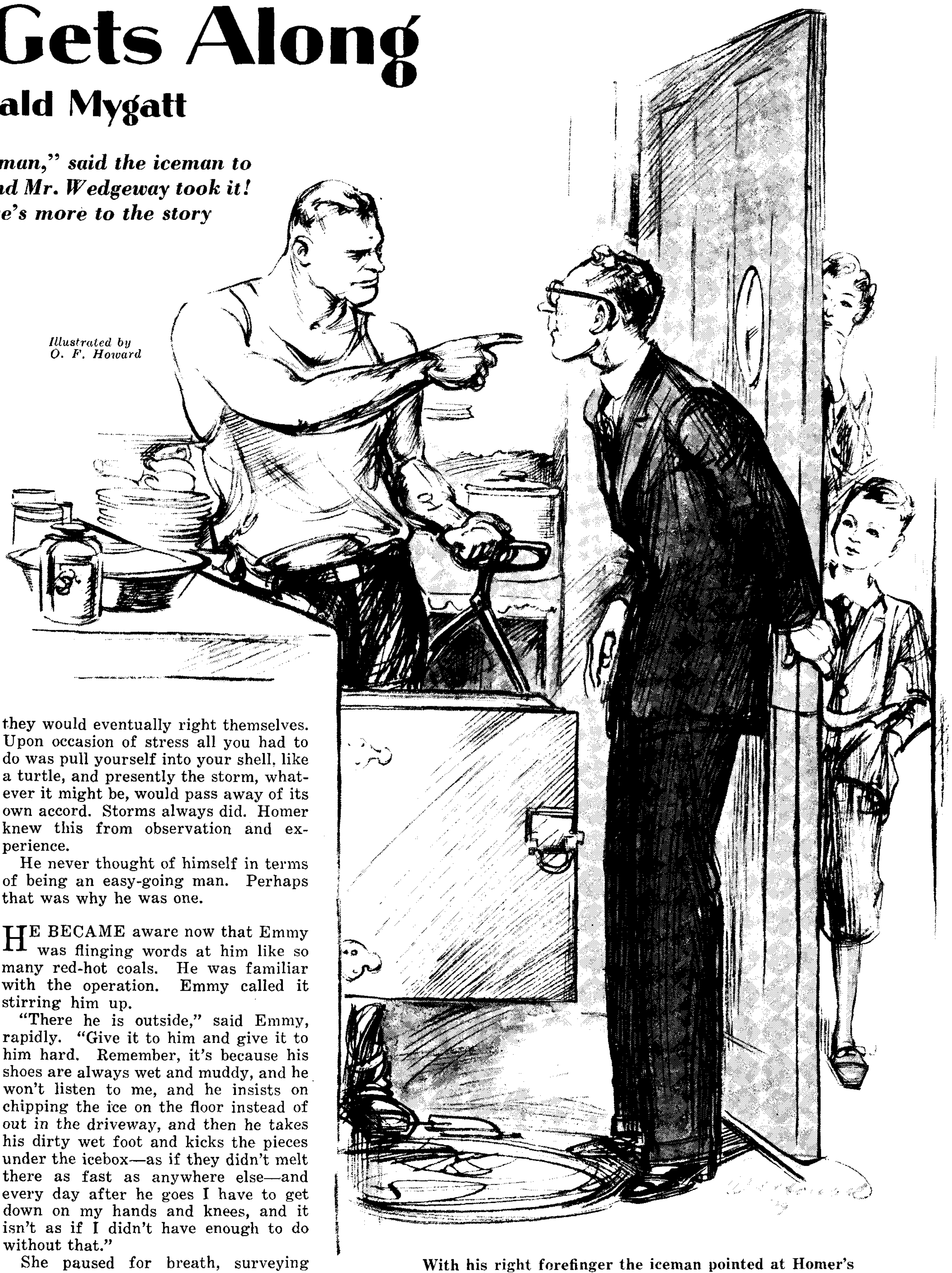
Homer Gets Along

By Gerald Mygatt

"You're an old woman," said the iceman to Mr. Wedgeway—and Mr. Wedgeway took it! But wait—there's more to the story


Illustrated by O. F. Howard

With his right forefinger the iceman pointed at Homer's nose. "You?" he said. "Are you puttin' in a kick?"

THEY had been awaiting the iceman for the better part of an hour, Emmy belligerently, Homer with a sort of philosophical sadness. For the life of him Homer couldn't understand why Emmy seemed to take such pleasure in arguments. The impending one, for instance, she had been rehearsing all day, almost smacking her lips over it. As a matter of fact she had been rehearsing it for almost a week.

It seemed a little ridiculous to Homer that he and Emmy—Tot, too, for that matter—should have to sit indoors through most of a perfectly good holiday simply that Homer might give this particular iceman a piece of Emmy's mind. The game was scarcely worth the candle, and so Homer had expressed himself.

"How about getting another iceman?" he had suggested, mildly.

"The other one cheats."

"Well, what about an electric refrigerator then? They sell them on time."

Emmy, eyeing him with a sort of horror, had reminded him of the budget. That ended that.

Now, as the chug-chug-chug of the ice truck resounded hollowly in the driveway beside the house, Homer sagged dully even as Emmy brightened. Homer had no stomach for arguments. In the first place he didn't believe in them. In the second place he didn't like them. All about him, day after day, Homer saw men arguing; and all the arguments were futile and all the results, if there were any, seemed futile too. In the evening, at home, he sat over a book or fiddled with his radio, and if there was any arguing to be done, as there often was, he contented himself with letting Emmy do it. He had heard somewhere that women have to argue to keep happy. Well, if this was true it was true. But as far as he was concerned he was glad he was a man.

He was a tall man, was Homer; perhaps not so tall as he seemed, because he was also very thin. He was big-boned and a little gaunt, habitually stooping. Periodically, perhaps every two or three months, he caught his reflection in a mirror and remarked this stoop, and then for a day or two he tried to remember to stand straight, and for the same day or two he would bend and stretch and count and grunt with the 7:30 morning radio class in pyjama calisthenics.

Presently, however, his reason would reassert itself. A man working in a bank did not need any particular exercise beyond a daily walk; all the doctors said so. Sleep was infinitely more valuable, even an extra fifteen minutes of sleep in the morning. Every minute of sleep meant just so many more body cells refreshed and built up, whole and new. So the exercises ceased and the stoop remained. Probably it would have remained anyway, for Homer was a trifle near-sighted, and he had to wear spectacles.

Behind these spectacles, which were horn-rimmed, his eyes gazed with mild content upon a pleasant world. Homer liked the world and almost everybody in it. He liked his work and he liked his home. If things went wrong, and sometimes they did, he knew they would eventually right themselves. Upon occasion of stress all you had to do was pull yourself into your shell, like a turtle, and presently the storm, whatever it might be, would pass away of its own accord. Storms always did. Homer knew this from observation and experience.

He never thought of himself in terms of being an easy-going man. Perhaps that was why he was one.

HE BECAME aware now that Emmy was flinging words at him like so many red-hot coals. He was familiar with the operation. Emmy called it stirring him up.

"There he is outside," said Emmy, rapidly. "Give it to him and give it to him hard. Remember, it's because his shoes are always wet and muddy, and he won't listen to me, and he insists on chipping the ice on the floor instead of out in the driveway, and then he takes his dirty wet foot and kicks the pieces under the icebox—as if they didn't melt there as fast as anywhere else—and every day after he goes I have to get down on my hands and knees, and it isn't as if I didn't have enough to do without that."

She paused for breath, surveying Homer as if she might have been a general exhorting an army about to be sent into battle. "I tell you I won't have it. Go in there now, Homer, and tell him what's what. And don't forget—he's to chip it in the driveway."

Homer rose slowly to his feet. Undoubtedly speaking to the iceman was the lesser of two evils. That, at least, would be over shortly. Without heat he said: "Now don't you worry, Emmy. I'll tell him to chip it wherever you say. You just leave it to me."

From the corner of the room a boy's voice raised itself eagerly: "Gee, can I peek, Dad?"

This was a welcome interruption, not only because it put off the impending moment, but also because it gave Homer an opportunity to mention a small matter which had been on his mind, for lack of a tactful way of getting it off, during the whole of the past hour. He turned and smiled fondly at his son.

"No, Tot. I think it would be better for both you and your mother to stay here. I—I'll be able to speak more freely to him alone."

"You'll be able to do no such thing," stated Emmy, definitely. "I know you too well, Homer Wedgeway. I'll be standing right by the door to listen to every word, not where he can see me but where I can hear. No, sir, you don't get out of it that easily."

"I'd like to see you knock his block off," said the boy, coming forward.

Homer patted his son's head. "Aren't we a bloodthirsty young man?" he remarked with a smile. "Well, you both may listen if you must. Perhaps it will be a lesson to you, Tot, that gentlemen can settle difficulties without argument and without heat. That's the best way to get along in this world." Homer shot a quick glance at Emmy, to see whether she understood, as he hoped she might, that she was the real object of this commentary. It was not Homer's practice to address such bits of philosophy to Emmy directly.

UPON the back porch heavy footfalls clumped. The screen door slammed —bam! Now from the kitchen itself sounded a clanking of metal, followed immediately by a crash that jarred the house.

"Apparently our friend the iceman has arrived," said Homer, pleasantly, and stepped through the dining-room.

In the kitchen doorway Homer paused.

He had not realized that the iceman was so tremendous. He was tremendous even for an iceman. Many times Homer had seen him before, here or there or elsewhere

(Continued on page 44)

How to safeguard your family's health . . . and share in 835 PRIZE CONTEST AWARDS totaling

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United States Government authorities declare that *proper* year 'round refrigeration will reduce this waste to a startling degree. But it will do more—much more—than this. It will safeguard the health of your family. For food that is not *properly* preserved is a menace that invites danger and disease.

But what is *proper* refrigeration? A natural question. And again Government authorities answer: *Perishable foods, to be properly preserved, must be kept at an average temperature below 50 degrees.*

There is one safe way to retard the growth of micro-organisms that cause food spoilage. *Cold*, alone, will conquer bacteria and harmful mold without changing the wholesomeness of the food. If the temperature in your refrigerator creeps up above the danger point, food-destroying bacteria multiply astonishingly.

You know what happens in your home during hot Summer months—how quickly food spoils. But have you considered that in your kitchen *it is "Summer" the year around*—too warm for food preservation?

Thus penny-wise home managers turn, in winter months, to back-porch or window-sill makeshifts for refrigeration. Dangerous. Costly. Only 19 days a year, on an average in the United States, does the outdoor temperature remain ideal for food preservation. Sometimes it's too warm; sometimes too cold.

Too cold? That may surprise you. Yet the United States Department of Agriculture has determined that a too-low temperature for perishable food is quite as dangerous as too high. Below 32 degrees some foods freeze; others undergo a definite chemical change. Such low temperatures destroy much of the delicate flavors and the vitamins which give food its greatest nourishment value. A sudden rise in temperature—perhaps even a few degrees—means that frozen food quickly spoils.

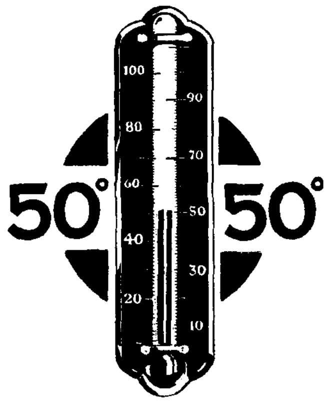
The Government recommendation of adequate artificial refrigeration *the year around* is the answer to this problem. Our Government recommends artificial refrigeration below 50 degrees to properly preserve your foods, not only because of the marked economy, but because it is the surest, safest way to guard the health of your family.

How to Win Prize Contest

To set the nation thinking on this vitally important topic of proper food preservation, the National Food Preservation Council offers prizes to the value of $25,000 for the best essays in a National Idea Contest.

Turn to the next column. Read the complete list of well-worth-winning awards; study the simple rules and regulations. Then get the booklet, "How to Safeguard Your Family's Health," from the Food Preservation Council in your city, or write the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City, for free copy.

But don't delay! The time is short. It takes quick action to win. Begin at once!



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Twenty-five prizes, Nos. 11 to 35 inclusive—$100 each. Eight hundred prizes, Nos. 36 to 835 inclusive—$5 each.

In the event of a tie for any prize, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of that prize.

CONTEST JUDGES

MERLE THORPE, ***editor***.. ....**Nation's Business**

B. C. FORBES, ***editor***...... ....**Forbes**

DR. WALTER HOLLIS EDDY, ***Prof. of Physiological Chemistry, Teachers College*** ....**Columbia University**

Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to any resident of the United States, except persons or members of the families of persons connected with the refrigeration industry.

2. Essays must not be longer than 400 words, shall be written in English, and shall be on one side of the sheet only.

3. Each essay shall be headed "Why 50 Degrees Is the Danger Point."

4. The subject matter of each essay must be the value of and benefits of food preservation, either from the standpoint of health, sanitation or economic saving, or any combination of these three. Booklets summarizing information on this subject may be obtained from the Food Preservation Council in your city or members of the Local Council, or from the National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

5. Essays will be judged 90 per cent on the originality of thought and evidence of study displayed, and 10 per cent on clearness of expression, neatness and order of construction.

6. Essays need not be typewritten, but judges shall have the right to reject entries that are illegible.

7. Essays may be submitted through the Local Council of the contestant's community, or may be sent direct to the National Food Preservation Council.

8. At the top of each page of each essay the sender's name and address shall be written. Each essay shall be enclosed in a sealed envelope, with the contestant's name and address typed or clearly written in ink on the outside of the envelope. If the essay is submitted through a Local Council, the name of the Local Council must also be written on the envelope. If the essay is sent direct to the National Council, the sealed envelope must be enclosed in a larger envelope, addressed to Contest Department, National Food Preservation Council, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

9. Essays will not be returned. Winning essays shall become the property of the National Food Preservation Council and shall be used in any way the council sees fit.

10. The contest closes at midnight September 30, 1929. Essays bearing a postmark after midnight of September 30, 1929, will not be considered.

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NATIONAL FOOD PRESERVATION PROGRAM

SEPT. 1929

about the town, but it was not till now that Homer had really noticed him. Though the day was cool this iceman was clad from the waist up in nothing more than a sleeveless undershirt, rather wet and soiled, from the upper corners of which two brown and bulging arms swung to do their work.

The two arms at this moment were lifting a cake of ice—the heavy tongs had been flung to the floor—and trying to squeeze it bodily through the door of the refrigerator. The iceman grunted, juggled the cake of ice to another position, grunted again, swore frankly, and then removed his hands, letting Newton's law operate. Once more the house quivered.

Homer Wedgeway made a swift survey of the scene before him. The iceman's heavy shoes were muddy and wet. The floor was muddy and wet. Everything was as Emmy had maintained. The iceman himself was frenziedly chipping the large cake with a steel-pointed weapon, and the chips were scattering as they might.

Homer advanced into the kitchen. The iceman, still busily chipping, ignored him. Homer waited again; then he cleared his throat and said, "I beg your pardon." The iceman went on chipping. Again Homer said, "I beg your pardon," but more loudly.

This time the iceman turned around. The iceman smiled. The iceman said genially: "Melts like hell, don't it? Why'n't you get an up-to-date box?"

Homer was taken aback.

"Save you money," said the iceman. "Looka here the way I got to shave a fifty-pound cake on you."

"That might not be a bad idea," agreed Homer. "By the way, my name's Wedgeway."

The iceman lifted the cake of ice from the floor and flung it neatly through the open door of the refrigerator. He smiled at the precision of the fit, closed the refrigerator door with a bang, wiped his right hand on the seat of his trousers and held the result out to Homer.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Wedgeway. My name's Perkins."

"I'm very glad to meet you," said Homer and found his own right hand being squeezed painfully. After some seconds he got his hand away and smiled. He said: "I—er, that is, don't you think—er, what I mean. . . ." He was floundering helplessly. He shook his head, wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then he noticed that Tot had edged into the room, and Tot's eyes were upon his, expectant.

HOMER stiffened. Clearing his throat again, he said:

"Mr. Perkins, both Mrs. Wedgeway and I feel that this," he gestured at the floor, "this mess is—well, unnecessary. Mrs. Wedgeway tells me it's this way every day. It seems to me, if you could chip your ice in the driveway—"

A look of incredulity came into the eyes of Mr. Perkins. He thrust his chin forward, peering. With his right forefinger he pointed at Homer's nose.

"You?" he inquired. "Are you puttin' in a kick?"

Homer Wedgeway laughed, a short, uncomfortable laugh.

"In a manner of speaking, yes," said Homer.

Mr. Perkins said incisively: "What do you want for sixty cents a hundred—a vacuum cleaner?"

"Why—that is—why, no."

"You pay for ice, don't you?"

Homer acknowledged this.

"Well," said Mr. Perkins, "you get ice. You get it clean and you get it regular and you get it prompt. Full weight too. I don't even charge you for this stuff." His forefinger indicated the floor, but to further emphasize his meaning Mr. Perkins moved his large foot sidewise and kicked a mass of chipped ice under the refrigerator. "That stuff I could charge you for, but I don't," he explained.

"That's—that's very square of you, I suppose," said Homer. He could think of nothing else to say.

"Square, hell! It's the custom of the trade, that's all. Charge a customer for what he gets—see? All right, what you get is service—see? You get ice and you get service. What do you want on top of that?"

Tot, the boy, had moved in closer. His eyes were wide.

Said Homer, gulping: "I do think you might be a little more tidy."

Mr. Perkins laughed aloud. "Tidy, my eye. What do you think I am, a lady's maid? Say, listen—I sell ice. Ice melts—see? The guy that can keep ice from melting will make more money than Henry Ford ever thought of. Get me? I can cut it and store it and skid it out and I can hack it and weigh it and lug it, but I'm damned if I can keep it from melting." The Perkins chin projected itself forward another inch. "Can you?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"No," said Homer.

"Well, then, how about buyin' yourself a mop?"

"I imagine we have a mop," said Homer.

"Well, then, how about usin' it? What's the matter with you—got a broken arm?"

HOMER tried to explain. "I'm not home. I'm away all day—"

"Yeah, I know, you work in the bank."

"I'm away all day," said Homer, "and that leaves the cleaning up to Mrs. Wedgeway."

"Well, she don't look like any cripple," said Mr. Perkins, bluntly. "Any reason she can't use a mop?"

Homer blinked. He had never anticipated anything like this. It left him utterly bewildered. But he heard his own voice. "I won't have you speak that way of Mrs. Wedgeway. Probably you don't realize it but you're disrespectful. One thing I will not tolerate is disrespect to Mrs. Wedgeway." Homer's face was very red.

The iceman peered at Homer again. Then little by little his face relaxed and he began to laugh. He laughed very loudly, at the same time slapping his wet right knee with his wet right hand. Presently he was able to speak. His words were an admonishment to Homer.

"Oh, go climb a tree, you old woman," was what Mr. Perkins said. Then he wheeled and picked up his tongs and slammed out through the back doorway. A few seconds later his motor roared into life and his bulky truck bumped backward out of the drive.

Emmy, surprisingly enough, came noiselessly into the kitchen and slipped her arm through Homer's and with her free hand patted his shoulder. Her first words astounded him. She said with satisfaction: "You talked right up to him, didn't you!"

"Oh, Emmy!" Homer stared down at her aghast. "I did no such thing, Emmy. He—he was insulting."

She said: "Well, you talked up better than I ever heard you do before. You stood up for your rights, and that's something. If you could only learn to do it all the time, Homer. Look down at the bank, the way you let them promote Emerson over your head. Look at the way the landlord laughed you out of that extra rent. And look at the way you let the piano man talk to you. Do you remember that?"

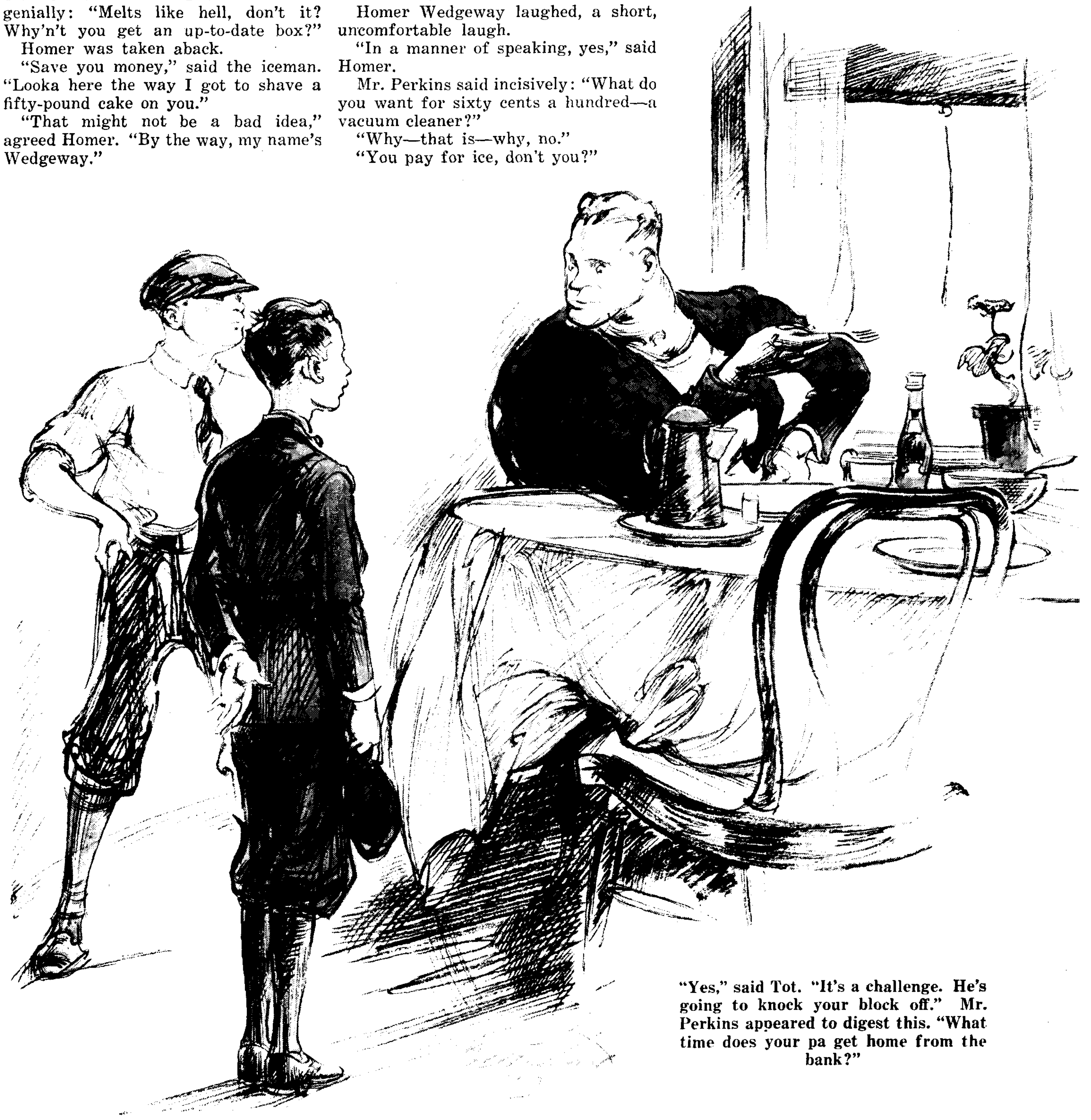
Homer did. He remembered them all. Defensively he mumbled: "Gee, Emmy, you don't understand. I generally manage to get along all right."

"Goodness knows how either," said Emmy. "That's been your whole trouble. You ought to talk up."

Homer became aware that he was reddening again. "I ought to have slapped his face," he said dully. "That's what I should have done. I ought to have slapped his face."

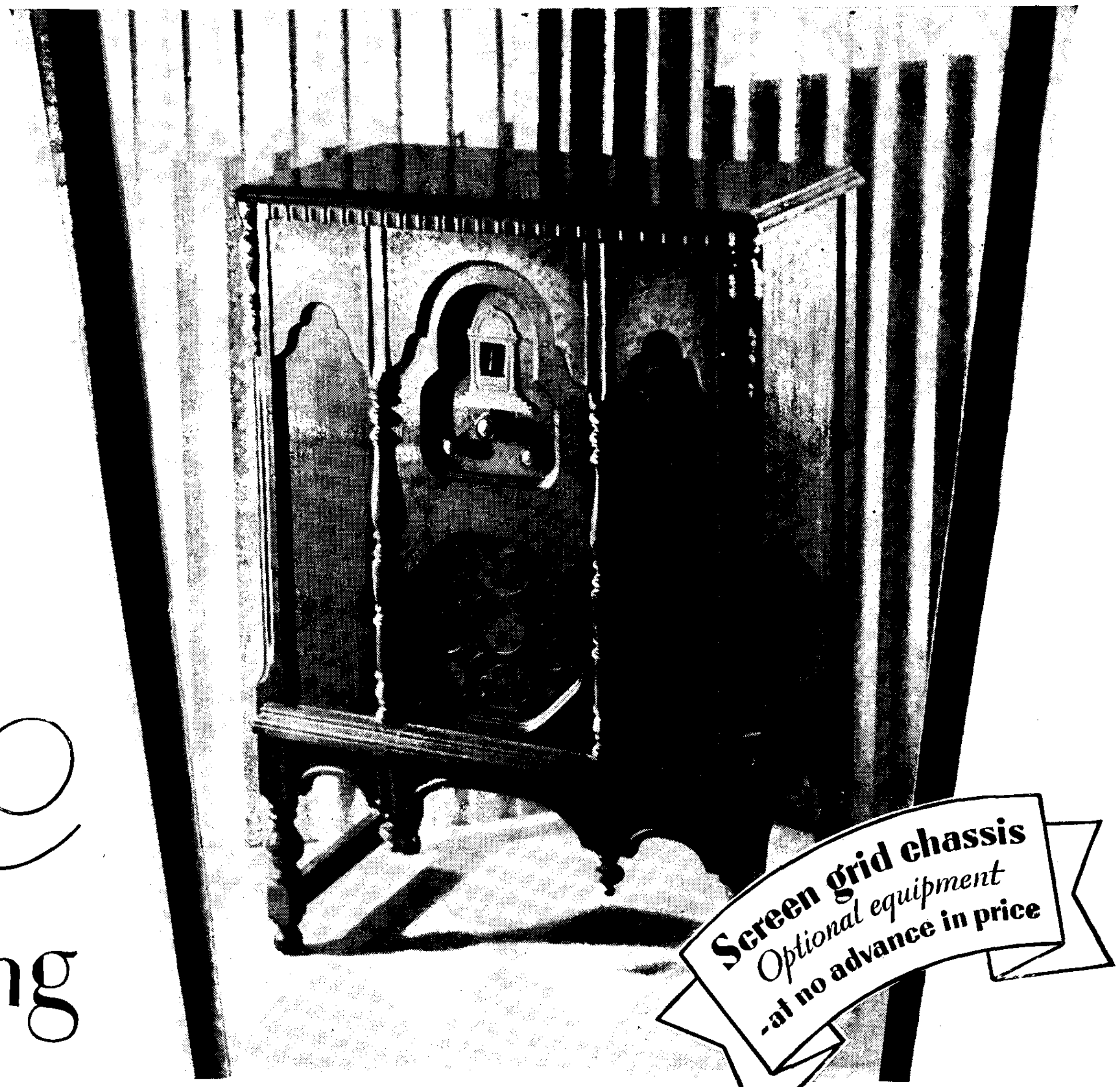
"Oh, no!" said Emmy, hastily.

But Tot, worming in between (*Continued on page 69*)



"Yes," said Tot. "It's a challenge. He's going to knock your block off." Mr. Perkins appeared to digest this. "What time does your pa get home from the bank?"

Tone is Everything



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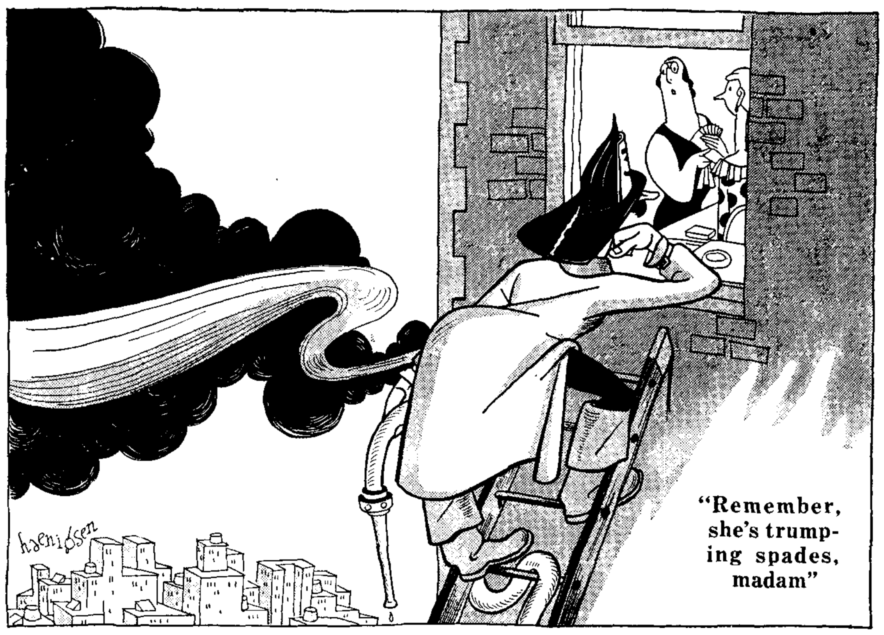


"Remember, she's trumping spades, madam"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 8-7-3
H. Q-10-5
D. A-K-J-7
C. A-J-9

West
S. A-Q-J-9-5
H. 8-6
D. 4-3
C. 10-8-5-2

East
S. 10-6
H. 7-4-2
D. 9-8-6-5-2
C. K-6-4

South
S. K-4-2
H. A-K-J-9-3
D. Q-10
C. Q-7-3

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, the bidding at Auction Bridge would be quite simple. South would call one Heart, West one Spade, and North two Hearts.

At Contract South would start with one Heart; he doubtless would want to bid two because his Heart holding alone would justify a one-bid and he has one King and two Queens on the side. But one King and two Queens are not the equivalent of two tricks, and it would need that much side strength to justify a two-bid with South's Hearts.

West would overcall with one Spade just as in Auction; but the interesting point would be North's declaration. Counting his hand in accordance with modern methods, North would reckon his Queen of Hearts as 3, his Ace-King-Jack of Diamonds as 11, and his Ace-Jack of Clubs as 6: a total of 20 points. When jumping partner's suit-bid of one, 13 is needed for a raise to two, 17 to three, and 21 to four. Consequently North's hand is only one short of a four-bid; but it is wiser to stick to the limitations of the count than to overbid. An overbid in such case is rarely needed as South will go to four with anything better than a minimum one-bid.

South, after North's three, unhesitatingly bids four; so South would be the Declarer with Hearts the trump. At Contract he would be playing a four-Heart bid, and at Auction it would be only two.

The Play

In the play West could lead his Ace of Spades, the top of his Diamond doubleton, or his fourth best Club. Having bid his Spade suit, he knows that East will lead it at the first opportunity, and it is generally wise to make some other opening if a tenace suit has been bid and partner has not helped it. A worthless doubleton is not a desirable start for a hand, especially when the card that would have to be led (in this case the Four) readily may be mistaken by the partner for a fourth best. The fourth best Club is West's soundest opening, and when the hand actually was played (in Contract with a bid of four Hearts) West led the Deuce of Clubs, dummy played the Nine, East, the King, and South, the Trey. East then shifted to his partner's suit and led the Ten of Spades; so East and West took three Spade tricks, and set the contract.

Declarer's disaster was not due to lack of strength; it was due to his error in playing the Club Nine from dummy on the first trick. If West's lead had been from King and three small Clubs, dummy's low play would have netted three Club tricks to North and South, North's Diamonds would have given South two discards and Declarer would have made a small slam which, however, would not have yielded a slam bonus.

In Contract, slams that are unbid count only as extra tricks; and while a premium of 50 per trick should not be scorned, game should not be risked to secure it. If the hand had been played in Auction, the slam bonus would have been counted had the necessary tricks been won; consequently there would have been more reason for the small Club play from dummy. But in both games the Ace of Clubs would have been the sound play by North on trick 1. While the initial Club lead may have been from a King, East probably holds that card and if so, a low play by North will end all hope of game.

All that Declarer has to do to make game is play the Ace of Clubs to trick 1 and then to lead trumps until the enemy is exhausted. After that, four Diamond tricks can be taken in, giving closed hand two Spade discards. Then a Club can be led to insure another Club trick for a total of five-odd which not only makes game but yields the bonus for one extra trick. If the adverse trumps should be divided 5-0, Declarer's plan might not work out; but that possibility in no way suggests any deviation from Declarer's play.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. Q-7-4-3
H. 6-4
D. 10-5-4-2
C. 9-7-5

East
S. 10-9-5
H. Q-8
D. Q-J-9-6-3
C. 6-3-2

West
S. A-6-2
H. A-K-J-10-9-3
D. 7
C. A-Q-4

South
S. K-J-8
H. 7-5-2
D. A-K-8
C. K-J-10-8

April Escapade

Continued from page 29

Gordon will get him off, with the police, I'll pay his hospital charges, everything will be dropped."

"He only wants my name and address!" she exclaimed suspiciously.

"The police have those, anyway."

"Yes, that's true."

A silence, while she looked into his face expectantly, confidently.

"What do you think I ought to do, Chris?"

"Well, dear—" The word slipped out, but he caught himself. "Well," he amended it, "the situation is queer. Gordon says he seems a nice, quiet fellow, with a little mental twist on the subject of rich persons. We don't know, of course, that he didn't see you that night, at Gordy's, and follow you with some crazy idea that you were being—well, abducted—that you needed—well, protection—"

Getting into rather deep water, Chris smiled cheerfully.

"And what not!" he ended, with an eloquent gesture of the hands.

"So that perhaps if I went and talked to him?"

"The point would be, if you *could?*"

She reflected frowningly; raised her head proudly.

"But of course I *could.*"

"You mean you would do it?"

"If you thought it would make any difference." Mary Kate fumbled with her salad mechanically, laid aside her fork. "I've done so much—" she reminded him, simply, forlornly.

Tears filled her eyes; she lowered them, and bit her trembling lower lip.

"Honestly, I don't see what harm it could do," Chris reassured her, sympathy barely veiling his satisfaction.

"I know Socialists," she said thoughtfully. "One of the girls here in the office goes to meetings."

"Well, then, if he is a Socialist, and you say that you have some interest in Socialists, isn't there a reasonable hope that he would agree to forget the whole thing?"

"I suppose so," Mary Kate agreed doubtfully.

"Would you go up there, right after luncheon, and just walk in on him?" Chris urged, in a quick, confidential fashion. "I'll jump you into a taxi, and we'll be up there in ten minutes, and fifteen minutes later the whole thing will be over! Will you? What *harm* can it do?"

If she went to the hospital, she would be that much longer with Chris, and she would please him.

"All right!" she said.

"Good!" Chris approved.

BOTH began to do justice to the salad, and in two minutes both were talking animatedly again.

"What a day!"

"Look at it. It looks too brilliant to be true. And Mother made me wear all my rain outfit this morning."

"Ah, well, so did everyone else. Let's hope it's an omen, Mary. Let's hope it means our little unpleasantness is all going to be beautifully settled."

"Oh, let's hope!"

"This time next week," Chris observed deliberately, "I shall be six hundred miles out to sea!"

"Think of it," she said, raising her composed glance. But her color flickered a trifle just the same.

"And when do you marry your Casimir Keating?"

"Imagine your remembering his name!"

"Why shouldn't I remember his name? I'm very much interested in him, or rather in his prospects. And of course I'm going to send you a wedding present!"

She felt heavy, silent again.

"No, you mustn't do that."

"Oh, why not?" He was trying to keep the tone light and casual, but her gravity defeated him.

"Because I don't want you to, Chris." And again she raised her quiet sapphire-blue look to his own. Chris felt checked.

"Well, I don't want a Russian countess," he said. "But I rather hope I'll find my moorings, too, one of these days."

Mary Kate went on with her ice, without responding.

"We've had a great adventure," Chris said presently, "and, if it ends safely today, as somehow I think it will, it will be something always to remember."

"Won't it?"

"Oh, I forgot this." He drew out a small, neat pocketbook, and extracted from it a folded check, opened it, and pushed it toward her across the table. Mary Kate looked down at it.

"Was it so nominated in the bond?" she asked slowly.

"Not quite. But please—?" He was really pleading, he was really stirred. Upon his face was the kindest, the most simple and genuine expression she had ever seen there.

WITH the faintest possible shrug she accepted the stiff oblong bit of paper and put it into her bag. She made no other acknowledgment of it.

"When are you going to be married?" Chris asked.

The abruptness of the question surprised her. A veiled, mysterious look came into her eyes.

"When am I? I don't know," she answered.

"It'll be soon, won't it? I mean, May or June?"

"I told Cass—" Mary Kate rested her elbows on the table, and smiled faintly, narrowing her eyes, looking into space. Her chin rested on her linked fingers. "I told Cass on Sunday that it would probably be never," she admitted.

There was an instant quick frown on Chris' watching face.

"What'd you mean by that?"

"I meant—what I said."

"But why?"

She had gone farther now than she had intended to go. But a spirit of daring, a confidence in her own discretion, pushed her on.

"Suppose I had—met somebody—I liked better?" she asked, simply, with an innocent, wide-eyed smile.

"You mean," Chris altered it, after a pause, "you mean suppose you had met someone you *thought* you liked better?"

Mary Kate considered this.

"What's the difference," she presently demanded, "between liking a person, and *thinking* you like a person?"

"You could be deceived about it, couldn't you?"

"Well—" She was thinking aloud again, searching for words. "You could find out you had been mistaken, I suppose," she conceded.

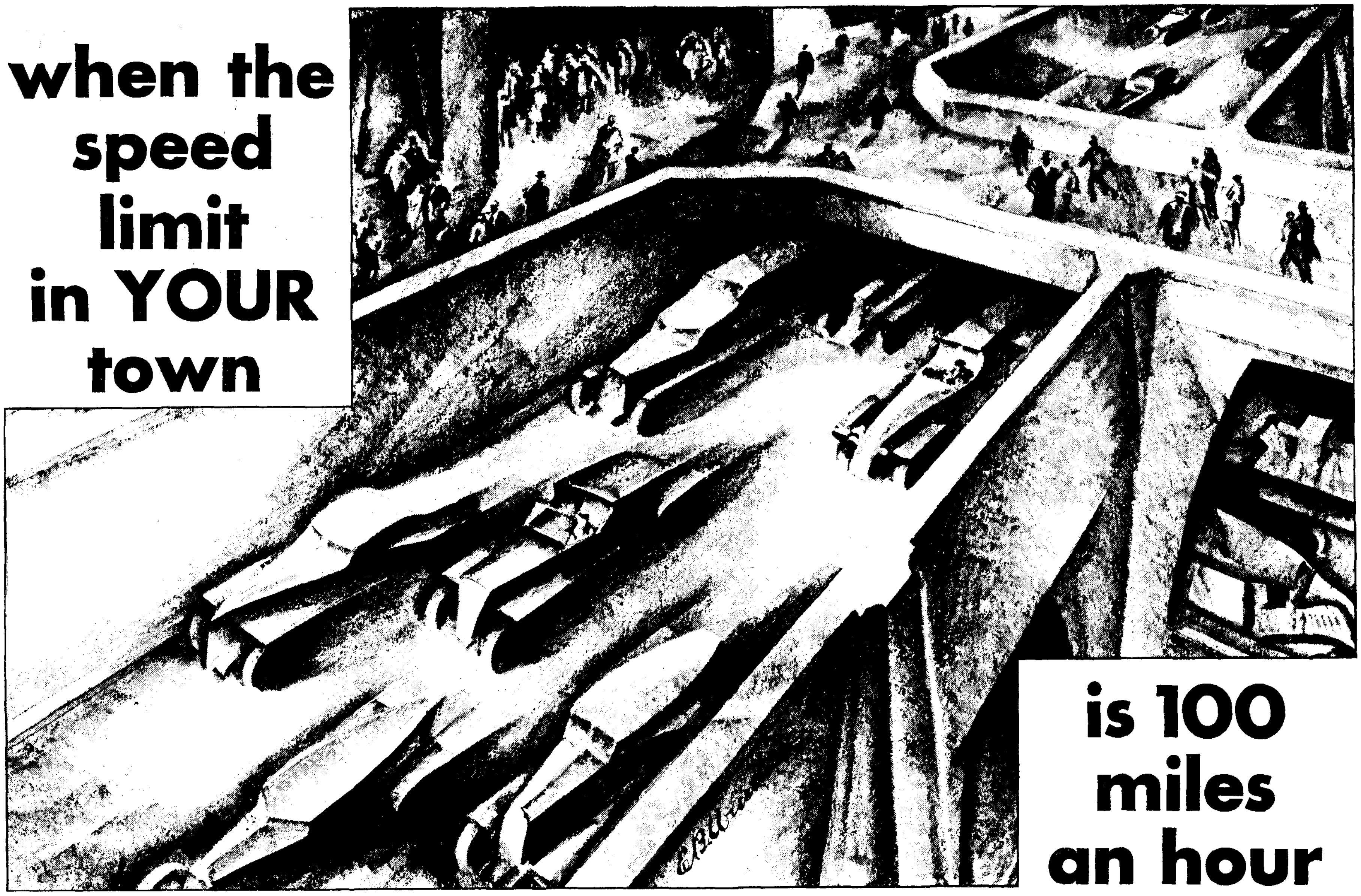
"Exactly. And then you would say to yourself, 'I gave up what was real, for what was imitation,' wouldn't you?"

"I suppose I would."

Chris lighted another cigarette. The waiter brought a small tray with silver and green crumpled bills on it, and Mary Kate watched the lean, big, nervous, brown hand handling them, push-

(*Continued on page 49*)

when the speed limit in YOUR town



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That's one reason why cast iron pipe figures so prominently in gas and water main specifications today. The engineer who specifies cast iron realizes that replacement of short-lived mains is a factor in the traffic problem; is a needless cause of streets being torn up before they have worn out. He knows that cast iron pipe will outlast any street laid today.

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• • •

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**From a speech by a leading traffic expert, reported in The New York Herald-Tribune, April 3rd, 1929.*

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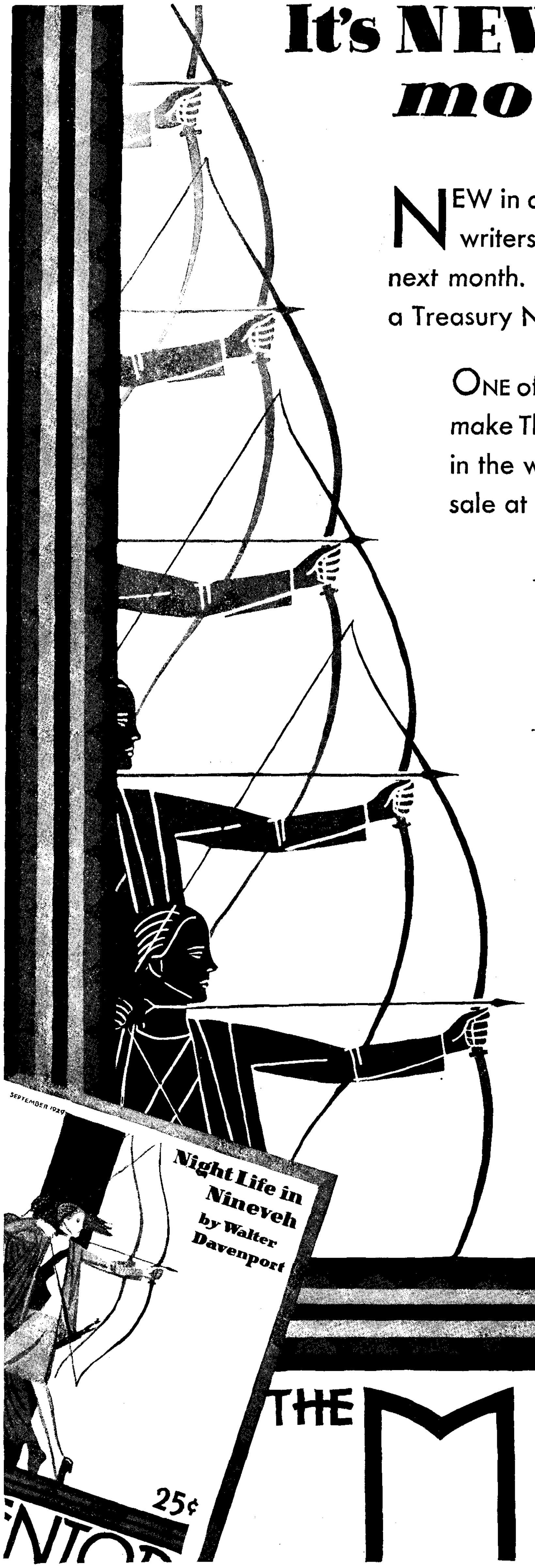

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THE MENTOR

April Escapade

Continued from page 46

ing some back, straightening others into the neat leather pocketbook.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

"Just a minute. There was something I wanted to talk about."

Chris was in no hurry; the girl stared out at the panorama beneath the window without seeing any of it. She had made a certain shy overture to him, and he had repulsed it. There was no time to think about it, to analyze just how deep the wound might be. The only thing to do was to salve the unbearable moment with movement, change, a new start in the conversation.

"How long have you known the man you are going to marry?"

"Cass? Oh—" She reflected. "Since last fall. Or at least, the family has known him a long time; my Aunt Julia knew his mother. But he and I have been friendly since last fall. And then—at Christmas—it sort of began—

"I've only known him six months," she concluded, after a pause.

"What's his business?"

"Real estate."

"Is he doing well?"

"Oh, very. He's going in, with another man, for himself next year."

"There ought to be a lot of money in that, out here," Chris said.

"There is. But of course there's competition, too."

"Will you live in town, here?"

"Nothing is settled." The girl's tone was not encouraging.

"Will you let me know?"

"Why, yes," she agreed politely, raising her eyes to his face.

"You don't seem enthusiastic, Mary."

"I don't—" she answered, her eyes fixed on his. "I don't know what I've done, or what I haven't done, to make you—take that tone."

"What tone?" Chris asked, with a steady look.

"The tone of—putting me out of things, disposing of me," she answered, with a little hesitation, and a heightened color. "The tone that makes me feel—or makes me know that you feel—what a gulf there is between us."

"Did I make you feel that?" Chris asked, mildly, looking down at the cigarette ash he knocked free with the tip of a little finger.

"You know you did."

"I'M SORRY," he said simply. There was a silence before he added, "But isn't it there?"

"The gulf?" Mary Kate's eyes were blazing, her cheeks hot. She laughed briefly, without mirth.

"Well, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"I mean, we *know* it is," Christopher persisted. "If it means anything to you that I'm sorrier about this than anything else that ever happened in my life," he began again, and stopped.

"About what?" she asked, relentlessly.

"About your—perhaps—liking me," he answered, not looking at her. For a moment the girl made no reply.

"Have I been so very open about liking you?" she asked then, averting her own gaze, biting her lip.

"Well, don't you?" Chris countered.

"But of *course* I do!" And she laughed unconvincingly.

"No, I mean really," Chris persisted, unsmiling.

"Surely you want me to like you?"

"You know what I mean," he said, reflectively. "I'm sure you know what I mean. If I'm wrong—if this isn't going to leave any scar—if it isn't going to cause you any unhappiness, then I beg your pardon for speaking, and I'm sorry."

Mary Kate was silent, looking at him. Once or twice she swallowed; she made no effort to speak.

"Tell me if I'm wrong, and I'll shut up," Chris said.

Still absolute silence, her shamed, fascinated eyes on his face.

"How about it?" he asked, eyes narrowed, lips pursed a little, as he watched her.

"You're—not wrong," Mary Kate said at last in a constrained voice.

"Not!" he echoed, in real concern. The girl put her elbows suddenly on the table, and covered her face with her hands. "I'm awfully sorry!" Chris said quickly. There was a pause. Then Mary Kate put down her hands, looked honestly, unsmilingly into his face.

"It doesn't matter," she said, briefly.

"I thought so—when I telephoned last night. I'm so sorry!" the man repeated. "I hoped it wasn't so."

MARY KATE smiled and blinked, but her dark lashes were wet. There was a pause.

"Well, what of it?" she asked then, philosophically.

"Only that I wanted to say this," Chris began, after watching her for a silent minute. "That—of course you're not in love with me, you don't really care about me, in the least. And I'd be awfully sorry to have you think you were—to have you think you did."

"Thank you," Mary Kate answered, icily.

"Don't be angry about it," he said.

"Angry!" And she laughed lightly, if a little shakily, too.

Chris leaned across the table, and for a quick second put a warm brown hand over her own. His eyes were smiling, but his tone was all kind.

"A feeling like that," he said, "doesn't last—do you see what I mean? I mean—why, we all do that. We all get involved! But the real thing—the things that are tied up with your family, and your friends, and your home town, and—oh, well, a man's success and future and children, everything—" He stopped.

"I'm trying to say something," he recommenced, with a laugh, as her gravely watching eyes gave him no encouragement, "and I don't believe I'm getting away with it."

"Oh, yes, you're getting away with it," Mary Kate assured him, simply.

"No, but suppose—suppose," he argued eagerly, "that the shoe was on the other foot—that the situation was what-do-you-call-it—reversed. Suppose the situation was reversed. Suppose I was begging you to—well, marry me. Can't you see that we wouldn't have a dog's chance for happiness? Can't you imagine yourself saying something like this to me? 'I don't know your friends, I don't understand the way they talk about things, they fuss me when they pull German and French on me—' "

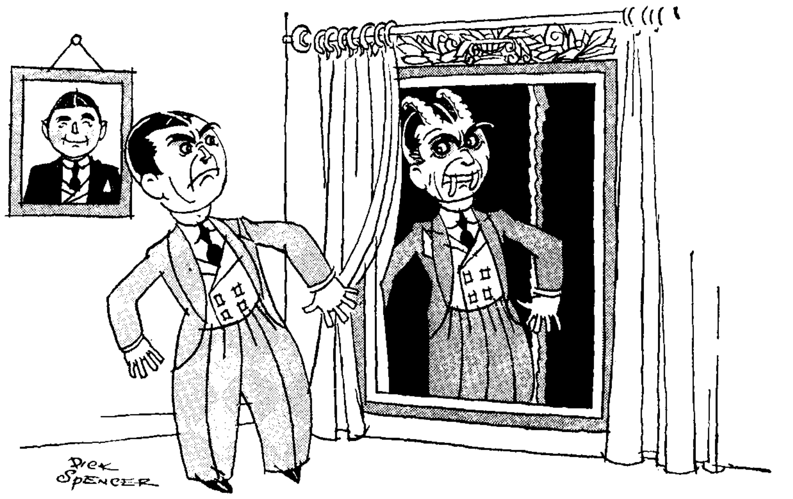
"German and French!" Mary Kate echoed, in a pause, looking away, slightly biting her full lower lip.

"Oh, I don't mean German and French! I mean everything. I mean—well, everything!"

"I know what you mean!" she said impatiently, resentfully, in the pause.

"That—well, that in a way you're the realest girl I've ever met—" Chris explained. "Your mother—your family—the man you're engaged to marry—all that is real. If I wanted that sort of thing—little sisters and brothers, all needing me, all wanting things that

(*Continued on page 52*)



What makes You Mad?

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

NOWADAYS students are set to studying themselves. They are compelled to put down their opinions on all sorts of subjects that they are too young to know anything about. They are asked to analyze their emotions, instead of being warned to suppress them.

The psychology students of the University of California were asked by Professor George M. Stratton to keep track of the number of times they let their anger rise during the week-end and how they felt at the time. These were the annoying situations specified:

A. A friend of yours is unjustly criticized in your hearing.

B. Someone argues with you insistently against what you believe to be important.

C. You hear for the first time that a certain person has made a slighting remark about you.

D. You are rebuked before others by one of your companions.

E. An acquaintance passes without recognizing you, and you believe yourself to have been intentionally "cut."

F. Someone fails to keep an appointment with you and did not notify you that it could not be kept.

G. Something of yours that you need is borrowed without your permission.

H. You are persistently teased.

I. There is continued music, conversation, typing or the like, which disturbs you while you are trying to study.

J. There is music, conversation, typing or the like, which disturbs you while you are trying to sleep.

K. In a theater or other public place where you are trying to hear what is being presented, a stranger makes remarks or otherwise acts in a way to distract your attention disagreeably.

L. You are deprived of an anticipated pleasure upon which you had set your heart.

M. You have to do a disagreeable task because someone has shirked his duty.

N. You are treated discourteously by an employee in some office, shop, street car, train, or the like.

O. A stranger jostles or crowds you without apology.

P. "Central" of the telephone service does not seem to be trying to get the connection you wish, or delays or connects you with the wrong number.

Q. While telephoning, you are cut off in the midst of your conversation.

R. You hurry for a street car, and miss it by a very narrow margin.

S. You hurry for a ferry boat or for a connecting train and miss it by a very narrow margin.

When you find yourself in such a situation, what is your instinctive reaction?

Possible Effects Upon You

I. You are not annoyed or irritated in even the slightest degree.

II. You are slightly annoyed, but there are no physical symptoms of emotion, so far as you can notice.

III. You are irritated, you feel moderate displeasure, and there are physical symptoms of emotion, but these are so slight that they could be noticed only by an attentive observer.

IV. You feel an impulse to make cutting remarks, and the physical symptoms of your anger, such as a frown, or flushed face, or irregular breathing, must (so it seems to you) be evident to any observer.

V. Your mental equilibrium is upset so that your work is interfered with, and you feel an impulse to attack the offender physically, or to throw things, or stamp with your foot, etc.

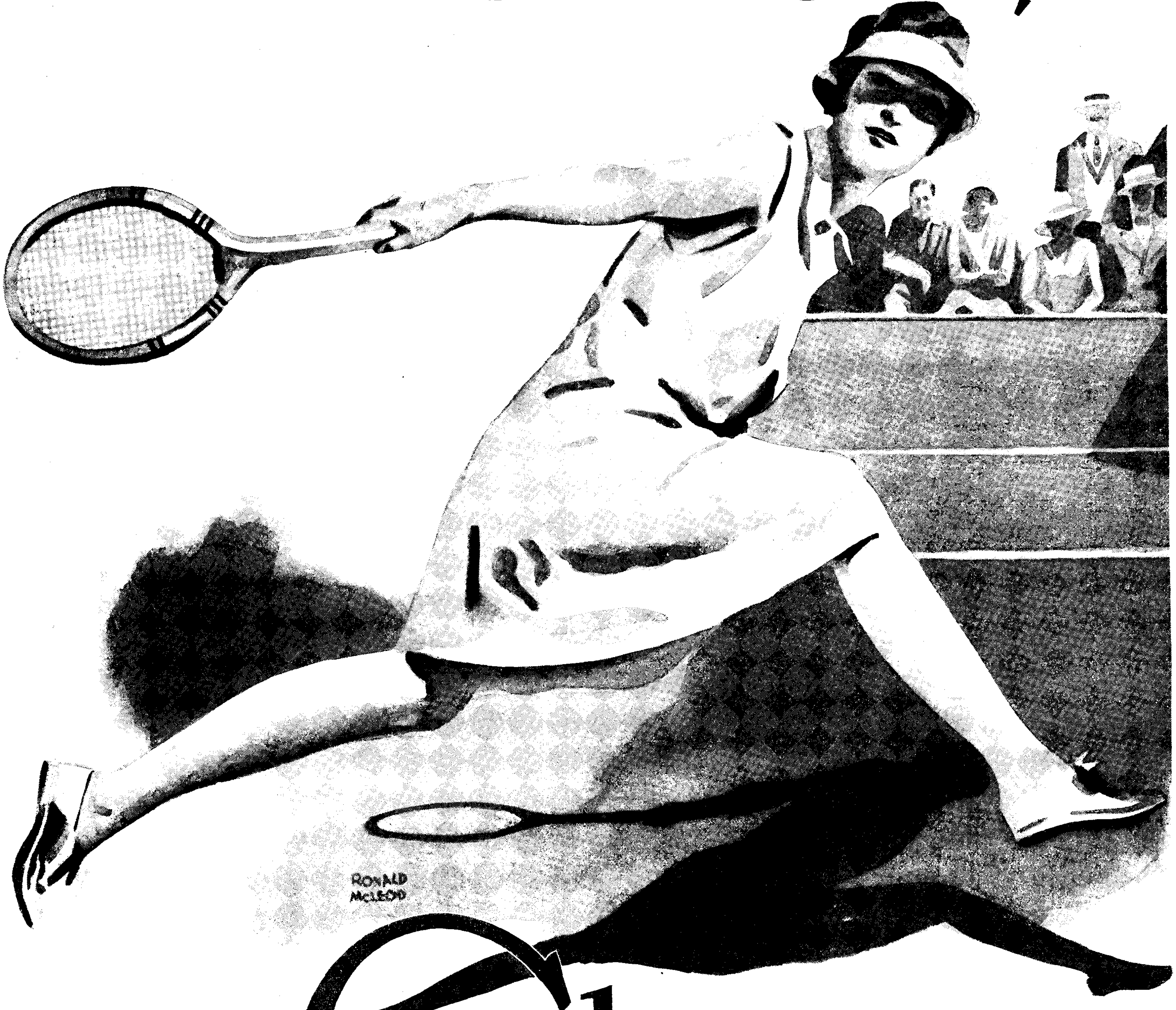
VI. You are stirred to passionate, violent anger; your physical as well as your mental equilibrium is upset, and one or more of the following physical symptoms are present: trembling, nausea, loss of appetite, inability to talk coherently, pallor, weeping.

So if you want to know what makes you maddest, you might try recording such situations as they occur during the next week, with your reactions.

When you get a sufficient series of successive instances, you may learn a lot about your temper. You may find that your temper varies with the time of day, the weather, your meals, your work, your reading or your associates. A psychologist of the University of Pennsylvania, Rex B. Hersey, has found that each person follows a regular emotional curve, ranging from a high level of happiness and efficiency to one of worry and incapacity. The average period of recurrence is about a month; each person has his characteristic curve. What's yours? And why?

...on the court it's

FLASH!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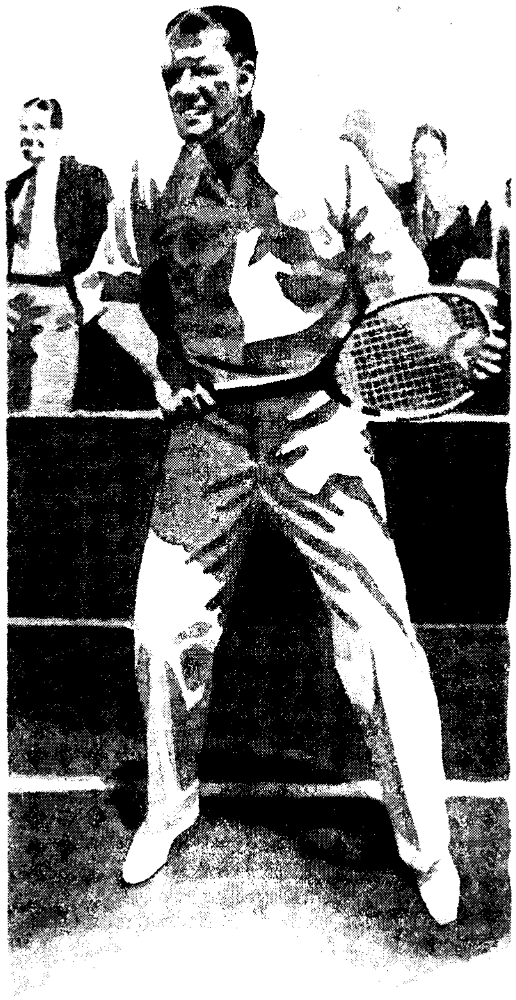

A MAN once had four reasons for not buying a certain article. The first reason was no money—so the other reasons didn't matter.

* * *

Likewise, *any* two reasons will do in choosing a cigarette, if taste is *one!*

* * *

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TASTE ***above everything***

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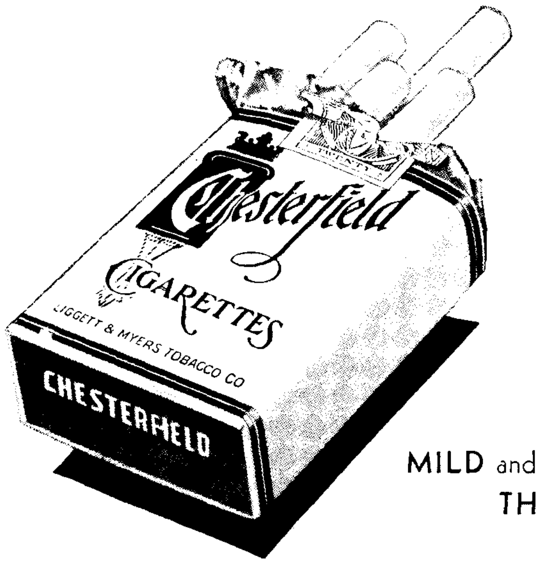
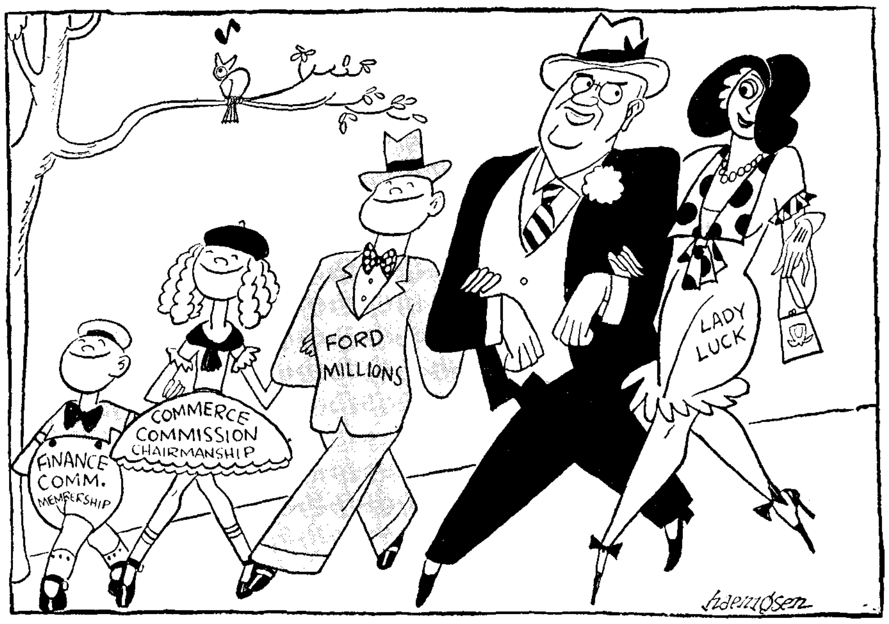


MILD and yet
THEY SATISFY



Our Lucky Couzens

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS of Michigan, in spite of the fact that the Republican leaders of the Senate never intended that he should, has become an important figure in the Senate.

There was every intention in the minds of the regulars in the Senate to punish him because he did not like Secretary Mellon and he used to write letters to the secretary calling him a variety of hard names. But plans went awry and the Michigan senator is not only chairman of the important Interstate Commerce Committee but he may even prove to have been the most influential individual member of the Senate in making the tariff bill.

It all depends upon what kind of tariff bill is finally passed by the Senate. If the Reed-Moses-Watson group of Republicans have their way and a tariff bill as high or higher than the House bill is finally passed, then Mr. Couzens will be defeated. But if a more moderate bill is passed Mr. Couzens will have contributed more to its passage than any other single member.

In the Senate Mr. Couzens is about as lucky as he was when he put his few thousands of dollars of savings in the Ford Motor Company and came out a millionaire. He has only been in the Senate a little over six years and during five of these the senators who run the works devoted all their energies to keeping him off the Senate Finance Committee.

He only succeeded in making it a year ago and he will soon rank fifth among its Republican members. And in those six years he has risen to be chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate, which with power regulation coming along ranks almost next to the Finance Committee in importance.

Deciding the Vote

When you consider that it took Senator Borah several terms in the Senate to reach an important chairmanship, and that Hiram Johnson, after a good many years in the Senate, has not yet arrived at an important chairmanship and probably won't for some time, you can see how lucky Mr. Couzens has been.

Now the membership in the Senate Finance Committee has put Mr. Couzens in a strategic position.

He has been the voice of the Progressive group in the deliberations in committee over the tariff. And he has often cast the deciding vote on schedules upon which the Republicans in the Finance Committee were divided.

It was his luck that he was able to force his way into the Senate Committee on Finance just in time to have a hand in the tariff-making, just as it was his luck to have his seniors on the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee die or retire so that he could have the chairmanship of that committee when power regulation came to the front.

But merely being in a strategic position is not enough. There are other Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee who were of the opinion that moderate revision of the tariff was wise and expedient, but they lacked the force the Michigan senator has.

A "Tariffic" Mind

Mr. Couzens is never lukewarm. He is always passionately for or passionately against whatever program is before him for action.

The lukewarm supporters of Mr. Hoover's views on tariff needed leadership, and the Michigan senator has just the kind of mind to be effective in tariff-making.

He loves figures, even more than Senator Smoot, the chairman of the committee, loves them, and he has greater facility with them. He knows what tariff rates mean in practice, which is more than most members of the Senate Finance Committee know. Most senators vote for the rates their important constituents ask them to vote for and then for the rates that friends in the Senate ask them to vote for, and then for whatever rates the leading members of their party favor, without knowing any more about them than they do about a parallax.

But Mr. Couzens goes passionately to work to know all there is to know about anything which engages his interest. He is not fluent. He is not one of the sort that thinks to make up for lack of facts by a flow of words. He masses all the force he can behind a few words. He prepares himself not to be talked down by men who are more vocal than he is. He is aggressive and persistent.

He probably deplores the fact that he is no orator, envying Borah, Johnson, Reed and the other clever talkers. But just as the blind man compensates for his lack of sight by the sharpness of his hearing and touch, Mr. Couzens makes up for his lack of fluency by the passion of his convictions, by his thoroughness and by his sheer force and aggressiveness. He is probably more effective because he is no orator.

April Escapade

Continued from page 49

money can buy, I couldn't get it. You've got a marvelous time ahead. You've got everything—

"Am I making sense?" he broke off to ask, with a little self-conscious laugh.

"Of course you're making sense," the girl said, in the most natural tone she had yet used. But her cheeks were aflame.

"Mary, I want to say something to you," Chris said suddenly, with a quickened manner of tone. "This thing has gone very deep with me. I've done darnfool things in my life, and I thought this was going to be just one more of them. But it's not. I don't mean what happened Friday night. We're going to get out of this Moody business all right; I'm not afraid of that. I'll square him if I have to join the Socialists, and throw a few bombs myself.

"But it's this other thing that gets me. If you're going to feel badly about it—if you're going to think— How'll I put this? I mean, if any unhappiness for you—"

His incoherent sentences dwindled into silence. He made a fresh start.

"Here's what I'm trying to say: You're young, and you're very beautiful—you really are, it sounds like a flat thing to say, but really you are—and you're going to be married, and you've got your mother and your home here, and your brothers and sisters and friends. I've come along, to upset all that—"

Another halt. Mary Kate ended the silence by saying:

"You have."

"Damn!" Chris ejaculated simply.

"We'll go to the hospital now," the girl said, beginning to gather her things, "and after that, I'll not see you again. I *ask* you—I *beg* you," she went on, "not to try to see me again, after today. But something happened to me, last week," she continued very simply, looking down, speaking in a low voice. "I didn't know what it was, at first. I just knew that I was—sort of—trembling all the time, and that I couldn't eat, or sleep—and yet I didn't feel sick, exactly—

"Everything looked so bright, and so—well, I don't know, thrilling to me," she went on, in a dead silence. "Even I—myself, was thrilling to myself.

"And then, thinking one night, I suddenly knew what it was. I was remembering Burlingame, and all that time last week, and when I came to thinking about you—"

A little shrug, an upward glance from her troubled blue eyes, completed the sentence. She got to her feet.

"SO THAT'S that!" she finished. They did not speak again as they left the dining-room.

But in the yellow taxi, lumbering through the light, sun-penetrated rain that was still falling—falling, to his surprise, and to his rather touched relief, she was suddenly her usual self again, a tall red-headed girl eager for experience and filled with interest in everything. She told him the history of the old mansions on Nob Hill, pointed out the college town, and the prison island, the quarantine and naval base islands in the bay, and the old Fair site, lying level along the edge of the sullen, gray, rain-flattened waters. From personal, emotional matters she kept resolutely away, and he saw it.

"Do you dread this interview, Mary?"

"Not much. I have a feeling that it'll come out all right.

"I—" she said, turning to him with that animated, wide-eyed look he so especially liked in her, "I'm absolutely crazy—I'm what my brother Mart would call completely off the reservation! I'm doing things, and taking chances, that would absolutely have floored me—that would have scared me to death a few months ago. I don't know what's come over me! I was in a place where burglary and murder were attempted, a few nights ago; I'm lying to my mother, I'm lying to Cass, I'm on my way now to see a criminal—"

The summary ended in her gay, irresponsible laugh. It was as if, he saw, her confession had relieved her soul, washed away all fear and resentment for the moment, at least.

"Did you tell your brother?"

"No; he's in Oregon. And a blessing, too! But I did tell Mr. Keating."

"What! The whole thing?"

"Almost."

"And what did he say?"

"Oh, he was wonderful. He really understood."

Chris had a moment of mortification.

"I suppose he thinks I'm a skunk," he said, uncomfortably.

"I suppose he does!" she conceded, indifferently.

"IT'S all sort of a mess," Chris mused, after a moment. Mary Kate made no answer.

"Is this man in a jail hospital?" she asked.

"No. Gordy managed that. He asked them that no charge be made against him until we got it all straight. He intends—at least he hopes, that he can claim that it was all a sort of joke—a man he knew, who'd gotten boiled at the club, and so on."

"Could he do that?"

"Oh, it's being done all the time!" Chris assured her.

They were at the hospital, mounting the formidable flight of steps that rose at its imposing base. Inside, there were certain formalities, and then a middle-aged nurse, with a bunch of keys at her girdle, led them through various clean, antiseptic-scented hallways to one of the immense wings of the enormous building. An elevator boy then took charge of them, and eventually they found themselves alone, outside of a white-painted steel door, one of a hundred similar doors that closely dotted a long upper corridor. Number seven-six-seven.

The door stood slightly ajar. Chris knocked upon it lightly with the silver head of his walking stick. He glanced at Mary Kate; she was a little pale now, and looked frightened.

"Come in!" a nurse's voice said instantly.

Chris and Mary Kate pushed open the door, and were in a small, clean, white room, filled with a narrow, white, high bed, a white chair, and a great white-curtained window flooded with afternoon light. Bright rain was still falling on the city below the hill.

Chris saw these things, after one quick glance at the man who lay bandaged on the bed, his sullen, suspicious look turned toward the door. But Mary Kate's look got no farther than the invalid's face.

Her breath rose on a quick gasp. For a second she wavered as if she were going to faint. Then with a sob she took the little space between door and bed with a few flying steps, she was on her knees beside the injured man, her face against the hand she clasped in both of hers.

"Oh, Mart, Mart, Mart!" she cried.

(To be continued next week)

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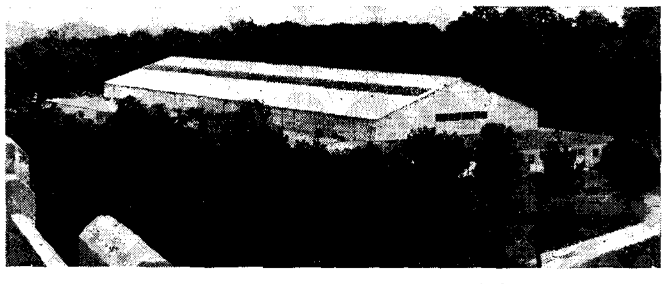

Artillery Riding Hall, Princeton University. The roof is made of J-M Corrugated Transite and the walls of Flat Transite.

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 18

Baroness, what such a marriage would mean to me and, incidentally, to you. The mere fact that I have suffered you to remain in Dresden would be sufficient reason for the von Neitschützes, when they were in power, to treat you with the strictest severity."

"How does Your Excellency think I can assist you?"

"Through these two young men—stupid profligates, as I take them to be. Strattmann reports they are frequently here, that they are in your debt and in considerable other difficulties. I believe, too, a certain Madame de Rosny is now of your company and that she at one time was governess in Arnsdorf. I can recall seeing her there. She appeared a judicious woman."

"I can," responded Fani von Ilten, dallying over her elegant cup, "tell you very little that you do not know already."

"These two young gallants are deeply involved with you?" interrupted Count Stürm.

"Like other officers stationed in Dresden," replied the lady demurely, with an odious leer, "they have come here to divert themselves in several fashions. They have also recently borrowed money. I have been enabled to lend them some thousands of rix dollars."

"On what security?" demanded Stürm, his hands still hovering before the warmth of the stove.

"Their assurance that their sister was contracted to the Elector—made with many oaths and vehement assurances."

"Bah!—you took that? From those desperate libertines?"

"I did," said Fani von Ilten, with a shrewd look, "and you know me well enough, I believe, Excellency, not to credit that I should be imprudent or hasty, eh?"

"If," asked Count Stürm, quickly, "she does not marry the Elector—what, then, is your reward from these rambling sparks?"

"THAT comes from you," whispered Fani von Ilten with a little atrocious simper. "One of these sprightly young men, Clement, is cautious, and not so mere a slave to his appetites that he can be made a fool on every pleasing occasion. . . . Oh, I have tried. . . . He is cool, sharp for his own advantage."

"Casimir, then?" suggested Stürm slyly.

"Ah, Casimir! There I have been successful. That boy is a mere drudge to his own vices. If he had had a swingeing estate he would have lost it by now. As he has never had anything but his pay, you may suppose his beggarly condition. When he was pressing on me the certainty of his sister's marriage with the Elector I asked for proof, and he showed me one night last week letters from his father and sister. Drunk and frantic as he was, I could not, for a long while, induce him to leave these letters in my possession. . . ."

"Letters?" interrupted the minister, impatiently and delightedly. "Is it possible that he was so bereft of sense and judgment?"

Fani von Ilten raised her penciled brows; no doubt Stürm found it difficult to credit the follies of licentious youth.

"When Casimir von Neitschütz came to me for a further loan, not so many days ago, I demanded the retention of the letters he was continually showing me, and refused any further advances save on these conditions. Reckless, and, I think, pushed to an extremity, he brought me a packet that he had received that morning, and which, he said, he would redeem with the payment of all the capital—with interest—that I had lent him. These letters naturally remain in my close and guarded possession—they are worth a great deal of money. If I keep them secret it is quite possible that Fräulein von Neitschütz may marry the Elector."

"Let me see the letters," demanded the minister, sharply, "they may not be worth any price."

He rose and came to the table, leaning on his cane.

"They are worth more than I have asked." The Baroness brought a packet from the pocket of her sober and decorous gown. "These are copies." She handed them across the table. "The originals are in careful security, as you may believe."

WHILE the minister, after fumbling out his spectacles again, read the letters which the Baroness had transcribed herself in a fair clear hand, that lady touched a bell, and when the careful-faced servant appeared, asked the company of Madame de Rosny . . . for a few moments, on a matter of business.

There were three letters. Count Stürm first read that which was signed "Johann Georg."

My darling and my Love:
I will not delay any longer in thanking you for all your civility. I humbly entreat you to accept my gratitude for the two letters you have sent me. I assure you they have made a profound impression on my heart and that I am as grateful as I ought to be. . . .

This did not teach him any more of the Elector's character or circumstance. He knew already the young man's weakness and passions, his opinion of him, Stürm, his desire for military glory, his gusts of pleasure in romantic fancies. . .

"So she sent this to her brother, eh? She seems cool, designing and artful."

"A blockhead in love," smiled Fani von Ilten, withdrawing the copy of the Elector's letter. "She has him—I think—can she make her terms quickly. For I take her to be but a summer fruit, not for long keeping, a light, bright, slight creature, easily blasted."

Stürm took no heed of these bitter words, nor the corroding smile that edged them; he was reading the other two letters, which were signed "Madelon."

Château Arnsdorf,
April 20th, 1692

Casimir, my brother:
My father commands me to write to you. He is both troubled and angered by your demands for money and your accounts of your difficulties. Believe me, we have nothing more to give you. We live ourselves in an economy which sometimes impinges on decency. We cannot afford to come to the Capital, and must remain here exposed to the insults of neighbors and the contempt of servants. Cease then, my brother, to lament to us of your embarrassments that you have brought upon yourself by futile extravagances. Have patience, contrive to flatter and oblige the Elector, if it is possible; it is very certain that I shall marry him; then do not doubt that your attendance on the caprice of fortune will be rewarded beyond your merits. For it appears to me, my dear brother, that you have done little to deserve the favors that you so earnestly solicit. Meanwhile I am your affectionate and devoted sister,
MADELON.

The other letter which had enclosed the epistle of Johann Georg was written in a more hurried strain, and evidently under the press of passion; it appeared to have been penned impulsively, in the violence of some crisis, in the hurry of some strong emotion.

Château Arnsdorf,
April 30th, 1692

My brother Casimir:
Do not continue to importune us. Have I not already made clear to you the desperation of our immediate circumstances? How can you doubt that I shall marry the Elector? Do you not know me, and him? I have his oaths, his promises, his vows—what is he but a fond and silly youth, my inferior in mind, in education, in character? I send you his last letter. There are others more vehement. We continue to press him to visit Arnsdorf. It is certain he will come, and when he is here he will not leave till we are married. Cease to harass us with your lamentations and complaints. Have I not also need of fortitude and patience? Burn this, even as you read it.
Your affectionate sister,
MADELON.

Both these letters were superscribed:
Captain Casimir von Neitschütz

(*Continued on page 56*)

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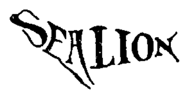

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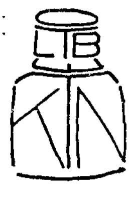

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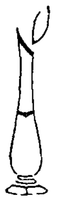

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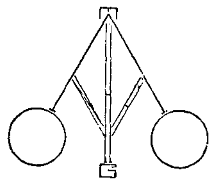

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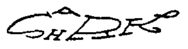

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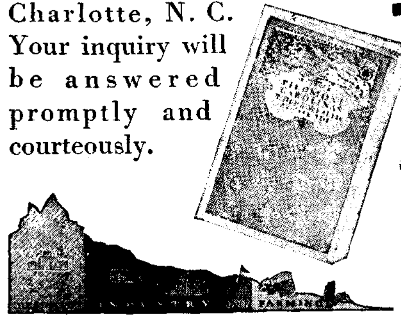

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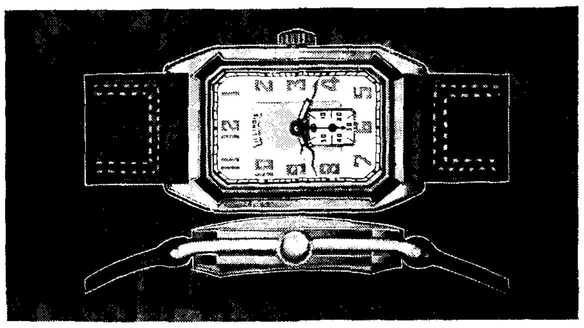

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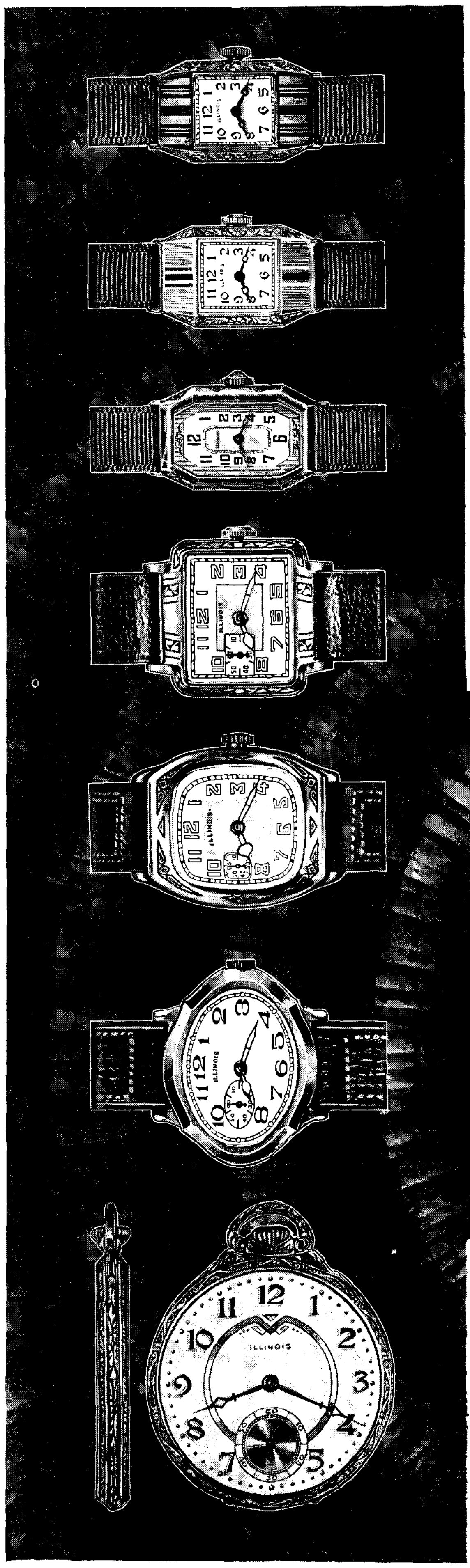

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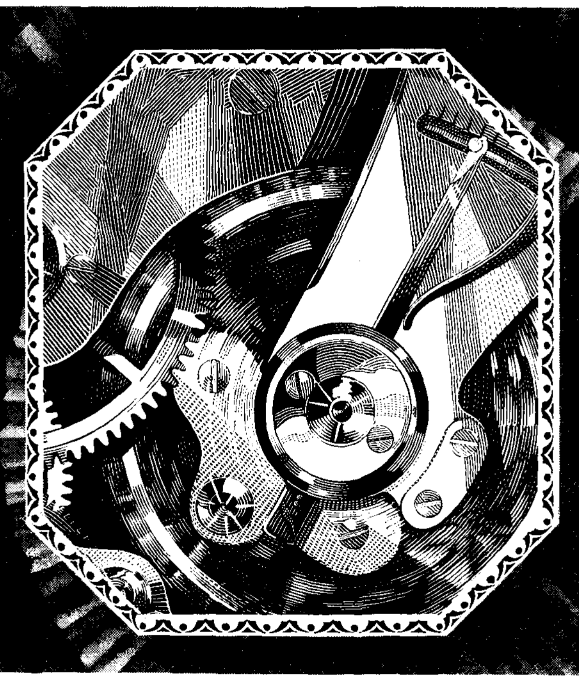

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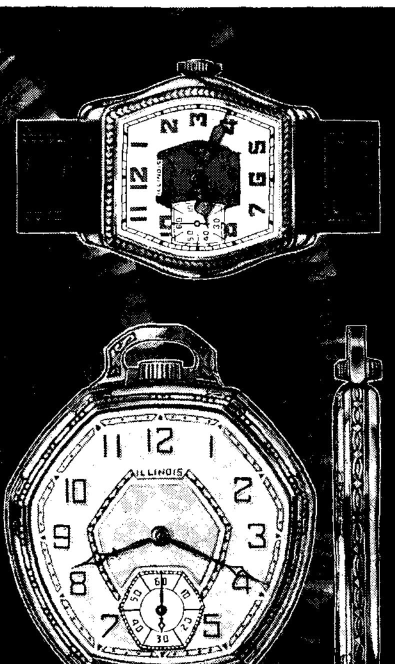

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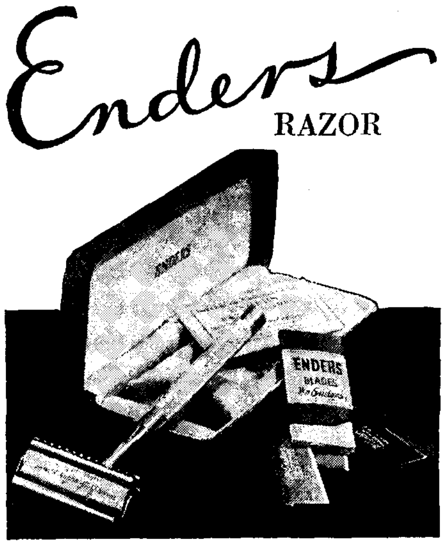

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 54

from Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz, his sister, writing from the Château at Arnsdorf, a suburb of Dresden, the month of April, 1692.

Fani von Ilten eyed the minister as he read the letters. His spectacles glittered blankly, but his sharp face retained its composure; Madelon's epistles were of inestimable value to him but he did not choose that this harridan should know it—she had asked an immense sum.

Madame de Rosny entered. She was housekeeper, mistress of the wardrobe, female doctor, matronly adviser, to the establishment run so successfully by Fani von Ilten. Her gray taffeta rustled as she moved. She was neat, somber, precise.

THE minister, to gain time, and considering in his own mind how much the letters were really worth and how great were the chances that he could defeat the House of Neitschütz without them, began to talk to Madame de Rosny. She required little encouragement to speak of her years at Arnsdorf. With light irony, from which she kept the essential bitterness, she sketched that miserable household, as she had seen it—the shivering half-imbecile pedant in the unwarmed library, the shabby rooms with the threadbare tapestry, the sham antiques, the ill-furnished damp kitchen, the grumbling servants, the stables, empty, save for a jade or two and one fine horse for Madelon; the petty economies of the master of the house, his mended linen, refurbished uniform, patched boots; the mortgages, the loans, the visits from creditors, the heartless extravagance of the two vicious boys growing into two vicious men; von Neitschütz, foul-mouthed and violent, storming and somber by fits, sunk now into saturnine melancholy, drinking, scheming, brooding, interested in nothing but Madelon—the increasing beauty, increasing wit, the spreading intelligence of Madelon. "Her face is very handsome," said Count Stürm, thoughtfully.

"Believe me, she is dangerous," warned Madame de Rosny, her voice coming sharply, though she still smiled. "I have seen to it that she should be. She is far more so than a pretty young woman likely to entangle a hasty and impetuous young man. Apart from the accomplishments and fancies that she learned from me and the Maestro Steffani, she flourishes in art and wit, and has some learning, a perfection in many languages, a richness of thought and a ripeness of judgment, to which few ladies of her age could have as fair a pretension."

"Consider, sir," insinuated Fani von Ilten, thinking of the price she should ask for the letters and the necessity of getting it, "that in Magdalena Sibylla von Neitschütz you do not deal with an ordinary person."

"If," continued Madame de Rosny, "she marries the Elector she will rule Saxony. She has a shrewd knowledge of European politics and she leans, as you may be aware, entirely to the other course from that you take."

"In short," said Fani von Ilten, who wished the bargain struck, "she has both the wit and the malice to ruin you, and will do it, if you do not take your precautions."

The minister handed back the copies of the letters.

He drank the cup of fresh coffee which Fani von Ilten had poured out for him and then again warmed his hands before the stove. The letters were worth what she asked—worth any price. He took out his notebook and signed an agreement to pay the sum demanded.

Fani von Ilten accepted this without comment, and, rising, unlocked from a small cabinet on a table in the shadow of the screen, shrouded again by the shadows of the small high room, the three letters.

As Count Stürm received them he smelt, even in this musty atmosphere, a faint perfume of clover, left by the bruised knot of melilot which Madelon had laid upon her letters when she had penned them, bent over her father's shabby bureau.

"Candles will soon be lit," prompted Françoise de Rosny coolly.

"And every fool who can put the sweat of his tenants in his pockets will be here to be instructed in delight, eh?"

Stürm paused as he was taking his leave and plucked at Fani von Ilten's sleeve; then whispered in a curt tone of authority:

"Look you, madame. There is an alarm of witchcraft in Saxony—like a squib of wildfire; the courts have several cases in hand. I could not, if I would, restrain the people. The Elector dreads it like all the Hells."

"Maybe," murmured Madame de Rosny, "but still witchcraft is an invention of the ignorant."

Stürm poked a lean finger into her arm.

"Maybe," he mocked, "yet you know what I mean. It is but a word to cover filthy practices. You know them. They are dangerous. Even, my dear madame, to you."

Her face was blank in the shadow of her hood.

"I? I trade in other commodities."

"Keep to them. If you know anything of drugs, forget it. A woman died in the Königsberg the other day. On the rack."

He slipped out of the door and peered up and down the small narrow street. At the corner of the street a plain chair was waiting. Stürm got in and was carried immediately to the Residenzschloss. He hurried to his closet, and there completed his arrangements for the marriage of the Elector with the Margravine of Anspach, the selection of the proxy and the date of the ceremony. Then he read again those two clover-scented letters and the epistle signed "Johann Georg," after which he slowly locked them into a leather case which he put inside his coat next his withered bosom, and ordered his equipage to start early the next day for the Château Moritzburg, where the young Elector, sullen, hesitant between his minister and his love, was endeavoring to beguile a dismal leisure with dogs, horses and the hunt.

FERDINAND STÜRM waited for the young Elector in his pleasant hunting box at Moritzburg. Windows and doors stood open on the abundant leafage of May, on beds of peonies, bushes of lilac and white thorn. The room was austere, lofty, light, and bare, save for the heads of stags in stucco and in bronze, which hung at intervals round the walls; the plain furniture was fashioned of horn and chestnut.

Entering swiftly from the sunshine, Johann Georg greeted the minister with sullenness masked by civility, and with the half-surly intimation that he wished the interview to be short.

He had returned from hunting and was flushed with exercise and excitement. He was tall, heavy, comely, and would soon be stout. Though in his twenty-second year, his figure was well enough. He was not ill-looking, but the defect of his face was the flatness of his features, the fullness of his lips, the thickness of his chin and neck. In compensation, however, for these defects the Elector was gifted with a pair of bright blue eyes, a fine, florid complexion, and a quantity of rich blond hair, of uncommon brightness and profusion. He had been ill-educated and constantly indulged by an invalid, moody mother and an indifferent and sottish father. He concealed his ignorance, however, behind an air of breeding. In Stürm's belief his parts were not despicable, and he might be trained to energy, enterprise and industry.

He was nettled now by the courteous silence of Stürm which, he felt, masked amusement.

"I am going," he announced, harshly, "immediately to Arnsdorf."

Count Stürm bowed over his cane.

"I am here, sir, for the purpose of preventing your marriage with the daughter of the House of Neitschütz."

At this the young man became turbulent, angry, almost violent, yet, as Stürm instantly noted, also uneasy.

"I have promised her—we are contracted. Her family is as ancient as mine. She is a paragon among women. I will hear nothing against it—nothing!"

He flung out these sentences as he strode up and down the pale, sunny floor.

LEANING against his cane, Stürm rubbed his hands together, and coughed, then sighed wearily at the tedious task which lay before him.

"This marriage is impossible. It will make your Highness ridiculous—not only in the Empire, but in Europe."

The angry young man did not immediately reply to this rebuke. He was sensible—it had often enough been put before him, by widely different people, that this marriage would likely make him laughable in the eyes of his contemporaries, and it was for that reason, and a certain shame and diffidence about his choice, that he had so far held back.

"Permit me," continued Stürm, with ironic deference, "to remind your Highness that you are very young, and that Fräulein von Neitschütz is not the only lady in the world who has a pretty presence and entrancing ways."

"I have decided to marry her, my own affairs are my own affairs, and I will keep them within my own decision."

"Your father's wish, though perhaps not definitely expressed, was that you should marry the Margravine of Anspach—I have ventured to undertake that negotiation."

"She is a widow, thirty years old!" retorted the young Prince, furiously. "Plain, they say, and quiet. I will not do it. I see what you are about, Count Stürm. You would strengthen the French interest in which you are so deep, binding me more closely to King Louis by this tiresome marriage! I," added the headstrong young man, petulantly, "prefer, if I must serve anybody, to serve the Emperor rather than the King of France. I am tired of hunting, and Dresden, and I should like to go into the field at the head of my own men—"

Stürm grinned.

"I did not come here to discuss that—these points will no doubt come up at their proper turn. What I have to tell you concerns the House of Neitschütz, and the honor of your Highness."

"That will soon be one," retorted the

(*Continued on page 58*)

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 56

excited young Prince, pausing before the minister and speaking not without dignity. "The lady will be, within a few weeks, I hope, the Electress."

"It is impossible!"

Not without a certain pity for a bold youth exalted by his first passion did the minister bring the three letters from the inner pocket of his coat. This was almost as unpleasant as the interview with the two women the other day. He already felt exhausted.

"Captain Casimir von Neitschütz," he explained, deliberately, "has been lately in considerable difficulties. In his embarrassment he turned to a certain woman, a Baroness Fani von Ilten, who acts as a money-lender's agent. When desperately pressed he tried to negotiate a further loan, and she asked for some guarantee, and he gave her these."

Count Stürm did not hold out the letters, but kept them above his cane and looked at the floor.

The Elector paused in his striding and stared—first at the three papers, and then at Stürm's narrow, pale and impassive face shadowed by the frizzled wig.

"Captain Casimir von Neitschütz and his brother, Captain Clement, and their father, have repeatedly said and boasted and spread it up and down, that the daughter is to marry your Electoral Highness. On this assertion they have borrowed money, evaded debts, and put on an arrogant pride which has rendered them intolerable to their neighbors and companions. Fani von Ilten, however, is a shrewd hand at many games; mere words were not enough for her. Captain von Neitschütz, upon pressure, had the incredible effrontery, and the extraordinary impudence, to give her these letters, which I now, with pain, hand to your Highness."

THE Elector snatched and read Madelon's first letter, round which still clung that faint scent of honey-clover, the fading knot of melilot on her desk. "There is nothing in this," he said, hoarsely, "it is only as she might express herself to a brother who had been harrowing and tormenting her."

He spoke uneasily, even without conviction, and even as the words left his lips, his eyes darkening behind the thick pale lashes, he fell to the second letter—his own—the clumsy, ill-expressed love-letter, written with all his deep sincerity and simple passion.

"How did this come into the possession of the woman you speak of?" he demanded, towering over the shrinking figure of the minister.

"It was given her, as I have explained," muttered Stürm, "by Captain Casimir von Neitschütz—it came to him from his sister, in the third letter which I must entreat your Highness to read."

Stürm had countersigned many a death warrant, but had never so definitely felt he was slaying something as he felt now; not the body but the soul of a human being was he destroying; in killing this pure and exalted love he felt, cynic as he was, that he was doing a frightful action . . . a strange sensation! He wiped his forehead and turned aside his head so as not to gaze at the young man as he read those words which must pull down many a rapturous expectation. . . .

Johann Georg read Madelon's letter through twice.

Château Arnsdorf,
April 30th, 1692

My brother Casimir:

Do not continue to importune us. Have I not already made clear to you the desperation of our immediate circumstances? How can you doubt that I shall marry the Elector? Do you not know me, and him? I have his oaths, his promises, his vows—what is he but a fond and silly youth, my inferior in mind, in education, in character? I send you his last letter. There are others more vehement. We continue to press him to visit Arnsdorf. It is certain he will come, and when he is here he will not leave till we are married. Cease to harass us with your lamentations and complaints. Have I not also need of fortitude and patience? Burn this, even as you read it.

Your affectionate sister,
MADELON.

The first bitter and desperate emotion he had ever known in all his spoiled and easy life overwhelmed the youth as he read. He showed great self-control. He examined the letter to be certain that it was not forged or copied. He took two or three others, worn from being perpetually in a case next to his heart, from his pocket, and compared them, and satisfied himself that this was Madelon's hand; nay, it was more than Madelon's hand, it was Madelon's heart, and Madelon's soul. . . .

Stürm noticed that his young face had a contorted, almost a bruised, look. The blood appeared to have congested with shock, and Stürm, remembering how his father had died, feared that he might fall into a fit or seizure.

"I am sorry I had to go to such extremes," he muttered, with regret for his brutal action. "It was better that your Highness should see those letters now—than afterwards."

"She has been laughing at me," whispered Johann Georg, as if that was the heart of all the horror for him. "She has been amusing herself, eh?"

"She meant it to be a profitable amusement."

He deliberately and carefully, despite his cool pity, added one more stab at the lacerated heart of Johann Georg.

"I have heard it stated by this same rascal brother, that she has a strong fancy for General de Haverbeck, and that once she were Electress, he would not spend much time in Hungary. . . ."

"Ah," cried the Elector, on a heavy sigh.

"These women," urged Stürm, "are like that, sir. As you grow older, you will know it."

AT THIS flick at his youthfulness and folly the anguish of the young man became intolerable. He put the back of his hand to his face with a childish gesture. Yet, to the admiration of the minister, he contrived to bear himself bravely.

"Leave it to me," he whispered, "I will deal with it. You may tell Colt and Spanheim that I will not meet them. As for the marriage with the Margravine, put it through. I'll sign your contract. . . . Send off your proxies. Eh, why not? I should thank you, but that must be later. . . . I'll see that woman, Frau von Ilten. . . . I'd like to hear. . . . for myself."

His love, his first love, the love that he was lost in. . . .

She had laughed at him, with her brothers, he thought with bitter torment, with Delphicus de Haverbeck, who, on every count, excelled him. . . . Stürm had just said she was talked of with De Haverbeck. . . . She had been revealed so sharply, as so detestable, that he could believe anything of her. Still with his fingers in his cravat he glared down at Stürm.

"Has De Haverbeck been her lover?" he asked, hotly.

Stürm did not know. But it suited him that the Elector should think vilely of Madelon von Neitschütz.

"Possibly. She has an ardent temperament, and he has been successful with the women and in the field. . . . I suppose they would be very attractive to each other."

THE Elector shuddered. He put away the three letters with the others, and fastened his pocket-flap over them. He pulled open the folds of lace and muslin on his throat; but it was not this that choked him, that made him feel all air was denied him, and that a weight lay on his heart, restricting its beating.

"Get forward my marriage with the Margravine," he muttered. "As for me, I shall go to Arnsdorf—they are expecting me."

"After this, sir, you will go to Arnsdorf?"

"Yes."

"Because you must see her again?" exclaimed Stürm, disappointed, alarmed.

"I do not know," muttered Johann Georg, thickly. "They must be punished. I'll see that woman who sold the letters. I want to hear—more."

"You will but torment yourself, sir," protested Stürm, but not ill pleased. The youth would, he knew, hear from those two hell-cats what would inflame him to fury against the House of Neitschütz.

"I'll go to Arnsdorf." Johann Georg, so young, so brave, struggled on with his sentences. "I'll tell them myself what I have found out."

Stürm reflected, sharply, that this would be well enough. This visit would be their final defeat, his final release. The old man rose, discreetly, wearily, thinking with relief of the ease of his carriage and the quiet of the seven-mile drive to Dresden.

Johann Georg did not observe his departure, nor hear his leave-taking. He remained standing in the light, sunny room, wrapped in his pain, heavy, splendid, still. There was a taste like verjuice in his mouth. Far away, dim, he saw the fairy shape of a delicate girl who admired, who loved him; far away and soon lost completely; slurred by darknesses of gross perjury, of sly treachery, of foul, sneering plots, of grinning, lascivious intrigues.

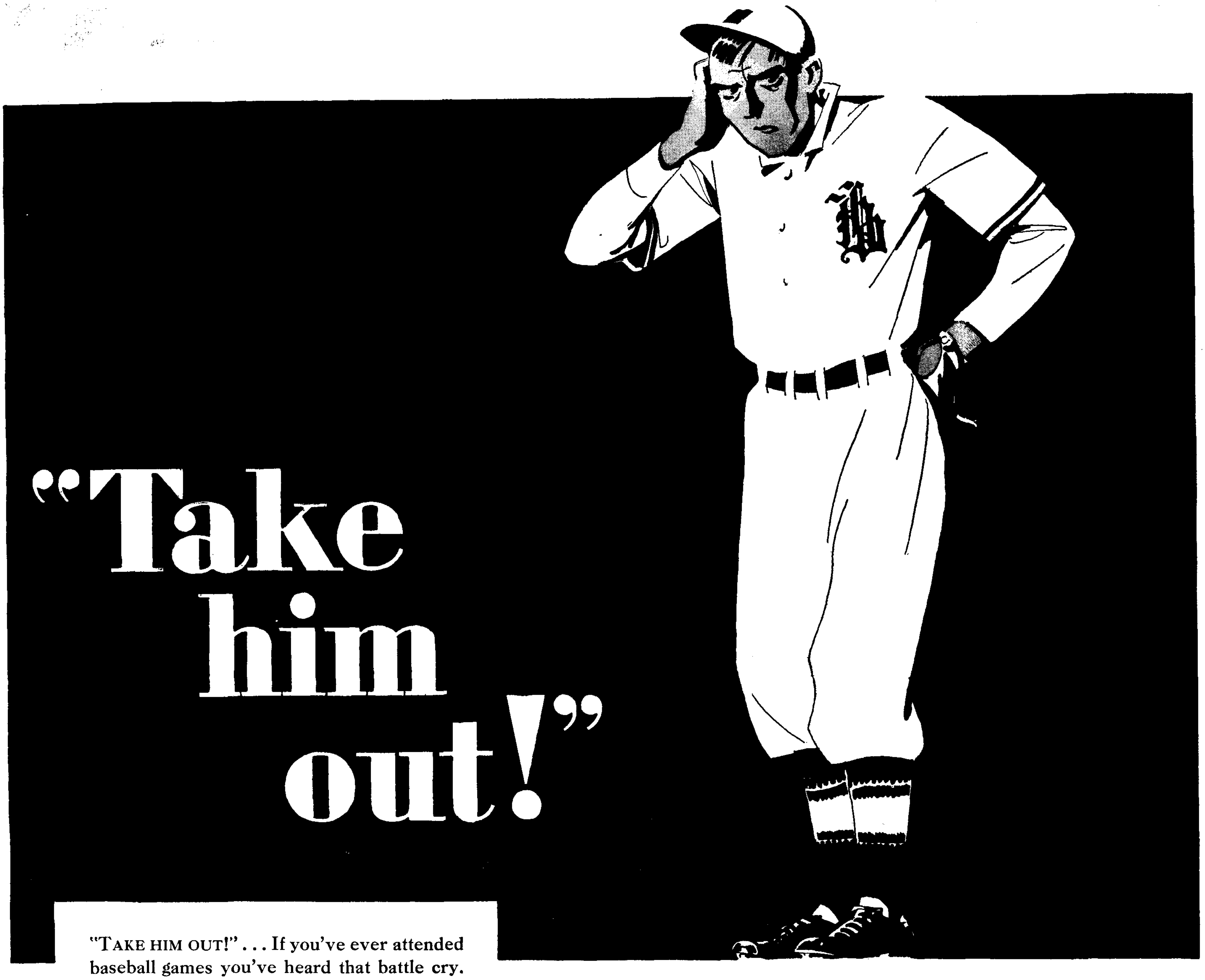
(To be continued next week)

Zane Grey

In another brilliant romance, tells the story of a girl who fled to the West to escape from herself

The Yellowjacket Feud

BEGINS IN COLLIER'S FOR SEPTEMBER 21st



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"TAKE HIM OUT!" . . . If you've ever attended baseball games you've heard that battle cry.

So he's taken out . . . because he fails to measure up.

And for a like reason, one quart or more is taken out of every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil before you can buy it—because it fails to measure up to the other three.

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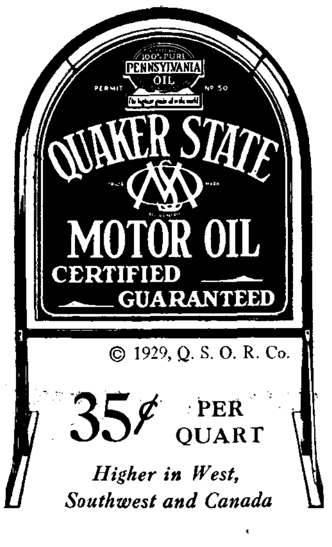

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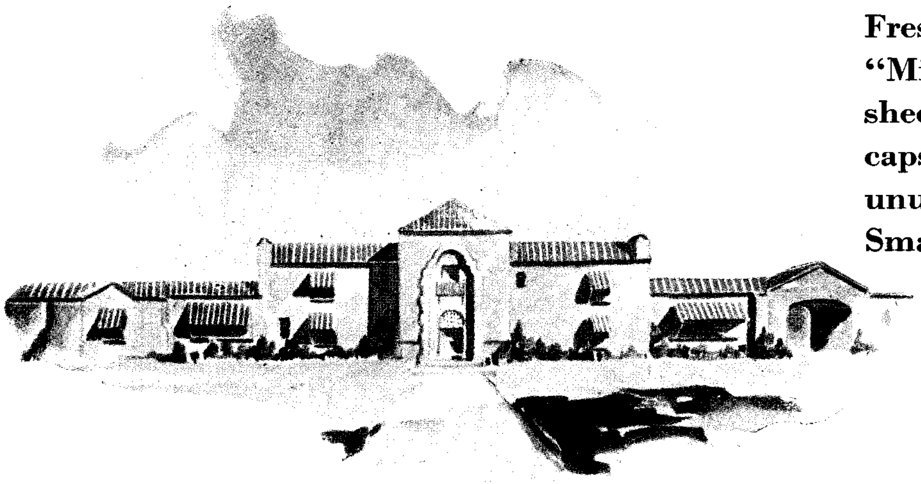

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This craving for good candy—how natural it is! It knows no age or occupation. It knows no time or place. And it is not to be denied. Energetic people—people who are active mentally or physically — are most frequently beset by this craving for good candy—for candy, pure candy, is the quick producer of energy. When you feel this natural candy hunger, get a "Milky Way". Wherever there is a store that sells good candy, there you can get "Milky Way" *fresh*. And you'll say that nothing has ever tasted so good or satisfied your candy hunger so completely as this mouth-melting, pure "Milky Way".

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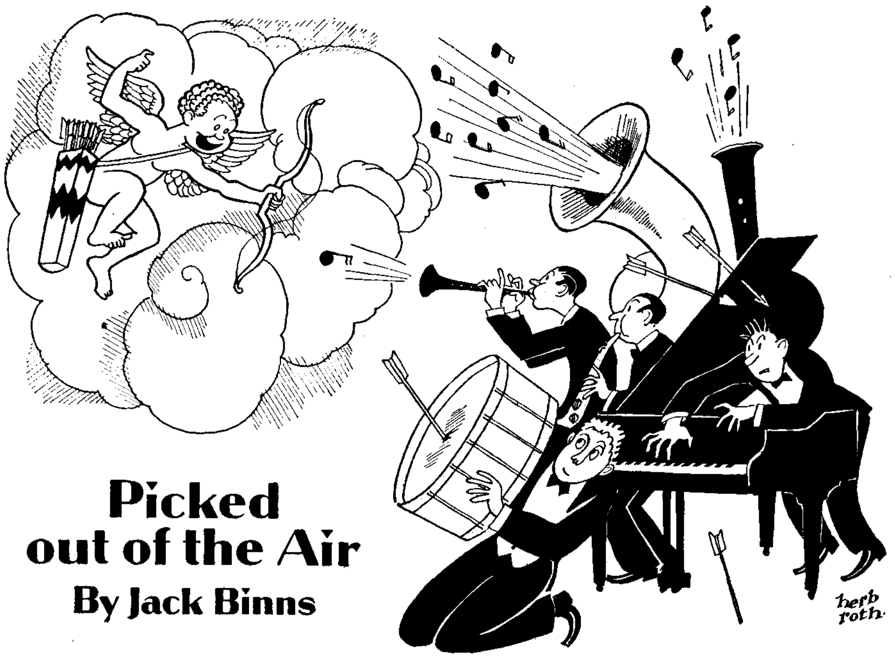


Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

GEORGE OLSEN, who transforms his music into a reproduction of the "midnight choo-choo" leaving for "Alabam'," is very much worried that he may lose some of his musical crew through the lure of human sirens. As a consequence he has taken out "love insurance" on the destiny of his musicians. George is entertaining the Columbia Chain listeners, and in defining his new scheme says:

"I have trained these men for years in the art of rhythmic syncopation until they play as a matchless group. If three or four of them are to get married and perchance flee with their wives on extended honeymoons, it will work an irreparable hardship on my band. So, to safeguard myself against the unscrupulous incursions of Cupid, I have had each man take out a love insurance policy precluding such a possibility. I am, of course, the beneficiary. My men pay the heavy premiums themselves, but at the termination of each engagement I will refund the premiums to those who have lived up to the agreement not to fall in love."

It may be a good scheme, George, but honestly now, what's a little premium compared to—well, you know how the song puts it: "Just a little love—a little kiss"?

Try Boycotting

E. D. MacClaren of Onset, Mass., suggests that some public-spirited citizens should organize a nation-wide Broadcast Listeners Association to protect the interests of those who form what Graham MacNamee calls "ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience." E. D. points out that the Federal Radio Commission has failed to protect the listeners' interests, and therefore the listeners should band together to protect themselves by getting rid of the superfluous broadcast stations that are rendering no service.

Several attempts have been made to form such an organization, but all have failed. It seems to me that until one is formed the listeners could protect themselves by refusing to write letters to broadcast stations that do not operate in the public interest. It is these letters from listeners that the owners of stations bring before the Federal Radio Commission whenever they are called upon to prove their particular station is operating in the public interest, and as a public necessity and convenience. The poor commissioners, being subject to political influences, cannot ignore the votes represented by these letters, so the unwanted station continues to clutter the air.

Then Hell Broke Loose

On one of the dance programs recently given over the NBC chain there appeared Satanic Blues. As he reached this number Hugo Mariani, who was conducting, glanced at the score and then whispered to the trombone players as he brought his baton down for the opening:

"Play like the very devil, boys!"

Pocket Hope Chests

Willie Perceval-Monger is the musical historian of the NBC, and apparently he takes a *busman's holiday* by studying ordinary history. At least he must have had the alleged dictum of the great Napoleon in mind that "every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack" when he spun the following yarn.

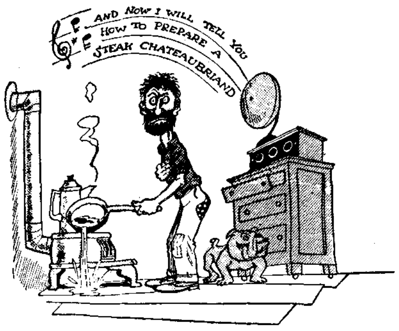
Willie declares that Ludwig Laurier, conductor of the Slumber Hour ensemble, discovered, five minutes before his program was scheduled to go on the air, that he had forgotten his baton. He was about to send for it when three violinists held up restraining hands.

"Don't mind," each said, "here's a baton," and each produced one from an inner coat pocket.

Did She Go?

Many schemes have been devised by broadcast studio managers to coax letters from listeners. Those most universally used are pleas for suggestions or requests. Sometimes the solicitation brings a response that leaves the manager in a quandary. For instance, consider the predicament the NBC found itself in when the following letter came from a listener:

"I live in a cabin on the ocean shore, a mile from any house. That woman who gets on the wire about 2 P. M. gets my goat. About sets me off when I hear her with her daily menu and I have to sit down at night to some home-made dope. *Yes, I have a request*—that she come down here and cook something for me and my buddie, my bulldog. I did not know how to pick my cook years ago or I would not be cooking now alone."


AND NOW I WILL TELL YOU HOW TO PREPARE A STEAK CHATEAUBRIAND

The Right Dope

Continued from page 13

the porter bleated: "Honest, last time I saw that there box my collars was in it. Somebody must have done that on me."

"Boy," said Rahil, "you'd better tell us who gave you these packages."

"Boss, I don't know nothin' about 'em."

"No, you probably thought they were seidlitz powders—not heroin," scoffed Rahil.

"Honest, boss," the porter's eyes were pleading, "I don't know nothin'."

Rahil hesitated a moment.

"Better frisk him," said the immigration man.

WITH quiet efficiency, and perhaps not with entire legality, the two officers turned out the Negro's pockets. A few bills and coins, a pocketknife of promising size, the inevitable corkscrew and other odds and ends. The experienced Rahil stumbled against the porter's chest. Recovering his balance his hands stroked down the porter's coat. Instantly, Rahil yanked the coat open, the shirt beneath it, and, as the porter gasped in fright, withdrew his hand. It contained a thin cloth envelope in which reposed a new one-thousand-dollar note.

The Negro's face became sharply sullen.

"Listen," said Rahil, and his tongue held the iron of a judge passing sentence. "You can save yourself trouble, boy. Tell me now, who on this train or off it gave you that dope to hide and that money for hiding it?"

"Nobody give me no package. That money's mine," the Negro blurted.

Rahil picked up the box of dope, placed it back in the yellow collar box, thinking fast as he did so. A vague murmur came from down the car. He turned to the Pullman conductor.

"You'll have to go ahead with one porter short," was all he said.

With surprising calmness the porter changed into his blue outdoor coat and left the train in custody of the immigration man.

Rahil followed the conductor through Car 183. The dark man and the girl were still chatting. The dark man stopped the conductor.

"These berths, please," he said in a deep voice, his keen eyes flitting a side glance at Rahil. "My daughter is ill."

"Soon's I can get another porter," replied the conductor.

Rahil detected no start in the dark man's face; but the girl's deep-set gaze haunted him as he left the car.

When the train pulled out, Rahil and Barnet sat huddled in the rear seat of the day coach.

"Got it, eh?" said Barnet.

"It, but not him," said Rahil, grimly. "That porter's more scared of who gave him the stuff than he is of the U. S. Government."

Snores mocked the motion of the jogging train. The two officers were the only passengers awake in the coach.

"Forty thousand dollars' worth of dope in that package—at retail prices," said Rahil. "The nigger got a grand for his cut—and here we are, *sitting up* all night and every night, if need be, for six thousand a year. It's a funny world."

Through the night they sat, rolling and rocking for weary miles and hours, to scuttle out and watch each side of the train at every stop, scanning windswept stations for signs of anybody leaving the cars.

By the time the train reached New York they had come to a thorough understanding. Rahil hid in the day coach while all the cars decanted their passengers. Barnet, carefully instructed, dallied by the gates, waiting for the appearance of the dark man and the girl. The cab this pair took up Madison Avenue was followed inconspicuously by one in which Barnet rode.

As Rahil waited for word from Barnet in his hotel room, the telephone rang. Barnet reported that his contacts had been made and Rahil could expect visitors.

At mid-afternoon a dark man of foreign appearance, with a small black mustache, knocked at Rahil's door. Rahil admitted him and carefully locked the door, leaving the key in the lock.

The dark man removed his bowler hat, revealing the graying pompadour Rahil had observed in Car 183. They spoke idly for a few moments; then, fencing over, the dark man got down to business.

"A man named Brown said you had a package I might be interested in," he suggested.

Rahil's eyes shifted uneasily.

"Perhaps," he said.

Silence, in which each seemed to measure the other.

"Where is it?" asked the dark man.

"Under that newspaper there," said Rahil, indicating a square box covered by the morning paper—on the mirrored dresser.

An understanding gleam lighted the dark man's eyes. Easily he drew a wad of money from his pocket, stripped off one thousand-dollar note and pushed it towards Rahil across the little table. Rahil made no motion. The visitor frowned, peeled off another note for a thousand dollars, pushed that against the first, then folded the balance of the money and placed it in his pocket.

Rahil slowly took up the bills and studied them. Then he arose and moved towards the door. The dark man also arose, went over to the dresser and took up the package.

Casually, Rahil turned around.

"You're under arrest, my friend," he said.

THE dark man put down the package, and for a moment his gaze was puzzled. Then he squared his shoulders.

"So you think you can't trust me," he sneered. "Of course, you can't. I'm going to show you up for the crook you are. That's why I came here when your sneaky confederate made his proposal."

Rahil made no reply. He stood watching the other.

"Does an honest officer make a deal in a hotel room, alone?" the visitor prodded, his voice cold and biting. "You've made a mistake, my friend. I'm not a citizen of your country, but I'm going to help it catch a pair of thieves and blackmailers. I suppose it's more money you wanted?"

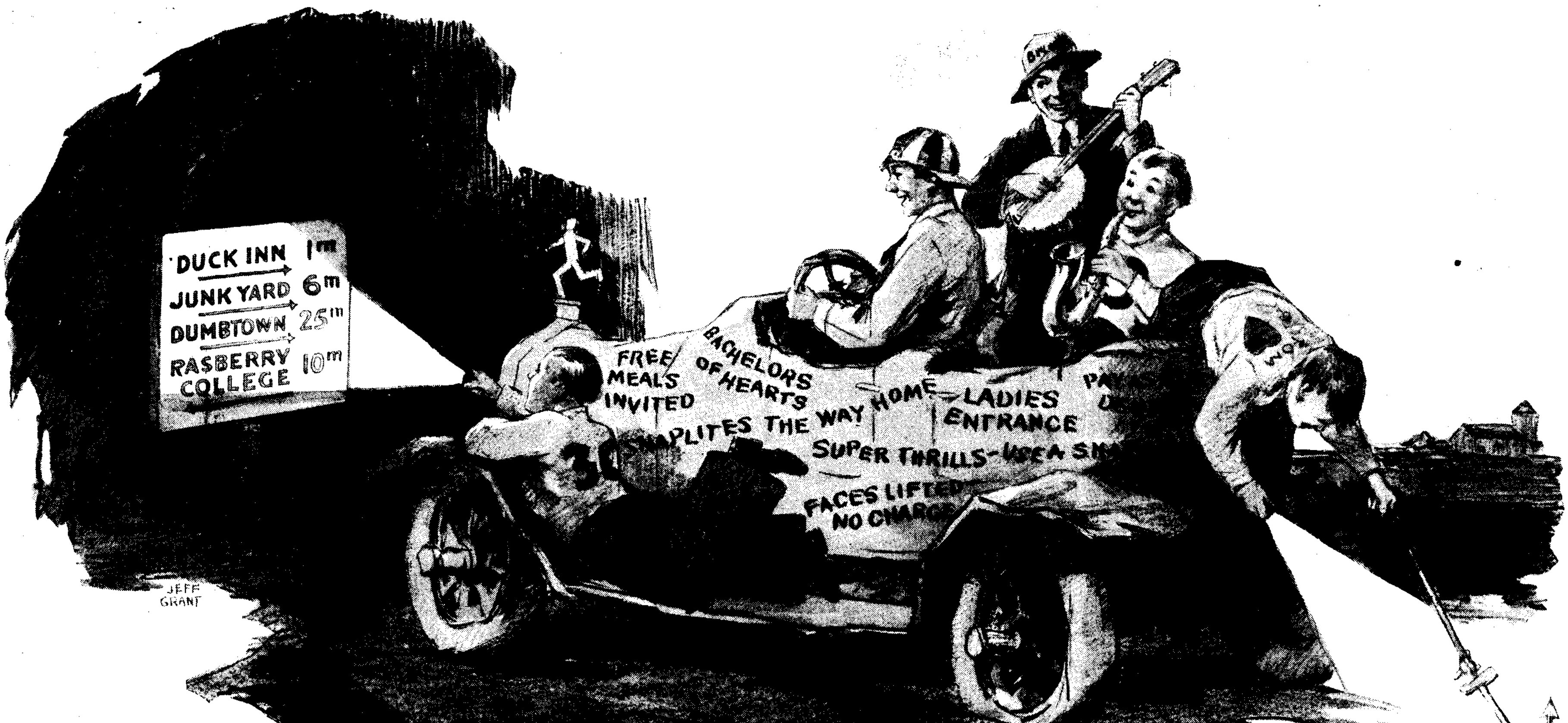
He was edging toward Rahil, who quietly turned the key in the lock and stepped from the door. Barnet entered.

"I've got enough of your money," said Rahil, coolly, as Barnet stood beside him. "*The numbers on the bills follow the* number on the bill you gave that porter."

"Well," the words were grit in the dark man's teeth, "what are you going to do?"

Rahil smiled again.

"First," he said, "take you to the Tombs. Second, have your daughter"—he stressed the word sarcastically—"taken in charge as an addict. And then I suppose I'll have to spend the night on a train again, for Detroit."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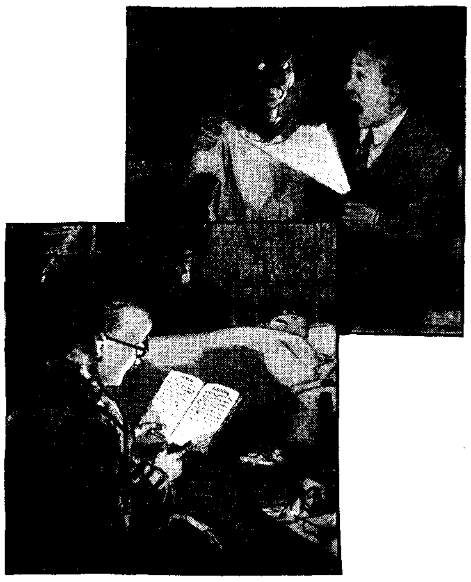

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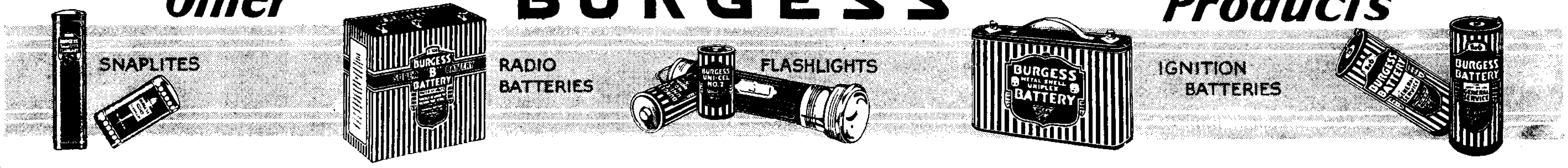
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Knock 'em Cold

Continued from page 35

well-chosen remarks, he calmed the mob. They flocked back into Puggy McGee's garden to snivel properly at the bier of Rose Seven and drop pennies into Jem's sailor's bucket.

All except Tom McCoy, the middleweight champion. Professor Billy Bell took him along to his gymnasium in Brooklyn where he set him to work with the heavyweights.

"Stay by me," said he to the champion, "and I'll make you rich."

On the following day Professor Billy Bell gave out the result of a night of brain-cudgeling. On the afternoon of September 14th, he announced, there would be a great battle for the middleweight championship at Hastings-on-the Hudson. The contestants would be Tom McCoy and Chris Lilly and there would be a purse of one thousand dollars, the winner to take all.

Lilly Gets His Chance

Half the purse would be posted by the backers of the champion and the other half would be forthcoming from the challenger's side. Admission would be free inasmuch as the battle would be held in a large field, but transportation from New York, by Hudson River steamboats, would cost two dollars. That was just double the normal fare to Hastings but Professor Billy Bell was correct in supposing that there would be no general protest.

As promoter of the entertainment, the professor had made a masterful dicker with the owners of twelve steamboats, whereby he was to collect one dollar for every passenger carried thereon to the scene of the fray, and in return he was to see to it that none but these twelve vessels should be permitted to discharge passengers at Hastings on that day. He had stout lads who would see to it that his orders were obeyed.

It was made clear, too, that it would not be wise to attempt to reach the spot by hacks, stages or other horse-drawn vehicles, unless the proprietors of such conveyances paid the professor's representatives, who would be posted at convenient spots within a mile of the arena, one dollar per passenger.

Early on the morning of the great day, Tom McCoy, the champion, and his seconds, Henry Chanfrau and the magnificent Jim Sandford, boarded the steamship Saratoga. Behind them marched a band and banner bearer, and following came a large delegation from The Sandmen, an organization of rapacious bullies which owed its prominence in crime to the daring and imagination of its leader, Jim Sandford.

The challenger, Chris Lilly, had chartered the steamship Indiana, and aboard it with him strode his seconds, Yankee Sullivan and Country McCloskey, and a hundred heroes of the Washington Market Gang led by Boss Bill Harrington.

No band escorted Lilly My Beauty. Instead, there was vociferous singing of The Tempter Spurned and other dismal but moral ballads of the day:

It's Madame I have gold and silver,
It's Madame I have house and land,
It's Madame I have worldly pleasures,
And they are all at your command.
    No, sir, no
    Oh, dear no
And still the answer was no sir, no.

Chris Lilly arrived at the arena in no mood for trifling. A hundred yards from the ring he began shedding his clothing. He vaulted the ropes and strode over to the champion, who was sitting on a stool and under an umbrella held by one of the Sandmen that the hard-working sun might not broil the strength out of him.

"McCoy," said Yankee Sullivan's Beauty, "you're losing more than the prize today."

"Who's to take it, whatever it is?"

"McCoy, you'll not leave the ring alive."

"I'll live to throw a shilling to the cracked one beyond," laughed Tom McCoy, nodding to Jem Seven, who was pushing his way amongst the crowd begging coins into his sailor's bucket. "He'll be the one to bury you now that his daughter's gone."

The fight started without further preliminaries. The speech which Professor Billy Bell, as referee, had prepared, was never uttered. The first round was over in thirty-four seconds of fury, McCoy being hurled to the ground with blood streaming from his mouth.

"Hey, go it, My Beauty," roared Yankee Sullivan. "You've first blood."

Few and loose as were the rules, almost all of them were ignored; yet the battle lasted 120 rounds, or two hours and twenty-four minutes, the last ten rounds requiring but six minutes because McCoy was able only to struggle to his feet to take another smash whereat he would collapse again.

In the seventh round McCoy, much the better boxer, took advantage of a trifling blow on the chest to slide to the ground. Lilly, the mauler, was infuriated thereby, and leaped upon his foe, knees first. Jim Sandford rushed into the ring, lifted the agonized champion and bellowed: "Foul it is!" Whereupon Yankee Sullivan lost no time in silencing him with a strangle-hold from behind.

"Are you all afraid to go on?" he roared. "Is that why both sides are foul? Have these people who have come out to be entertained, no rights?"

Whereat the battle was resumed, with both contestants resorting to all manner of disconcerting tactics, including mayhem and gouging.

Thirty-four rounds were completed in forty minutes, with McCoy suffering the most. After two hours and eighteen minutes, McCoy, now sightless and almost senseless, was asked "how he felt," a somewhat belated bit of solicitude.

"Don't you think he's done for?" asked Country McCloskey of Henry Chanfrau.

"Done for?" scoffed Chanfrau. "Why, McCoy's not half licked yet."

Hunted and Penniless

So McCoy tottered through ten more dreadful rounds. Then he fell, his face buried in the churned turf. And he did not move again. Lilly My Beauty had kept his promise. McCoy was dead.

For his part in the butchery, Yankee Sullivan, on whom New York was well fed up, was sentenced to jail for two years. Professor Billy Bell fled to Boston.

Lilly My Beauty, being in dire straits what with small funds and the desire of the decent element in New York to hang him for murder, hesitated long enough to bash Jem Seven's head and wrench his well-filled sailor's bucket from him.

He came to a halt in New Orleans, which city was then bidding for the honor of being the sporting capital of America. For six months he strutted the barrooms and sporting drums of New Orleans, defying the world to fight him and getting no acceptances because the story of his cruel ferocity at Hastings-on-the-Hudson had come South with him.

Also it began to be whispered that he had murdered Rose Seven and that the New York police would be after him at any time if it were not that all they had to go on were the whinings of Jem, who remembered his sailor's bucket.

But the talk was hushed for the moment when Pierre Desplanches, the gambler, returned to New Orleans fetching with him Harris Burchall, the Englishman, who had won the middleweight championship of his own country and was still ambitious.

Lilly was taken aside by politicians who told him that he would have no end of trouble proving that he did not murder Rose Seven if the New York police were eager enough to possess themselves of evidence they now lacked. Such things were entirely possible, they assured him, and he nodded, knowing the game.

Very well, then, here was a proposition: He would permit Burchall, the Englishman, to win. He would get a thousand dollars and immunity. The gamblers, particularly Pierre Desplanches, would profit handsomely because Lilly would be a high-priced favorite in the betting. What do you say, Lilly My Beauty?

A True Gladiator

Sullenly he nodded his head. What else could he do? He was penniless. He dared not go back to New York. He had written to Country McCloskey, Yankee Sullivan, Murdering Mike Walsh, Boss Bill Harrington and others who once would have gone to the highest courts for him. None had replied. New Orleans was sick of him and could so easily dispose of him.

The dead-and-gone historians of the early American ring have bequeathed us their assurance—Mr. W. E. Harding for one—that it was a fearsome sight, that battle between the cornered killer, Lilly My Beauty, and the fancy-stepping Englishman, Harris Burchall.

Thirty-four rounds were fought in one hour and forty minutes with Lilly taking a murderous lashing for thirty of the falls. How many times he was told that the time had come for him to give up the battle as he had promised, no one may say. How many times he may have tried to tell himself that he must surrender to save his neck is no more within our boundaries.

Perhaps it was the beating he was taking that robbed him of everything except his wild beast's heart, his lust for killing. Perhaps he tried for thirty rounds to obey but, being a true gladiator, couldn't.

In four brutal charges, four rounds of ferocity which held the mob motionless and all but speechless, Lilly My Beauty smashed Burchall into the ground. And the last time, Burchall, like Tom McCoy, did not get up. He died where he lay.

It is surprising that the records do not follow such a man to his end; but there, in so far as these authorities I have found tell us, ends the story. Just one small fact remains to be set down:

A policeman found Lilly My Beauty cowering that night in a corner of a woman's room. He had not changed from his fighting clothes. And the policeman arrested him for murder—not of Harris Burchall, but of Rose Seven.

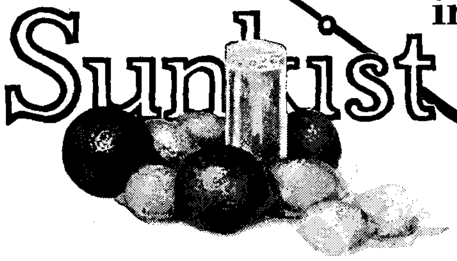
And, there, as I say, the record of Lilly My Beauty stops.

"A Leader in the Food Market"

◆ ◆ ◆

"Dominant Automotive Medium"

"WE CHOSE COLLIER'S—for ACTION! because our problem demanded a medium appealing to modern-minded people—and with a quick advertising response"— says The California Fruit Growers Exchange. And Fred G. Clark, Inc., producers of HyVis Motor Oil, state: "In 1928 we placed the main burden of our selling on the able shoulders of Collier's. In 1929 we are doing the same thing." Collier's fast advertising action becomes increased sales action for these two business institutions. And they describe this value to their salesmen and dealers this way—



HyVis
Motor Oil
Superrefined
Pure Pennsylvania
100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

"IN LAUNCHING our Acidosis Campaign we had to correct a great public misconception in regard to the acidity of citrus fruits.

"We chose Collier's—for ACTION! because our problem demanded a medium appealing to modern-minded people—and with a quick advertising response. We were convinced that its highly interesting and forceful editorial appeal had a vital connection with its high advertising action. We believed that Collier's more than 1,900,000 homes were a large market of quick profits for us.

"Collier's proved itself to be a very important factor in this entire campaign. In the weekly field it has maintained a position of leadership in consumer response which has been exceptional and tremendously pleasing. The Acidosis Campaign is being continued in Collier's for 1929."

—CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

"WE OWE it to our marketers to place HyVis advertising in magazines that reach motorists of the type who realize the economy of buying the best motor oil available.

"Investigation showed that the 1,900,000 families reached by Collier's are ideal potential users of HyVis Motor Oil. They are families of proven intelligence. They accept high-grade products and are influenced to a great extent by the messages found in their chosen magazine—Collier's.

"In 1928 we placed the main burden of our advertising on the able shoulders of Collier's, knowing that it could carry HyVis to a dominant position among pure Pennsylvania oils. In 1929 we are doing the same thing—because we have found that Collier's delivers fast advertising action with a speedy pick-up."

—FRED G. CLARK, INC.

Collier's — *for Action!*

now more than 1,900,000

What! No Chaperons?

Continued from page 20

to do would affect no one very greatly—a fact that is taken into consideration by public opinion. People talked much more and cared much more about Mildred Mart, because she was and is the idolized darling of her parents, and it did seem—! However, what happened was this:

At a lunch party last winter, Mrs. Mart was asked by a "friend" if Mildred were engaged to a man named Rosel. Never having so much as heard of him before, Mrs. Mart answered without hesitation that Mildred knew no one by that name.

The friend retorted tactlessly, "I don't know why you pretend to me! Everyone knows that Mildred won't go anywhere without him!"

Mrs. Mart, much upset, questioned a more intimate friend who chanced to be present. The friend said that everyone knew about Rosel and Mildred, but no one knew anything of the man further than that he danced conspicuously well and that he was asked about because of Mildred.

"Rudolph Rosel?" thought Mrs. Mart to herself. Which, among the nebulous faces that came to mind, could his be? Gradually an image became alarmingly clear of an overdressed, overmannered, overjeweled foreigner who had come to the house one day with Mildred. Her father had disapproved of the "acquaintance." Mildred had said nothing, the foreigner had not again appeared, and Mrs. Mart had thought no more of him. She did not dwell on him even now, for Mildred could never have become interested in one of whom her father disapproved! Reassured, Mrs. Mart hurried home.

On the hall table lay a telegram and the evening paper. The telegram said, "Married Rudolph Rosel today." On the front page of the paper was a picture of Mildred and Rudolph.

The reason the distress of Mildred's parents is important to the subject of this article is that there was no one to tell them of the futility of old-fashioned standards applied to the needs of today. Seeing Julia's triumphant return, taking tea with Elsie in her bachelor-girl flat, knowing that neither of them was at all tipped with scarlet as Mrs. Mart's hushed silence had pointedly implied, Mildred lost faith in what seemed to her the superannuated prejudices of her own parents, and willingly took a chance on her own untrained judgment.

Shout It

The pace since the World War has gone so fast, so many signposts have been overturned, that only those who have kept up with the advance can possibly stake out the new boundaries.

In the past day of strict chaperonage, it was not thought proper—because it was not necessary—that a girl know any of the "ugly things of life." "Hush, the moment the children come within hearing!" was a household law as fixed as that breakfast was a morning meal. Not merely gossip or scandal, but matters of life, death, honor and ethical standards, were not for the children to hear about—except as morals to adorn an occasional tale of warning, delivered as a curtain lecture.

Today the signpost "Hush" should be changed to "Shout," since parents who are wise will choose the time the children are in the room to discuss everything imaginable from high finance to neighborhood gossip. Not with the object of filling their ears with scandal, but in order to place before them the attitude toward everything discussed that the utmost wisdom of their parents can present.

The guarded daughter of the most fashionable and richest goes out night after night with no one but her maid, who either goes home again or sits in the dressing-room and sees and hears nothing.

The more typical young girl of America goes out alone with another girl or more likely with a man friend who stops for her and again sees her home. But what she does, how she behaves, even where she goes, her mother and father have no idea beyond what she happens to choose to tell them, or what they hear accidentally from others.

If she and her mother or father are genuine friends, she will quite possibly volunteer to tell them everything that she thinks is "good for them." And yet even in such cases she is apt to keep to herself the few facts that are of real importance for her parents to know.

Happily such family understanding as that of the Nevins' is within the possibility of a great American majority. Any father can look after his daughter, as well as Mr. Nevin looks after Evelyn—if he wants to!

Mr. and Mrs. Nevin and their débutante daughter, Evelyn, go pretty much everywhere together. Nevin, who misses very little, noticed that Evelyn was watching a young divorcée, Mrs. Lotis, with obvious approval. Lola Lotis is chic to her finger tips, daringly conspicuous, and though many of her quips are in bad taste, they are invariably amusing.

Evelyn's youth was unable to gauge the quite vicious character of Lola; and seeing her apparently admired by the laughing group of men surrounding her, including Tommy Fairway, a friend of her father and her own especial hero, she might very likely have taken Lola's success as a standard, and tried to copy her.

A Clever Father

To check such an impulse at the start, Nevin at once asked Fairway home to lunch. In a lull, he said to Fairway:

"Lola was in great form this morning! Do you think Martin'll marry her?"

"Good Lord, I hope not!"

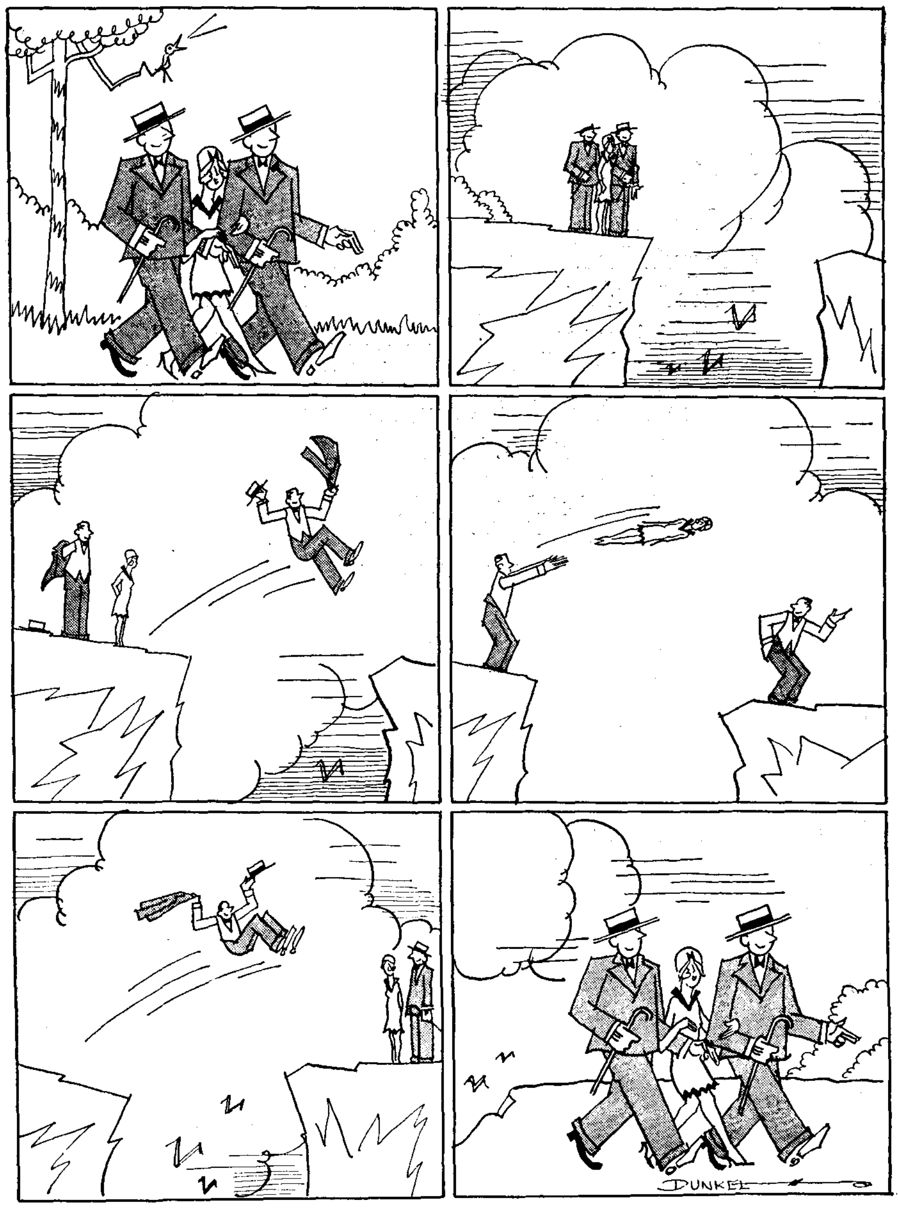
"I thought you liked her! You laugh enough every time she is about."

"Yes, I laugh because she is amusing; I don't know whether I would say I like her."

Nevin continued to Fairway, but intentionally enlightening Evelyn: "Bad luck to have her husband repudiate the child! It was like a deathbed scene in a melodrama."

Fairway answered with an indifferent shrug: "If it had happened to any other woman, it could have been put down to delirium. But almost any evidence would do to convict a girl who has gone out of her way to get the reputation that Lola has."

The next time Evelyn saw Mrs. Lotis she wasn't quite so incautious about taking her for a pattern.



The Trio Adagio team go for a walk in the country

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The Rich have no Troubles

Continued from page 16

quite as violently; then she wrenched herself away.

"No!" she said. "I'm ashamed! I hate you!"

"I love you!" said Herbert, wondering if that was what to call it.

"I hate you anyway! I despise you! I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man in the world, you—you amorphous blob!"

"Amorphous blob?" Herbert gasped.

"Yes, amorphous blob, I said! You don't care about injustice; it can't touch you. When it's your own puny little troubles you come whining, about your nerves and all; but when somebody else suffers we must wait on public opinion, let things work out. You give money, for fear your conscience might annoy you; but you don't care. You've never cared about anything, enough to get hot about it!"

If she only knew how I feel now, thought Herbert, she'd jump out of the window. He was raging with a roaring inner flame that had burned away a hundred thousand years of evolution; he was back in the cave. He wanted to hit Cecilia—hit her hard, hurt her, knock her cold.

LATER, in his own apartment overlooking the lamplit park, he wondered if that moment had been as red and ravenous as it seemed. He wondered what would have happened, if he hadn't mastered himself. He wondered if a man who mastered himself, in such a situation, might be not inaccurately described as an amorphous blob.

Three hours later he was still staring down into the lamplit park. . . . The rich have no troubles. "Is that so?" thought Herbert. Perhaps to have no troubles was the worst trouble of all; for it made you flabby, inhuman, cold. Cecilia had seen that; Vandeleur had seen it. For the first time in his life he had cared enough about something to get hot about it—but he had missed his chance. Even if he could have taken her by storm—and knowing Cecilia, he rather doubted it—he could never come back to her now. She hated and despised him; and if she felt something else about him too, all the more reason why she would never let him see her again.

What of it? He despised her, too; she was a fanatical little fool. If he had married her— Vandeleur had foreseen what would happen. Contusions and lacerations; gunshot wounds. . . . Gunshot wounds. He wondered why that reminded him of the revolver in his desk drawer—the revolver he had bought last year for a trip to Chicago, and loaded, and never touched since.

An hour later he was still sitting there, shivering uncontrollably; whether or not anything had been wrong with him before, he was a nervous wreck now. And he had lost the one thing that might have cured him, his one genuine interest. What was left? He might go in for public service, do things with his money. But he had no technical training, no driving interest in the things his money might do. In the hands of experts, his money would work better without him.

Well, the experts would get it if anything happened to him; his will was drawn, it left everything to charity—including a million to the Legal Aid Society. . . . The gift without the giver is bare, somebody had said. But that depends on the giver. A giver like himself, Herbert reflected, would only spoil the gift. . . . And now, as his teeth chattered and his knees knocked together, he knew that there was only one thing that he could decently do—get out of the way and let his money work.

Yet he had sat there another hour, going over it all, again and again, before he finally went to his desk drawer and took out the loaded revolver.

A gentleman in a dinner coat, and a straw hat whose bright ribbon was a badge of distinction to the few people who know all about bright ribbons, strolled into the dark, deserted park, sat down on a bench, and lit a cigarette.

He had decided on the park because if he shot himself in his apartment it would needlessly inconvenience Smathers, his man. Out here, some passer-by would find him before morning; in his pocket were cards that bore his name, a note to the police explaining that his motive was a nervous breakdown that threatened insanity. Everything in order. . . . Without haste, Herbert drew the last mouthful of smoke from his cigarette, exhaled it slowly, tossed the glowing stub into the darkness, and reached into his pocket. A tiny metal ring pressed cold against his temple; he took one last look at New York, and pulled the trigger.

He heard a click, wondered at the suspension of time that let him hear it before the bullet blew out his brains. But he still saw the New York sky line; the cold ring still pressed against his temple; his brains, if any, were still there. The gun had missed fire.

In a spasmodic rage he pulled the trigger again. Another click. Herbert looked at the gun in his hand. A defective cartridge? No, the gun had missed twice; the revolving mechanism must be jammed.

"Oh, damn it all!" Herbert screamed, and flung the gun away. This was too much; anticlimax after anticlimax, failure upon failure, each more ludicrous than the last. But there was a reservoir; he could jump into it. He rose, and was starting away, when he saw a man stooping over his gun, picking it up; a man who came toward him, the lamplight shining on his brass buttons, a nightstick dangling from his wrist.

"This your rod?" he asked.

"My— Oh! Yes, Officer, it's mine. . . . That is, it was mine. You can keep it."

"Oh, I can, can I? That'd be easy. . . . You got a license?"

"Listen!" said Herbert fiercely. "I came here to shoot myself. Do you mean to tell me this damfool state requires me to have a license to shoot myself with my own gun? . . . Well, it's an outrage!"

"Mebbe," said the patrolman. "But tell that to the lieutenant."

"YOU mean to tell me I'm under arrest?" Herbert demanded. The policeman nodded; then, as Herbert moved toward him—

"Now don't start anything! You start it, I stop it, see?"

"Stop this, then!" Herbert roared, and swung wildly at the policeman's chin. His fist landed neatly on the button; the policeman staggered back, fell, rolled on the path. But he got up; he came back. Herbert felt the fierce thrill, half of the body, half of the spirit, that came over him at the crisis of a squash game. He would hammer this insolent policeman's face off. He crouched, guarding, as the other drew near, his clenched fists alert for an opening—but he had forgotten the nightstick.

Herbert came to on a bench, in a bare-walled, bright-lit room. There was a splitting pain in his head; his hand

(Continued on page 68)

They may
look alike...
*but one has the
mark of quality*

WHEN you buy lamps for your car or for use in your home you need not experiment to discover quality. All Edison MAZDA Lamps are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care by which quality is assured. The name MAZDA stamped upon these lamps is always a mark of high quality.

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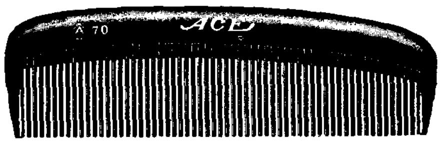

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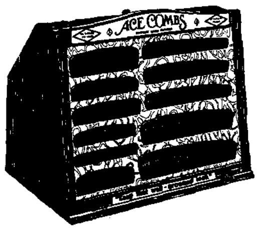

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Enclosed find 25 cents (stamps preferred). Please send me your booklet and sample 5 in. Ace Pocket Comb.

Name ....

Address ....

(*Continued from page 67*)

went up cautiously and felt a lump like a tennis ball. The room was empty, but beyond the open door he heard a faintly familiar voice—

"Is he all right, Doc?"

"He won't be all right for quite a while. But his skull isn't fractured, if that's what you mean. You want to be careful, Rafferty, how you tap 'em with the stick."

Herbert struggled to his feet. His collar was torn off, his shirtfront was smeared and smirched; he could hardly stand up. But, leaning against the wall, he made his way to the other room. The man who had hit him was gone, but a man in uniform, red-faced, white-haired, sat behind a desk. Herbert's straw hat lay beside him.

"Where am I?" Herbert demanded. "And who are you? And where's the man who hit me? . . . And what do you think you're going to do with me?"

"Reading from left to right—Arsenal Police Station. Lieutenant Costigan. He's gone back on patrol. . . . Do with you? Well, the Night Court's closed; so as soon as the wagon comes we'll send you to the coop, to keep till morning. It won't be so long."

"Lock me up in jail?" said Herbert, hoarsely. "Look here, you can't do that! It's an outrage! Lock me up overnight—"

"You'll be lucky," said the lieutenant, "if you don't get a couple of years for all you've done. But you've got a right to consult a lawyer," he added after a glance at Herbert's straw hat. (The lieutenant was one of the people who know about bright ribbons.) "If you can get one down here at three o'clock in the morning."

A lawyer . . . Herbert's head ached and throbbed; he could barely remember the names of the eminent Wall Street lawyers who had drawn his will and advised him about investments; he couldn't remember their home telephone numbers. But there was one lawyer whose telephone number he couldn't forget.

He called Cecilia's number.

"It's me," said Herbert. No gasp of astonishment came over the wire.

"WELL?" she asked inhospitably. "What do you want?"

"I want a lawyer. Quick."

"A lawyer? At this time of night? Where are you?"

"Arsenal Police Station. I seem to be under arrest."

"What for?" Cecilia was demanding. Herbert had to turn, and ask the lieutenant; then he repeated, into the telephone—

"Drunk and disorderly, resisting and assaulting an officer, and violation of the Sullivan Law."

"Herbert!"

"But it's a lie," he insisted.

"Of course, of course," said Cecilia soothingly. "Arsenal Station, eh? Well, I'm up and dressed; I'll be there in no time. Lieutenant Costigan ought to be on the desk at this time of night; he's an old friend of mine. You tell him to take good care of my client, will you?"

Herbert told him, noted that Costigan looked at him with a shade of interest; but then dizziness came over him—he wanted to sit down. Two patrolmen came up, helped him into the back room, laid him on a bench; and then he was out once more. When he opened his eyes again he sat up hastily; for Cecilia stood before him.

She stood and looked at him, shaking with silent laughter.

"Herbert!" she said at last. "You—a cop-fighter! That's one of your accomplishments you never told me about."

"I never fought one before. But this fellow—when he tried to arrest me for—" He stopped; he didn't want to explain to Cecilia what he had tried to do on the bench. He forgot the patrolman's report.

"Attempting suicide used to be a crime," she said. "You're lucky they can't add that to the charges against you. Carrying a gun, hitting a policeman—"

"I don't care. It was perfectly asinine, the way he tried—"

"Why, Herbert, you seem all heated up. It makes a lot of difference who's downtrodden, doesn't it?"

THEN her laughter faded; she took his hands, helped him to his feet.

"I've got a taxi waiting outside," she said, "if you can walk."

"They won't lock me up, then?"

"Well, they could if they wanted to; but—come out and talk to the lieutenant."

Costigan looked down severely from his high desk.

"Well!" he said. "Are you sorry for the way you've acted?"

"No, I'm not!" Herbert began; but Cecilia interposed swiftly—

"He means yes, he is, Lieutenant."

"Of course he's sorry," Costigan rumbled. "He ought to be ashamed of himself, goin' off to shoot himself on a park bench, when he's got a red-headed lawyer to look after his interests. Well, young man, I'll just take those charges off the blotter. Rafferty may not like it, but you and he each hit the other one good sock, so you ought to be willing to call it square. I've examined that gun of yours and I don't believe it's a deadly weapon within the meaning of the law. So I'll just parole you in the custody of your counsel."

Leaning on Cecilia's arm, Herbert went out; they helped each other into the waiting taxi.

"Well!" said Herbert as they started off. "You've saved me a lot of trouble. . . . All the same it was an outrage—"

"Of course. But you know, Herbert, what we must do about outrages. We must wait on public opinion, give things time to work out."

"Uh!" said Herbert. "I suppose you think I ought to do something before breakfast. Go up to Albany and get the legislature together and pass a law, or something."

He discovered that she was trembling, whether with excitement or laughter he didn't know. The reason he was aware of it was that somehow his arm had got to be around her.

"Herbert!" she said severely. "You're making fun of me! You never dared to make fun of me before. You've lectured me, and abused me, and called me a fool; but you never made fun of me."

"Well, it's about time somebody started."

"I suppose so," she said meekly. Then, in a different voice she demanded: "Herbert! Why did you try to shoot yourself?"

"You know why."

"I thought I could guess," she admitted. "I—I told Costigan. That's why he let you off."

"Oh!" said Herbert. "Well, after I left you I felt— I felt—"

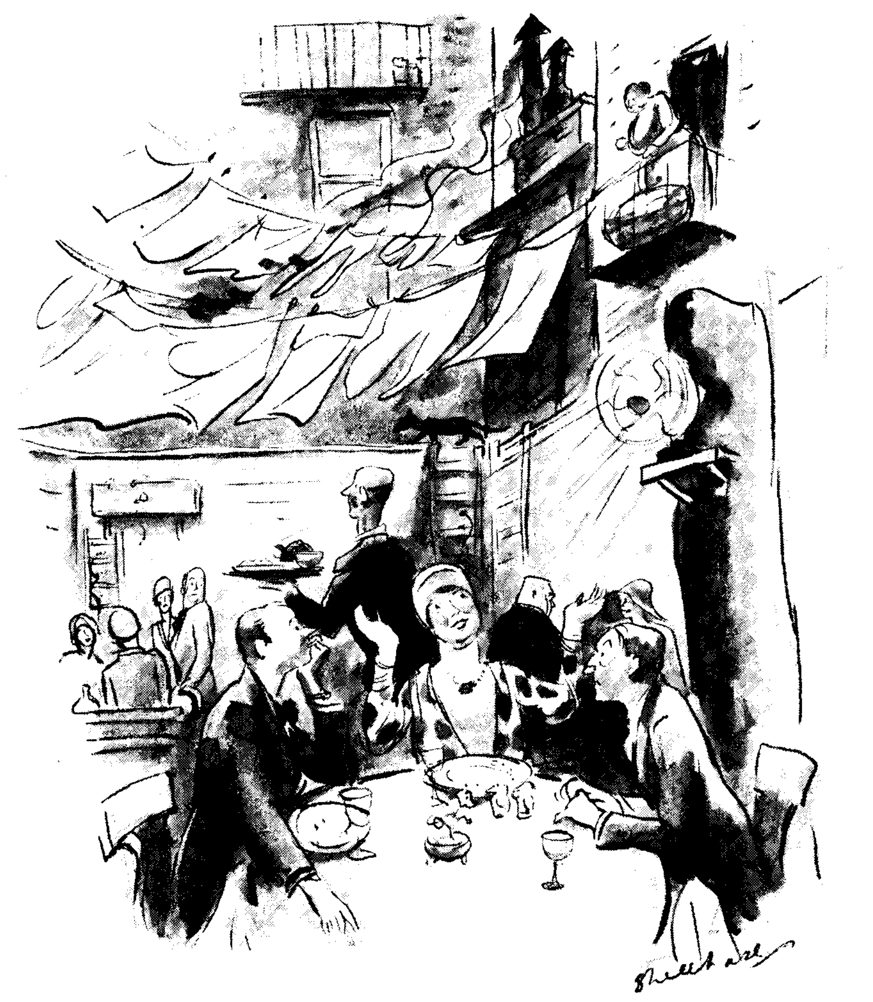
"Oh, you did?" she interrupted. "Well, why do you suppose I was awake, and up, and dressed, when you telephoned me at three o'clock in the morning?"

"I've no idea," he told her; which was a lie.

"Because I was hoping you'd come back."

"Well," said Herbert, cheerfully, "here I am."

THERE he was and there she was; and there they were still, locked in each other's arms, when the taxi driver, who, having no instructions as to where to go, had driven them seven times around the park, finally looked at the rising sun, consulted his own inner feelings, and took them to Childs' for breakfast.



"My, isn't it lovely to dine out in the open next to nature?"

Homer Gets Along

Continued from page 44

them, seemed to agree enthusiastically with his father. "You had a right to knock his block off," said Tot, ardently.

Homer looked down at the boy, whose eyes were fixed appraisingly upon his. Very slowly Homer said: "Son, right this minute I'd give anything on earth to be able to do it."

"You could too, couldn't you?" queried Tot with warmth.

"I'd like nothing better," said Homer, smiling wistfully. There was no use in telling the boy that the iceman, if he wanted to mop the floor, could do so quite easily with any implement or person in the Wedgeway household.

"Pink's a loud-mouth, too," Tot volunteered, apparently proceeding beyond the subject of Mr. Perkins into the larger subject of general combat. "I'd like to knock his block off for him."

"My, my!" exclaimed Homer, glad for the change of subject. "This seems to be a warlike day in this family. What's wrong with Pink, whoever he is?"

"Oh, he's just a loud-mouth. He bullies the little kids."

"Well, don't let him bully you," said Homer. In a rush of warmth he put his arm about the boy's shoulders. "Don't ever let anybody bully you," he counseled.

TOT said irrelevantly: "When you take me to school tomorrow morning I'll show him to you. He's a fat kid with red hair, sort of like his father."

Half absently, still smarting from his defeat, Homer asked who this Pink boy's male parent might be. Homer really didn't care.

"Oh, gee, that's what I was talking about," Tot explained. "His father's the iceman, Mr. Perkins."

"You leave that boy alone," said Homer abruptly.

"Oh, he never picks on me," said Tot, sadly. "I guess he wouldn't dare."

The morning walk to school, though a pleasant enough business in fair weather, was never very much of a carnival for either Homer or Tot. To the boy it represented a process of being led, animal fashion, into a totally unnecessary daily bondage. As for Homer, though he did not analyze it, the walk represented the same thing.

Uppermost in Homer's mind was the bogy of the time clock, a clock that had to be punched by 8:55 sharp lest the Christmas bonus for promptness be mercilessly reduced.

On this morning Tot and Homer got off five minutes late. "We'll have to hurry," said Homer briefly. They did hurry and while Tot trotted patiently at Homer's side he voiced his successive thoughts aloud, as boys will. Most of the thoughts were questions.

"Dad," panted Tot, "if birds are better than airplanes why don't they make airplane wings out of feathers?"

"I don't know," Homer said vaguely, though at any other time he would have gone into the matter with some thoroughness. They were hurrying along Poplar Street now and were approaching the busy corner of Center Avenue, on the other side of which stood the school. A whistle shrilled and Tot said: "That's Shorty."

"And who is Shorty?" queried Homer.

"The traffic cop. He lets us kids across, you know. My gracious, you've seen him plenty of times, Dad."

"I imagine I have," admitted Homer, indifferently. And because he was thinking about the bank he took out his watch and said: "We're still late, Tot. We'll have to hurry across."

They found themselves upon the corner facing the school, and here Homer paused because the motor cars were thick and racing fast. But all of a sudden he barked, "Come along," and caught Tot by the hand.

For a second the boy hung back, just as he had been trained to do by the school authorities, because no kids were allowed to cross the street, ever, until the cop signalled. But after that second Tot had no choice. As though handcuffed to his father he trailed, half running, half dragging behind him, straight out into the middle of the avenue where Shorty stood with his back to them. It was then that the policeman spoke over his shoulder. He spoke very quietly:

"Who invited you out here?" he asked of Homer.

Perhaps Tot's father didn't hear the question. At all events the officer now faced him, staring into Homer's face with an expression of bland inquiry.

"Did you get a signal to come out here?" he asked.

"Why—why, no. But you see, Officer, there weren't any cars at the moment, and I'm in a great hurry—"

"Oh, you're in a hurry, is that it?" The eyes of the law narrowed. "You this kid's father?"

"Yes, I'm his father."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself." Now the eyes narrowed just a trifle more. "Do you happen to know what I'm posted here for?" the policeman demanded, sharply.

"Why—why—"

"I'm posted here to keep fool fathers and mothers from risking their kids' lives. That's one thing I'm here for. Another thing I'm here for is to signal you," he pointed a heavy finger straight into Homer's face, "to come across when I want you to. Get me?"

The policeman lifted his white-gloved hand like a banner and blew feelingly upon his whistle. On both sides of the crossing the scurrying cars squeaked to a halt, banking up swiftly into two opposing lines.

"The kid will stay here with me," said the officer to Homer Wedgeway. "You," he gestured bluntly with his thumb, "you get back to that curb where you started from and you stand there till I tell you to come across."

Homer looked at him blankly.

"Did you hear me," blared the officer, "or do you need a boost in the pants? You walk back to that curb."

Homer walked. He walked with dignity.

"Now stand there," commanded the officer.

IT WAS at this moment that Tot became aware of the crowd, a swiftly increasing and amiably chuckling crowd. Some of the people in the crowd stood and gaped at his father. Others offered pointed suggestions.

Homer was now like a trapped animal, and as for Tot, Tot closed his eyes. He didn't want to see his father being made fun of and just standing there that way and not answering back. Oh, gee, why didn't he answer back? And the worst of it was that on the outskirts of the crowd danced Pink Perkins himself and Chipmunk Smith and Freddie and Elsie Hopworth and, gee, a whole raft of kids.

Five minutes later in the school yard Tot was learning something of that cruelty which is childhood's most terrific weapon against itself. Little girls danced about him, darting in and out amongst boys who also danced and

(*Continued on page 70*)

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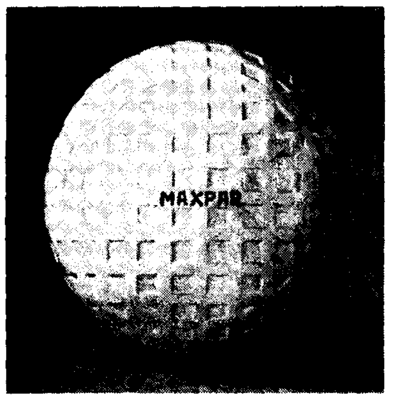

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DUNLOP MAXPAR

(*Continued from page 69*)

jeered. The jeering fell into the cadence of a chant:

"Jay-walker!

"Jay-walker!

"Jay-walker—"

"You're a liar," stormed Tot, at bay.

"Ya-a-a-a! His father's a jay-walker, his father's a jay-walker."

"He's not, he's not," Tot protested, against the facts, while angry tears warmed his cheeks. It was then and only then that he became aware of the unpleasant and familiar face of Pink Perkins. The face of Pink Perkins was sneering derisively.

"My father," said Pink Perkins, "my father says your father is an old woman."

Tot opened his mouth wide and breathed in.

"My father," proclaimed Tot viciously, "my father says your father's a dirty skunk." And then Tot jumped, flinging himself wildly and bodily upon the other boy.

A larger boy shouldered between them, separating them roughly.

SAID Pink Perkins, heatedly: "My father can make a monkey out of his father. He said so, too."

"Aw, go climb a tree," said Tot, recollecting providentially. Then he gulped and flung his challenge: "My father can knock your father's block off."

"Yeah, when?"

"Any time," said Tot.

"Yaah, he wouldn't dast say that himself," announced Pink.

"He would too. He would too. Only—only—only—you see, he's down at the bank and he can't get hold of your father, that's all."

Pink Perkins sneered again. "All you got to do is walk over to my house," said Pink, "and just tell my father what your father said. My father comes home noons for lunch. You can come right over this noon, if you're so brave."

Tot looked at the other boy, blankly.

"Scared, ain't you?" said Pink.

"Scared? Me scared? Say, I'll go and tell your father just what my father said. I'm not scared of you or your father or anybody."

By noontime it was all arranged. Various boys had given gratuitous advice, and the matter had been approved as a formal challenge. Pink and Tot, both a little troubled by now, were to be what the other and larger boys called seconds. And so it was that Pink and Tot marched up Locust Street and into the Perkins' kitchen.

Mr. Perkins eyed the two over a forkful of corned-beef hash. "What's the big idea?" inquired Mr. Perkins.

His son said, "It's a challenge."

"Huh?"

Now Tot, who stood very straight in spite of his trembling knees, spoke briefly. "Mr. Perkins," said Tot, "my father says you're a dirty skunk."

Mr. Perkins rose halfway out of his chair.

"And who in heck are you?" he demanded.

"I," said Tot, "I'm Tot Wedgeway. My father's Homer Wedgeway, that's who he is. He says he can knock your block off any day in the week, that's what he says."

Mr. Perkins sat down heavily.

"Listen, are you nuts?" he inquired with a puzzled scowl. "What's the big idea, anyway? Come over here, you Pink. What you kids up to? What you tryin' to put over on your old man? Come clean, now—quick. I'm in a hurry."

"It's a challenge," Pink explained doubtfully.

"I'll say it is," Mr. Perkins observed.

"That's right," Tot supplemented. "It's a challenge from my father. He's goin' to wipe the ground up with you."

"Just when is he plannin' to do that little thing?" Mr. Perkins asked.

"Any time."

Mr. Perkins seemed to digest this. He nodded reflectively. Then: "What time does your pa get home from the bank?"

"Half past four," said Tot with a first qualm of uneasiness.

Said Mr. Perkins meaningly, "You tell him I'll be there at five sharp."

By five o'clock that afternoon Tot Wedgeway was a very much frightened small boy. He was so frightened that he dared say no word to Homer, who came home wearily from the bank and settled himself to the placid ceremony of replacing a burnt-out tube. Yet frightened though he was, Tot felt strangely exalted. He walked from one room to another, tiptoeing now and then. He hung by his mother in the kitchen. He went out, came back hurriedly to make sure his father was safely seated by the radio. For the hundredth time he swallowed something hard. Then at length, and his knees went very weak, he heard the thump of heavy footfalls upon the porch. There came a resounding knock.

Homer answered the door.

"You know who I am?" Thus Mr. Perkins began the interview.

"Why—why, yes, you're our iceman."

"Listen, I'm not your iceman or anybody else's iceman—see? I sell ice for a living, same as you sell money at the bank. Get me?"

"Why—why, yes. I mean, no. Won't you come in?"

"I'll come in, all right," said Mr. Perkins and did so. His shoulders pushed the door. "Now listen," he resumed, "I don't want to hurt nobody—see? Least of all I don't want to hurt nobody that ain't my size. Seems to me you and me ought to be able to fix things up between us like a couple of grown men. Listen, did you send your kid to my house?"

Homer lifted his chin. "I don't know what you're talking about," he informed his visitor.

"Oh, don't you, now? Listen, did you say I was a dirty skunk?"

"Why—why, how preposterous! Of course I never said such a thing."

"Did you send your kid to my house this noon?"

Homer shook his head. "No, no, there is some misunderstanding, I assure you—some grave misunderstanding."

"YOU mean you didn't tell your kid to come to my house and tell me to be here at five o'clock so you could knock my block off?"

"Absolutely not, Mr. Perkins. I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about. Are you trying to tell me that my boy—"

"I ain't tryin' to tell you anythin'. I'm just tellin' you, see?" Now the eyes of Mr. Perkins creased themselves to a fine line and he peered over Homer's shoulder. Then he took two swift steps, at the same time reaching out a giant arm. "Here's the little yap," said Mr. Perkins, and hauled Tot from behind the door, lifting his wriggling figure high into the air. "You're sure you ain't lyin' to me?" asked Mr. Perkins of Homer.

"On my word of honor—"

"Then this kid rates a Grade-A lickin', that's what he rates. He's a rotten little mischief-maker, that's what he is—a rotten little trouble-maker." He held Tot out toward Homer. "Let's see you lick him," said Mr. Perkins, ardently.

Homer looked at Mr. Perkins and Homer looked at Tot. Then Homer said with dignity: "I have my own means of discipline. I don't spank my child."

"Oh, you don't, don't you? Maybe that's what's the matter with him. But this time's where you break your little rule."

"I shall not spank my child," said Homer. "I'll reason with him but I'll not spank him. I don't believe in physical punishment."

"Who in Sam Hill cares what you believe? This kid gets licked—get me? He come to my house this noon—but I told you all that. He gets licked, that's what he does. Either you lick him or I lick him, right here and now."

Said Homer: "I won't lick my child and you won't either."

"Don't make me laugh," Mr. Perkins answered brusquely. He dragged a chair toward him, seated himself upon it and flopped the squirming Tot's face down over his knees. A giant hand lifted itself above the place where it would hurt Tot most.

"I warn you to stop that," said Homer.

"Oh, go roll your hoop," said Mr. Perkins.

Momentarily Homer stood there, unconscious of what he was doing or of how he looked. He looked something like a tall gaunt ape just now. His two arms hung straight and loose from his shoulders. His jaw stuck forward. Tiny sparks seemed to flicker from behind spectacles. Dimly from the kitchen door behind him he heard Emmy's voice:

"Homer, what are you doing?"

THE giant hand of Mr. Perkins swept down. It struck with a smack.

Homer leaped. He forgot his glasses, he forgot everything except a single concentrated necessity to get his hands on this animal who was manhandling his child. Close in front of him, momentarily occupying his whole field of vision, loomed a red face, and he struck at this red face blindly with his right fist.

Mr. Perkins, utterly bewildered, was struggling to his feet. He had let Tot slide to the floor, and now he was kicking the chair away to give himself room to move.

Homer faced him prancing. What Mr. Perkins did not know was that a mild man, righteously aroused, is as dangerous as a she-bear.

So Mr. Perkins measured Homer with a cold eye, and then contemptuously swung a haymaker. If it had hit Homer full it undoubtedly would have sent him slithering to the far wall, but it didn't hit Homer full because at that moment Homer ducked his head and closed in. Homer clung close to the iceman, punched savagely at the red face, once, twice and again with the full angry force of his lean right arm. Instinctively the iceman raised his elbow to defend himself, and it was then that Homer hit him squarely in the pit of the stomach.

"Oh!" said Emmy, sharply. Then differently: "Oh, Homer, I knew you would. I knew it, I knew it."

Tot crawled to his feet, peered fixedly at the grotesque figure on the floor.

"Oh, gee!" exulted Tot in awe. "Oh, gee—oh, gee—oh, gee!" Then Tot began to dance.

But Homer, good soul, only hurried to the kitchen to get a glass of cold water. He came back with it and threw the water forcibly into Mr. Perkins' face.

"Holy smoke!" gasped Mr. Perkins. "What did you hit me with?"

"Just my hand," said Homer without rancor.

"Some wallop," murmured Mr. Perkins with admiration. He seemed to be considering something. He struggled to a sitting posture, smiling ruefully.

"I suppose I'm out a customer," he remarked philosophically.

"Oh, no," said Homer, helping him to stand. "Just chip it out in the driveway, that's all."

Firing Squad

Continued from page 7

country was a little too much for him. Unlike us poor old army officers, he never took care of himself physically; he ate too much and drank liquor we couldn't afford and thought thoughts we couldn't commence to think—and then he got angry. Heart failure or apoplexy, the fact remains that Ezra's gone but his check remains, and inasmuch as it is certified, I regard it as good. We'll sue his estate for the remainder in case it defaults; or the secretary may conclude to permit the default and advertise for new bids, or—"

THE colonel broke off and scratched his head, the while he gazed down upon Ezra J. Porterfield's slowly graying face. "On second thought, Mr. Porterfield," he addressed the corpse, "I think I shall be kind to your wife and family. I think I shall steer my country clear of litigation, because if we tie this bid up in court it will stick there indefinitely, and I haven't got very much faith that this Florida real estate boom will outlast legal oratory. The bid of the Prudential Real Estate & Mortgage Company is for three millions. That gives the government about half a million profit, so why be a pig?"

He gathered the bids up from the floor, while the two majors stood by, staring at him as if they doubted his sanity. Ezra J. Porterfield's formal bid and accompanying certified check he thrust into a blank envelope, sealed it, and tucked it back into the dead man's breast pocket. Then he buttoned the coat and said:

"Major Brown, will you be good enough to telephone to the proper authorities to come and remove this casualty? Thank you, Major. Major Jones, have a seat, sir, but before you do, please lock my office door."

He sat in at his desk and lit a cheap cigar, nor was he in the least disturbed by the figure on the office rug, for dead men were no novelty to him. After a while he smiled a faint smile and said: "The deceased organized the Acme Realty Corporation and its personnel consisted of the men he regarded as his principal competitors. He argued them into going in with him on a single bid and sharing the loot, which would be ample, and they listened to him. Then I remembered my military strategy and maneuvered him into incorporating another company and making another and higher bid—for the same old wolf pack, plus a few additions. Nevertheless, all the time, he had evidently planned to double-cross his deluded associates and get the property for himself, even if he had to pay a whopping price for it—and the mail orderly scared him into making the final bid. When he discovered he had been bidding against himself, the strain was too much—well, he got his firing squad at last. I shot him to death with dollars!"

His eyes of a commander rolled over the two majors. "Have I your words of honor, as officers and gentlemen, that Ezra J. Porterfield never submitted his personal bid?"

"You have, sir," those two high priests of loyalty assured him.

"Thanks, gentlemen. We can serve no useful purpose by advertising him as a double-crossing skunk, can we? It is not up to us to tell the world that respected him that he'd cheat, playing solitaire, is it? It is not! All we know about him is that he just toppled over dead in my office."

"That's our story, sir," said Major Brown, respectfully.

"Absolutely, sir," Major Jones murmured.

"Thank you, gentlemen. That will be all," murmured the colonel.

What can a Wet Town do?

Continued from page 9

some of the women in the old days used to chew tobacco. But it's different today. Lumberjacks are young fellers, now. They can all read and write. They're not bums. They got to have good girls and, believe me, they get 'em in this town. Soon as a girl begins to fade out here you find her missin' from town pretty quick. The landlady has canned her."

Down along the street you'll see the boys from the lumber camps, lounging in groups, around the "restaurants," "lodging houses," "employment bureaus," "hotels" and other institutions of "The Bowery."

Storekeepers of the town have "runners" who seek out the incoming lumberjacks and seek their trade for clothes and other necessities.

"Why, there ain't a store building in this town," one merchant told me, "that doesn't pay a whole lot of its rent and expenses out of lumberjack money. And some of the biggest church members in this town own these buildings, too. They'd go dead broke if the Falls was to go bone-dry. That's why we all say that prohibition is our own business and if we want our town a little wet and a little lively it's going to be that way."

It requires, I was given to understand by one of the town's aldermen, about sixty liquor sellers in International Falls to keep the place duly attractive for men of the timber, lumber and paper pulp world.

"We keep 'em down quiet," a policeman told me, as I chatted with him. "They all behave themselves."

And because International Falls is what it is, the Federal men are there in goodly numbers. They keep busy.

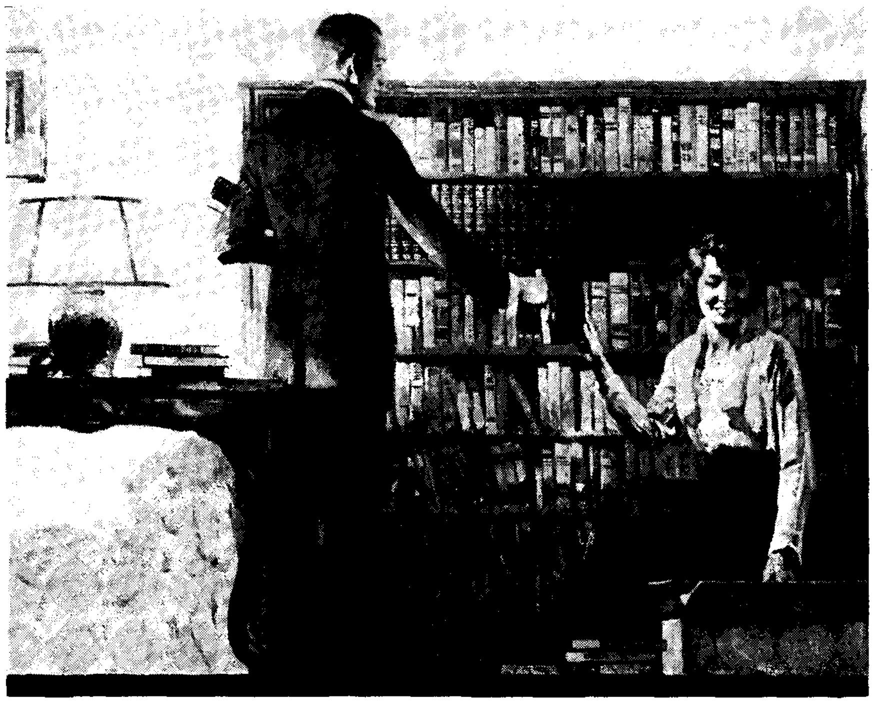
They're Used to It

"Why, me and my family have been stopped ten or a dozen times on the road around here," one business man told me. "We're so used to it we just let 'em go ahead. But we feel toward 'em as if they was foreigners.

"You hate to have a feller in uniform, with a big gun strapped to his belt and a tiny dude mustache hanging under his nose, stick a cane around the floor of the car under your women-folks' feet and when he don't find nothin' just say, 'All right; move along.' They don't seem to me like Americans, somehow. I never seen Canadian officials treat any Americans as sulkily as these fellers do here in Uncle Sam's uniforms."

Adolph Kronn, who is one of the wealthy merchants of the town and has lived there over thirty years, told me right out and out I could use his name when I wrote his story. And three members of the town's board of aldermen were present as he spoke.

(*Continued on page 72*)



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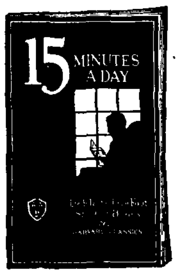

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(*Continued from page 71*)

"I'm the chief of the fire department in the Falls," he said. "I got a big car with a big fire siren on it. Everybody knows it, even these little mustached fellers.

"Here's what happened to me the other night: One of our citizens was away out in the country on a piece of land, dynamiting stumps for a clearing. Night came and he hadn't come home. His wife and neighbors were worried and they called me up. We were afraid he had blown himself up accidentally with powder. I jumped into my big car and started up where he had been working. I was going along pretty fast because I thought he might be lying out there blown half to pieces.

"Up ahead of me, along the road, a couple of these officials put up their sign. It's just a canvas sign that any holdup man could make, with the lettering on it: 'Stop. United States Officials.' I didn't know what to do for a minute. Those fellows must have known that car was mine. I had a big fire siren on the car and I could have blown it and tried to go on through.

"Nobody has ever called me a coward after forty years around this place, but I'll just show you how we feel about these Federal officers when I tell you that I was so sure those fellows would fire on me with their riot guns, even if I did blow my siren, that I stopped my car. They were very surly when I stopped. Didn't apologize, and told me to go on after I told them where I was going."

Says Federal Officer Was Insolent

Alderman Lang told me I could use his name. He is a well-known lawyer, employee of a lumber company.

"One of these whippersnapper young Federal fellows with big brown eyes, slick hair and narrow little strips of hair in front of each ear came to my house in his uniform one night when I was away," he said.

"My wife went to the door and when she told this officer that I wasn't at home he said to her, 'Well, maybe you'll do. What I've come to find out is whether the lives of Federal officers are going to be safe on the streets of this town.' He was insolent and insulting and his attitude alarmed my wife greatly."

It isn't fair to say that everybody's wet in International Falls. There's a Methodist minister there who recently settled in the town after having spent many years as a missionary in the Malay Peninsula.

On a signboard outside his church, as he talked with me, was a sign he had crudely painted on wrapping paper, the topic of a coming sermon: "Crime and Grafting Do Not Pay." The sign faced the court house square so that the sheriff, the county judge, the county attorney and other officials could read it.

"He's only a stranger here," a deputy sheriff told me, "and doesn't know a thing about our problems. Hardly anyone knows him except a few old ladies in the church, and one Federal officer here who's been around on the street insulting citizens 'cause they don't obey the Constitution instead of following our own home-town arrangements."

But how the Rev. E. Malmquist, late of Malay, can light into these Minnesota Caucasians!

His sermon just after the Virkkula killing went in part like this:

"The bootleggers killed an honest officer named Lobdell here some time ago and nothing was heard of it. Now an officer kills Virkkula, who had once been convicted of selling liquor, and the whole town is up in arms. What this town needs is less booze and more religion, less resolutions in favor of the criminals sent off to the President of the United States by our business men, and more activity in favor of law and order.

"I promise you that when Hoover can have the support of the citizens, the juries, the peace officers, the court, the city council, the Kiwanis, the Civic League, our schools, our parents, and the press, the low and loathsome liquor outlaws of this locality will soon be behind the bars where they belong. Our citizenry is sagging in body, mind and soul. You people in this town would rather have the woods full of moonshiners than Koochiching County full of preachers.

"Our city aldermen have been very busy grinding out resolutions to the President of the United States, one of them ending, 'For God's sake, help us.' That's not a prayer for help. It's blasphemy. Our real prayer is 'Lord deliver us from the city council, the county attorney, the sheriff, as well as the bootlegger.'

"There's too much complaint in this town about too many churches and too many preachers."

The Journal, the local newspaper, cautioned against anger and intolerance; it asked for reason and coolness. Within a few hours after that pitiable motor car load of death, grief and Federal authority, its editor saw that something bigger than the mere killing of a citizen was involved. He wrote:

"Some of our citizens are inclined to blame the men who killed Virkkula. Nonsense. These men shot in the line of duty which they were hired to discharge, and with a weapon which, apparently, had been placed in their hands by virtue of a part of the Constitution and at the order of men who helped to frame the law, and of other men who have ordered its enforcement, even if it becomes necessary to snuff out the lives of every man and woman in this land who does not happen to believe as these patriots and statesmen believe.

"Place the blame for this killing squarely where it belongs—right at the door of the dampholds who believe that people can be made moral by legislation and who apparently believe that they are justified in killing everybody who does not believe as they do."

In spite of cool, clear heads in the Falls, the town got even madder, perhaps, at one Henry J. Sullivan, a member of the local immigration border-patrol unit, than it had been at Servine or Emmett J. White.

The Falls filled up with government secret service men of all kinds after the killing. Washington and the White House wanted to know the full facts. The government looked strong and sinister there in that little town.

Lessons in Patriotism

And some government representatives appear to have felt that way as well. Feeling of the citizens against them was reciprocated by them, in various ways. But Sullivan, in his gray-green uniform, becartridged, begunned and perhaps bewildered by authority, took to stopping citizens on the street.

I took pains to get the story of what he had done from Sullivan himself, not from angered citizens. That he expected approval and was amazed by the punishment which had been meted out to him, in the form of suspension, from Washington, shows the state of mind under which more than one of these Federal officials, some of them bearers of riot guns, including Servine and White themselves, have been carrying out their duties.

"It didn't seem to me," he told me, "that our lives looked safe on the streets after the killing. That's why I went over to Alderman Lang's house. Everyone was criticizing the Federal government and the Eighteenth Amendment and the Constitution.

"One day a salesman for a watch company in Illinois rolled into town in his car. He had signs painted all over it, insulting signs reading, 'Uncle Sam, Please Don't Shoot,' 'No Likker in This Car,' 'We Surrender' and things like that.

"Well, I stopped him right here on the main street with the police looking on and made him get out of his car. I made believe I was going to arrest him and started off down the street with him. Of course I didn't intend to throw him in jail, but I was going to give him one good lesson about what influence the Federal government has got over citizens. They're not just citizens of their town or county or state.

"Well, Chief of Police Roysland came along and he and I got into a quarrel. He said if the fellow in the car had violated any city ordinance he'd take care of him, and the chief offered to fight me.

"The salesman washed the signs off that car, though. I gave him a talk about the Constitution that he won't forget in a long while."

The President Speaks

The city council of International Falls, by resolution, called upon Secretary of Labor J. J. Davis to remove Sullivan.

The young man's uniform was removed, figuratively speaking, by wire the next day.

Also, by wire, were removed the deadly hand "machine guns."

The last time I crossed the bridge the Federal men there had only their .45-caliber side arms.

As I read over this article, in closing, it looks to me like a phantasmagoria of senseless actions and deeds inspired by emotions alone—bitter, hot, unreasoning emotions of the city officials, the county officials, the business men, the preacher, the Federal officers.

But it is the very senselessness, the lack of rationalism, reason and logic which you find in this American town that justifies America in stopping to think about this Federal effort to control our local government.

There's no doubt that the town is a fine, close-up study of how Americans feel and are inclined to act when local opinions are interfered with by Federal authority. That's why inspectors, officials and writers thronged there.

President Hoover, in taking cognizance of the tense situation, replied to the questions of newspaper reporters, in a White House conference:

"I deeply deplore the killing of any person. The Treasury Department is making every effort to prevent the misuse of arms. Any case of misuse will be determined by the orderly proceedings of the department and the courts. I hope that the communities along the border will do their best to help the Treasury end the systematic war that is being carried on by international criminals against the laws of the United States. It is these activities that are at the root of all our difficulties."

Whatever is at the root of them, no thoughtful man could walk the streets of that little Minnesota border town without thanking God that the rest of America has not been roused to the same reign of hot emotion that held sway for a short time in that community.

Multiply enough times throughout the United States the anger which I found in International Falls against Federal men and multiply also the town's lack of confidence in the honesty and good judgment of their methods, and what would you have?

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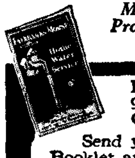

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Call the Yard, Watson!

Continued from page 32

wires, Killing dogs, Rear of building entries, Wears gloves, Wears mask.

It reveals something about Scotland Yard—the fact that, after the child's lantern, the most promising clue to the Muswell Hill murder they found in the very *absence* of fingerprints. A criminal who knew enough to wear gloves at his work was likely to be experienced; and Scotland Yard hoped that some of that experience was recorded in the files of C. R. O.

So that it was the alpaca-clad clerks in C. R. O. who started the hunt. But unlike their colleagues, the detectives, these were confronted with an embarrassment of riches in the way of clues. Hundreds of burglaries were found committed by men who had posed as plumbers or electricians.

Scotland Yard's Secret Press

A weeding out process began. Seventeen of those recorded had passed out of this world. Twenty-four were still in prison. Five were known to be in Canada, three in Australia; fifteen others scattered elsewhere throughout the world with alibis Scotland Yard itself could furnish. About sixty-five candidates for the gallows in the Muswell Hill murder remained to be further investigated. Attached to each record was, of course, a photograph.

The boarding-house keeper, whose son had missed his toy lantern, was asked to look at these photographs. She identified her two former lodgers. The police had recorded them as burglars who in the past worked individually. Among the various names or aliases on their cards let us select Elson as the man identified by the woman as the electrician, Kent as the plumber.

At once the photographs of Elson and Kent, together with what the Fingerprint Office contributed to their descriptions, were rushed to a room that looked like a miniature newspaper office. When I saw it several men were tapping at typewriters; taking notes over telephone wires; pasting photographs; writing captions; correcting proofs; scrutinizing copies of editions still damp with printers' ink. And over it all was the tension of a race against time.

"Scotland Yard's Secret Press" sounds like the headline to a highly colored newspaper yarn. Nevertheless Scotland Yard publishes, if you please, two daily newspapers: The Morning Report and the afternoon paper, Printed Information, each getting out two and more editions. Then there is the famous Police Gazette issued three times a week. Next year it will celebrate its hundredth anniversary.

Also there are five weeklies: The Illustrated Circular, devoted to the movements of wandering crooks; The Weekly List of Habitual Criminals just released from prison; The Black List of habitual drunkards to whom it is forbidden to sell liquor; The Pawnbrokers' List and The Cycle List, giving information on stolen goods.

The photographs and data of the two men wanted in the Muswell Hill case were rushed into the two dailies and the Police Gazette. Fast as bundles of the editions came from the presses they were thrown into a fleet of little green motors which dropped them off at every one of the two hundred or more police stations of London. Individual copies were sent out by motor cycles to interested persons. Other copies were mailed to the regular readers of these papers throughout Great Britain and the rest of the world, even to the farthest flung police outpost in the South Seas—always police chiefs, never the general public.

And even before the first sheet went to press, an operator at a sort of multiple telegraph sending board tapped on a key marked A. S., meaning all stations. Simultaneously in police stations all over London, ticker machines began a jerky spelling out on paper tapes of what Scotland Yard wanted every policeman to know: a description of the two men, Elson and Kent.

On the cards of these two men in C. R. O., among other data were the names of cronies, sweethearts, associates in crime, addresses of favorite hangouts and former lodgings. Now the bloodhounds had something to go on and it was no longer a matter of plodding.

The pack was racing against time.

And towards four in the morning a closed auto slid up to the portals—it's the only word for the stately arched entrance of the Yard—and Elson and Kent, handcuffed to detectives, arrived.

We must remember that up to this point the police had no proof against these two men other than their past records and the fact that the lantern missed by their former landlady's son was found on the scene of the murder.

But burglars cling to "jimmies" which have helped them through successful burglaries, much as a golfer will favor a lucky putter. Scotland Yard, knowing this, takes photomicrographs of the marks of chisels or jimmies used in any given burglary. What to the naked eye appears to be a straight line on the jimmy's cutting edge, under a microscope will show teeth. A photomicrograph of wood or iron on which the jimmy has been used will show the marks of those teeth. And no two jimmies in the world leave the same teeth-marks.

In the lodging house where Elson and Kent were arrested a jimmy was found. An enlarged photomicrograph of its teeth and the photomicrographs attached to the records of former burglaries by these men were taken into a room in the Yard from which daylight is excluded. Along with these were photographs of chisel marks on the iron strong box that had been rifled in the affair at Muswell Hill.

A Jimmy's Teeth-marks

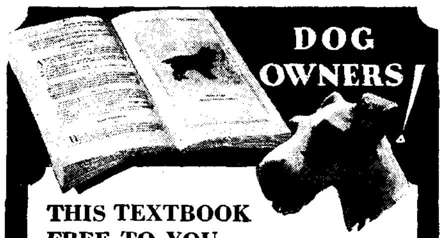
The three photomicrographs were placed on the rack of a "projectograph." Out went the electric lights in the room. There were the hiss and sputter of a powerful arc lamp and on a white screen there showed the three photomicrographs vastly enlarged. In the dark of the projection-room sat two experts on jimmy teeth and the superintendent in charge of the case.

And the screen showed proof that the jimmy found in the possession of Elson and Kent was the one used on the strong box in the Muswell Hill crime.

Then several of England's scientists were drafted into the case. They testified later at the trial of the two men that the jimmy used in breaking open the strong box was probably the weapon which had inflicted the death wounds on Mr. Smith's skull.

As Scotland Yard was presenting its case against the two men, Kent, who was a short man, became panic-stricken, and jumping to his feet in the prisoners' dock, cried out:

(*Continued on page 74*)



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Norwich

Unguentine

(*Continued from page 73*)

"Your Honor, I want to turn state's evidence!"

Before he fairly got the words out of his mouth, Elson, a powerful fellow, hurled himself at Kent, and getting his fingers about his throat, put forth all his strength.

It took three husky policemen to save Kent's life.

But it was only a postponement, for the two men were found guilty of the Muswell Hill murder and hanged.

The Finger Print Bureau at Scotland Yard looks more like a laboratory with its flat-topped tables; only instead of shelves of chemicals there are filing cabinets containing nearly a third of a million cards, each showing the imprints of a set of finger tips.

Eyes and Ears in Every Land

I saw a photograph brought into the office, a faint reproduction of fingerprints found on the wainscoting in a room where a burglary had taken place the night before. A clerk was given the photograph to search among the more than three hundred thousand cards in that room to see if the same fingerprints were on record there.

It took him less than six minutes to find his man, and luck played no part in the hunt. Yet no one in the office considered the short time remarkable. This Bureau, however, is the one organized by Sir Edward Henry, a former chief of Scotland Yard, who was also the first to organize into a system manhunting by means of fingerprints.

Before you are admitted into the Yard you are asked to register name, address and purpose of the visit, and to write it all with a goose quill. A goose quill in what is presumably the most modern man-hunting organization in the world! But, then, that's the British of it: to cling to traditional usage until bludgeoned into changing. It was not until 1913, for instance, that typewriting machines came into general use in the Yard.

Lest, however, anyone draw conclusions from this instance, I hasten to mention the Flying Squad. This is a fleet of some twenty-two motor cars attached to the Yard for use in emergencies.

Any of these cars will do a hundred miles an hour if urged, and two of them carry radio outfits with a broadcasting range of twenty-five miles and a much greater receiving radius.

I was being taken to see the "make-up" room in the Yard and I visualized wigs, false beards, costumes of all kinds. But all I saw was photographs. And what is there to nourish a fiction-fed mind in photographs of carpenters, bookkeepers, drygoods clerks, ironworkers, race-track touts, bus drivers and the like? What was worse, not one of these men and women had done anything outstanding. Indeed they were there precisely because they were average, typical, indistinguishable from a thousand and one of their fellows in the same walks of life.

Then I heard two detectives talking over the photographs they were studying.

"I know just the haberdashery to get that kind of necktie for me; and Blank and Pease make clothes for race-track touts," said one.

"No trouble about the clothes, Jim," replied his partner, "but it'll take lots of pomade and a month of brushing to get that unruly mop of yours to look as slick as this lad's."

"It isn't my hair that bothers me so much as how to give my paws that soft and careful look. I'll have to put myself into the hands of a manicure for a month, I suppose."

And there was a quality of patience in his voice which, had I been the man he was hunting, would have given me chills to hear.

The office of Special Branch is a small room with a sleepy fire on the hearth, a red morocco easy chair, another chair—and that is all. Yet to those who know, there is much about that room to stir the imagination.

For invisibly and ever so efficiently there is contact between the chief of that office and men and women all over the globe who are leading what appear to be humdrum existences as scrubwomen and club idlers, hotel porters and barkeepers, itinerant peddlers and private secretaries, bank clerks, longshoremen, civil service employees and what not.

The world regards them little; if it regarded them more the usefulness of these people to Special Branch would be impaired. For they are what the man in charge of Special Branch described to me as his "correspondents."

Coolie and Englishman, Javanese or Dutchman, soldier of fortune or beggar in the street; in New York, in Irkutsk or Alexandria; by night and by day, these men and women are the eyes, ears and whispering lips of Special Branch; in touch with it and with one another by code and sign. And their job is to weave invisible nets about the most gifted and dangerous police quarry in the world: spies for foreign governments, would-be assassins of England's public men and plotters of revolution.

And in that comfortable red-leather chair before the fire more than one man and woman found lack of ease during the Great War while they were being questioned. For in it sat everyone who was later shot in the Tower of London as a spy.

I was permitted to go through the private photographic albums of the Yard, and for several nights thereafter I wished I had not looked. It was like remembering a trip through a grisly inferno. Here for purposes of police study are close-ups of "Jack-the-Ripper" crimes; enlarged photographs of crushed skulls and dismembered bodies; faces of degenerates and fiends. And startling in the midst of this shocking gallery I saw the face of a woman of fragile and tender beauty.

"What is she doing here?" I asked.

"She is the only actual vampire I have ever met," the superintendent told me. "A nymphomaniac who married seven times. Five of her husbands died, two went insane. In each case she converted their assets into cash while the husband was wasting away. Then just before she was ready to run away, she would set fire to the house in which she had lived. A pyromaniac, in addition to her other talents. She is doing seven years in prison at present. A man of fine family is waiting for her to come out, insanely in love. He knows all about her."

Baiting a Thief

There was a yellow fog outside when I was taken into a gloomy room known in the Yard as the Black Museum. It was the repository of crime relics, historic from the police point of view. Weapons of every conceivable kind, paraphernalia of fraud, insignificant-looking objects that have afforded crushing clues—and every curio there has a story to it.

Ordinarily Scotland Yard men have to go after a thief. A relic in the Black Museum tells the story of a Scotland Yard man getting a thief to come to him, loot and all, without the least suspicion of what he was doing. The gold service belonging to St. George's Cathedral in Southwark had been stolen and no trail left.

A Scotland Yard man went to the make-up room and studied a lot of photographs of typical receivers of stolen goods. Then he dressed accordingly and began frequenting the haunts of a certain type of thief.

He spent his money with spectacular generosity. Gentry of all kinds flocked about him. Then he began dropping hints that he was in the "market" for precious metals "and no questions asked."

Several offered him bargains. He waved them all away.

"Don't bother me with trifles," he said. "I'm after serious business and am ready to pay."

Through the underworld ran the rumor of his offer. A man came to him and tested him by offering for sale a huge gold watch. The supposed "fence" paid a fair price for it and no arrest followed. Had one been made, Scotland Yard would have had a suit for false arrest on its hands. That watch had been legitimately acquired.

But the man who sold it came later to the "fence" who had given him such good and safe treatment. He had gold, much gold to sell for melting. And he brought the gold service of St. George's Cathedral to the Scotland Yard man. . . .

Another relic drove home to me how far the arm of Scotland Yard can reach and how much means it commands. A certain defaulter had fled the country and was finally traced to an outlying district in Brazil. Here he had so firmly established himself in the graces of the political bosses that the machinery of the law in that district would be used to protect him from arrest.

Scotland Yard determined to get him back to London. So a wealthy English sportsman appeared in Brazil, so wealthy that nothing less than a special train would suit him as he traveled about hunting big game. In the course of his hunting he made friends with the defaulter and invited him to tea on board his special train. The defaulter accepted. But in the midst of amenities he found himself being taken rapidly out of his friendly district and his "tea" ended in an English prison.

One Cheerful Spot

In shadows on a shelf I saw a row of pallid plaster casts of heads with sightless eyes. Each face was hard and grim with a dignity at first indefinable. Then I noted that about the throat of each was a ring of depression—the mark of rope.

It was not cheerful in the Black Museum, and a relief to find oneself in the office of the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the inclusive name for Scotland Yard and its uniformed branch, the 20,000 and more London "bobbies," best-known, best-loved policemen in the world. For a police setting the commissioner's office surprised me. Stately windows framed in heavy silk draperies and overlooking the Thames; prints and landscapes chosen by an expert; in a Chinese jardinière a cluster of huge chrysanthemums, canary, wine-colored, bronze; books, sculpture; rich rugs underfoot; one looked about for a grand piano.

The commissioner is not a city official but a creation of the national government, almost a Cabinet officer in importance; usually a baronet; sometimes a general in addition; and he looks it all.

With him one discusses bird's-eye view generalities about his organization and you congratulate him on the fact that London, the most populous city in the world, is also the safest from crime. And like a proud but hard-headed father, he says with a grim little smile: "Oh, we have our problems and shortcomings!"

Of course; but you can't get a fiction lover of Scotland Yard to believe it.

The Big Punch

Continued from page 24

held back as long as we dared. But finally Harry decided that something had gone wrong. It had! The gasoline had ignited one side of the top foliage, throwing the tree off its prescribed balance, and it had struck two feet inside the stake! The actor had been knocked unconscious and was scraped from his head to his toes. Three inches more and he would have been telescoped like a soft-nosed bullet.

"Interior fires are all done by double exposures and other trick-camera stunts." Yes, they are—not! In fact, they are a lot meaner to do than the outside stuff.

I recall one scene in which Tully Marshall had some dirty work to do in a bank during a fire. The set was blazing in every direction, and all the script called for was that Tully should walk through the "dead spots"—that is, the path that had been left ungasolined—which had been carefully marked on the floor. He had gone about halfway to his destination when a smoke pot overturned, completely enveloping the set in an opaque blanket.

A Real Rescue

Naturally, Tully lost his way and began to stumble over the burning furniture. Everybody was yelling directions, and finally several of us dashed in and out of the set, but, grope as we might, we couldn't lay lands on our expensive character actor. Fortunately there was a wind machine near by, and at the risk of burning the whole studio we turned it on and swept the set clear of smoke, at the same time working the extinguishers. At last, in a corner, we found Tully—completely out, his clothes half burned off. When he was well enough to do the scene over again he felt his way through by the aid of an invisible piano wire.

In another sequence I worked on, Conrad Nagel was supposed to carry Leatrice Joy through three burning rooms to safety. This time it was a prop boy's bungling that nearly lost the studio a couple of perfectly good stars. He had gasolined the set, but his can leaked and dripped the whole length of the dead spots.

Conrad, carrying his delightful burden, hadn't gone five feet when I realized he was earning his salary. He was completely surrounded by fire.

Figuring that there were dead spots ahead, he kept plunging forward, but the drippings had done their deadly work, and there weren't any dead spots. And so, Mr. and Mrs. Trick Hounds, who know just how to "cheat" all our danger stuff, the action in their scene was a real rescue!

Leatrice was all right except for a slight scorching of her pretty arms, but Conrad's legs were painfully burned and his hair singed off—the latter the greater tragedy, if you know Conrad.

Blizzards, battles and sandstorms are other sequences that fill the psychopathic hospitals with technical directors. It is true that we go to the high Sierras for most of our snow stuff, but there are always a certain number of foreground scenes that must be shot at the studio.

The ground snow and drifts are usually made with rock salt or gypsum, while the soft, clinging snow that is blown about is composed of shredded asbestos or feathers. For cold dry snow the recipe is cornflakes or whitened sawdust that dusts right off.

The great danger in these scenes is to the eyes, and if the wind machines pick up some rock salt, the face is cut as though by a swarm of stinging insects.

The same danger threatens in the desert stuff. In these hot, unpleasant exteriors we always use wind machines to add "menace" to the scene. But as actors wear a heavy grease paint, the greatest menace is to the technical crew whose faces are sometimes sand-blasted to the raw.

In doing battle scenes, where men and horses come dashing across open fields of exploding mines, we have to sift the earth covering the charge for fear of rocks and pebbles actually becoming bullets; or, if it is close stuff, we must cover the dynamite with granulated cork or sawdust. Our greatest responsibility in these scenes is for the horses—they don't know enough to keep their eyes shut during an explosion.

Then there is always the danger of a premature explosion or inaccurate bomb-throwing. In Beau Sabreur one of the prop boys became excited, missed his cue, and in his confusion threw a bomb directly in front of the cameras. He nearly ruined three $4,000 instruments, to say nothing of the poor crank turners, all of whom looked as though they had just emerged from a comedy sequence. However, their week in the hospital was anything but comic to their worried wives.

It isn't only the big spectacular scenes that give us technical fellows our worries. Small individual sequences have their hazards, for which we are responsible.

In a comedy I worked on a while ago Wally Beery and Zasu Pitts were engaged in making bread before the camera, when a shell from a distant battle came through the window and landed in the dough. The scene was played for suspense, the audience thinking the mess was intended to explode in their faces. The plan, however, was to have the thing blow just as they turned away from it, but something went wrong with the timing and they actually did get it right in their faces.

Of course the scene got a big laugh. Oh, it was very funny! But not to Wally or Zasu. Nor to us, who got some messages from the front office that should never be repeated in a family magazine.

A Big Scare

Incidentally, how would you like to make a scene like this? You are sitting at the table, and every time you pick up a cup or plate some villainous dastard outside the house shoots the thing right out of your hand. Well, Anna May Wong played a scene like that. We tried in every way to cheat the action, but finally decided the only way to get the scene right was actually to have the things shot.

Anna, hating firearms with Chinese enthusiasm, was game, and so we hired a sharpshooter. Everything went fine until Anna was walking across the room with a cup in her hand. Bang! Off flew the cup! And *Anna collapsed to the floor!* Can you imagine how we boys felt? Rushing out, we picked her up. But, curiously enough, we could find no wound or evidence of blood.

What happened? Why, a piece of broken china had struck her in the face, and, thinking she had been shot, she promptly fainted.

Now we come to the biggest and most difficult and dangerous punch of all—an earthquake! Again, I'm sure the

(*Continued on page 76*)

Spur Tie
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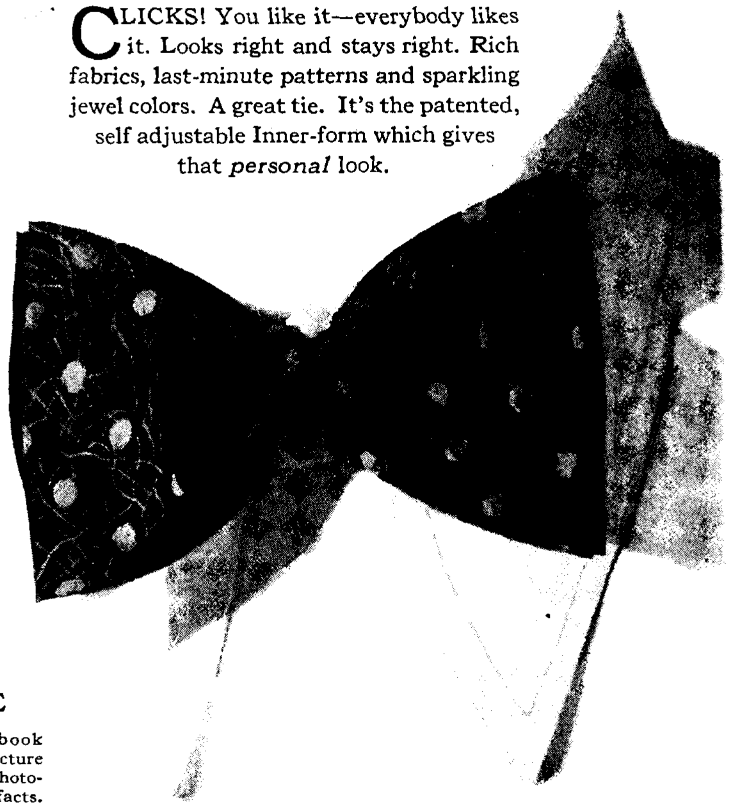

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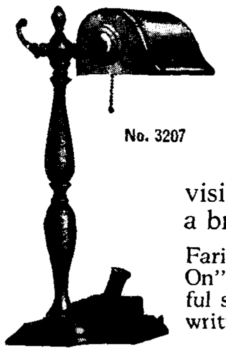

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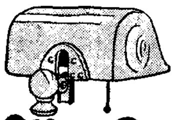

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Patented

Just A Twist Of The Wrist

Banishes Old-Style Can Openers to the Scrap Heap and BRINGS AGENTS $6 to $8 IN AN HOUR

WOMEN universally detest the old-style can opener. Yet in every home in the land cans are being opened with it, often several times a day. Imagine how thankfully they welcome this new method—this automatic way of doing their most distasteful job. With the Speedo can opening machine you can just put the can in the machine, turn the handle, and almost instantly the job is done.

End This Waste and Danger

You undoubtedly know what a nasty, dangerous job it is to open cans with the old-fashioned can opener. You have to hack your way along slowly—ripping a jagged furrow around the edge. Next thing you know, the can opener slips. Good night! You've torn a hole in your finger. As liable as not it will get infected and stay sore a long time. Perhaps *even your life will be endangered from blood poisoning!*

You may be lucky enough to get the can open without cutting yourself. But there's still the fact to consider that the ragged edge of tin left around the top makes it almost impossible to pour out all of the food. Yet now, all this trouble, waste and danger is ended. No wonder salesmen everywhere are finding this invention a truly revolutionary money maker!

A "Million Dollar" Can Opening Machine

The Speedo holds the can—opens it—flips up the lid so you can grab it—and gives you back the can without a drop spilled, without any rough edges to snag your fingers—all in a couple of seconds! It's so easy even a 10-year-old child can do it in perfect safety! No wonder women—and men, too—simply go wild over it! No wonder Speedo salesmen often sell to every house in the block and make up to $10 an hour.

Generous Free Test Offer

Frankly, men, I realize that the profit possibilities of this proposition as outlined briefly here may seem almost incredible to you. So I've worked out a plan by which you can examine the invention and test its profit without risking one penny.

Get my free test offer while the territory you want is still open—I'll hold it for you while you make the test. I'll *send you all the facts about* $75 to $150 a week. I'll also tell you about another fast selling item that brings you two profits on every call. All you risk is a 2¢ stamp—so grab your pencil and shoot me the coupon right now.

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Now Being Given to Agents
Get Details
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$265 in a Week

"Here is my record for first 30 days with Speedo: June 13, 60 Speedos; June 20, 84 Speedos; June 30, 192 Speedos; July 6, 288 Speedos. Speedo sells to 9 out of 10 prospects."
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J. J. Corwin, Ariz., says: "Send more order books. I sold first 14 orders in 2 hours."

SPARE TIME
Big Money Spare Time

Barb, W. Va., says: "Was only out a few evenings and got 20 orders."

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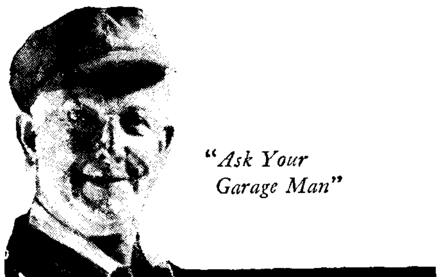

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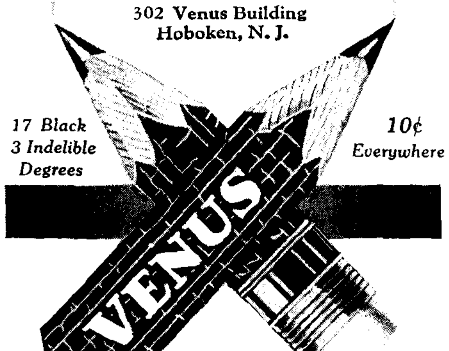

17 Black 3 Indelible Degrees

10¢ Everywhere

(*Continued from page 75*)

fans who still believe in Santa Claus must know that the gods won't pull a real earthquake just to accommodate us.

Such cataclysms are completely cheated, but our big scenes are actually more dangerous to life and limb than either of the two earthquakes I went through. Just forget the few long shots we make from miniatures and a little trick-camera work and come with me into the temple of Pharaoh at the height of the carnival.

We are now standing on a high platform behind the main battery of cameras on the biggest stage in Hollywood. Scores of grips, juicers, prop boys, costumers, make-up men and technical assistants are hurrying hither and thither about their various duties, while grouped about the side lines are the studio police, insurance inspectors, firemen and hospital attendants. Even the big studio executives are present to see the long-dreaded earthquake sequence shot. In a few minutes an $80,000 set is to be wrecked and the limbs if not the lives of scores of people endangered—just to give you a thrill.

A Systematic Earthquake

Before we pull the big punch let me tell you what time and effort lie back of this scene. For five solid weeks the technical crews have been building and trying out the mechanical "trips" that are to collapse the huge structure according to a very definite, prearranged plan. Everything must fall exactly where we wish it to, or there WILL be death and destruction.

Again, it is impossible to wreck the set just to try our mechanical devices, but we can at least rehearse the TIMING of the various breakaways and determine our counts. For instance, at the count of 1 the first slight, warning quake will take place, at 3 the throne will topple, at 7 a chunk of the roof upstage will crash down, at 11 a huge stone will drop among the dancers, at 13 the left column will collapse, at 15 the foreground columns will fall over, and so on.

We rehearse all this action on an empty stage using dummy débris, such as wooden boxes and bags of sawdust. This permits us to mark the spots where the real things will fall in the actual scene. With our timing and falls all spotted and numbered, we next rehearse the action with the full cast—still using dummy débris—until it synchronizes perfectly with the collapse of the various units. The terrified people will be running about in apparent confusion, but every person in the scene has a definite line of action—otherwise, good-*night!*

Now let us return to the moment the big scene is to be shot. Eight cameras are on the stand using everything from shallow-focal to telescopic lenses. Close-up cameras are concealed about the set to get intimate action. Fifty juicers with their kliegs, spots and sun arcs have "hit 'em." The director stands ready to give the signal. The assistant is behind the microphone waiting to give the counts. The technical director stands by his keyboard ready to communicate his signals to his own crews.

A shrill whistle! It is the signal: "Hold your hammers!"—meaning that all noises on other sets and throughout the studio must stop. The director makes a gesture to his assistant. A great tenseness comes as the assistant calls into the microphone and the amplifiers shout:

"Ready!——*Action!*——CAMERA!"

At last the great scene is on—a magnificent debauch in the palace of an ancient king. Courtiers are drinking and carousing; dancing girls grow delirious; Pharaoh on his throne is sensually pawing his favorite.

For a minute or more the cameras record this gorgeous "production stuff"—so impressive to exhibitors! The director makes a slight gesture to his assistant. The A. D. knows what is meant and utters the word which throws terror into the revelers as it roars out of the loud speakers:

"EARTHQUAKE!"

The revel ceases as though by magic; the courtiers jump to their feet or remain frozen stiff with fright! (Nothing has really happened to the set, but at the call of earthquake every camera was given a gentle jolt or two which will produce the effect of the whole place shaking.) Now the counting begins, the assistant calling:

"ONE! Hey, you foreground people, not so close together! . . . TWO! . . . THREE! (The throne totters, and Pharaoh scrambles down.) . . . FOUR! . . . FIVE! . . . SIX! . . . Watch your step at H now. . . . SEVEN! (No. 2 trap is sprung and a chunk of roof falls at H.) . . . EIGHT! . . . NINE! . . . TEN! . . . Ready there, you dancers! . . . ELEVEN! (The huge stone comes crashing down.) . . ."

Thus to the end, when Pharaoh lies in the foreground pinioned beneath the huge temple column. . . .

It is all over. The executives, directors and crews tensely await the meaning of the great silence that lies within the mantle of dust now enveloping the whole studio. No screams or cries for help. That's good—but, then, dead men don't cry out. Everybody—especially the technical staff, whose responsibility this is—stands dry-mouthed waiting for the dust to clear.

Victory!

A few minor accidents that will be treated in the studio hospital, but the camera men smilingly report everything "oak." We've got the big punch "in the can."

But listen, brother, if group D had not been in its place at the count of 17 it would have got a ton of artificial stone on its head, and if anybody in group J had missed his cue we would have picked him up on a blotter, for No. 21 was real stone!

For the first night in six weeks the technical crew sleeps peacefully.

I recall an amusing cartoon which appeared in one of the magazines not so very long ago, showing the taking of a motion picture amid a babel of noises—gunshots, collapsing balconies, hammers, the yelping of the actors and the megaphonics of the director. It was labeled The Silent Drama.

Then out of a clear sky came the storm—"the noisies!" Strangely enough they are made in utter silence, except for the essential dialogue and prescribed sound effects. So sensitive are the microphones, in fact, that the swishing of a fan or the squeaking of a boot may spoil the whole scene.

No Silence Here

The necessity of absolute silence has revolutionized every department of motion pictures except ours—cataclysms and storms are still made "silent," accompanied by all the studio noises necessary in their making. These very noises forbid the use of the microphone, for to date no one has been able to tune out the roar of fire engines supplying the storm waters or the amplified instructions shouted in big mob scenes. When you hear the storm or the yelling of the crowds in a big punch you may be sure that we had no hand in their making—they were synchronized in, after the picture was shot.

Nor is this as difficult as it may seem. Suppose, for instance, the script calls for a storm scene in a city. We shoot it "straight" but the sound-track on the film is left unexposed. Then after the scene is cut, a print is sent to the sound studio, which is equipped with every device necessary to the making of synchronized sound effects.

In the semi-darkness of this unique laboratory the film of the storm is run over and over again, so that the crew working the sound traps and the dozen or more people representing the crowd may study the action and learn their cues.

After repeated runnings and rehearsals, the microphones are then set up and as the storm starts the wind machines are turned on, at the flash of lightning on the screen the thunder is released—an electric crash, followed by the rolling of a big drum; people rush into the street and the studio "crowd" cues in with distant shrieks, which grow louder and louder as the mike is moved forward.

Thus, throughout the whole "silent" scene a small group of mechanics is "cheating in" the sounds that would have occurred in the storm if it had been possible to record them at the time of its making.

We now have a silent negative of the storm and a little narrow sound-track negative of the noises, made separately and perhaps weeks apart. The printing of the sound-track down the side of the silent film is simplicity itself.

As I said before, at present the talkies have had little to do with our department, for we still make the big punches in the good old way. A year hence, perhaps, they will be able to tune out our hammers and profane directions, but in the meantime my world is still full of noise and tumult.

IN THIS ISSUE

COVER. By Herbert Paus.

FIRING SQUAD. By Peter B. Kyne. A short story. All the fighting did not take place at the front . . Page 5

WHAT CAN A WET TOWN DO? By William G. Shepherd. Visit International Falls with Mr. Shepherd and speak politely to the Border Patrol . Page 8

BEAUTY AT A GLANCE. In pictures. Page 10

THE RIGHT DOPE. By John B. Kennedy. A short story. For ways that are dark give us a dope smuggler. Here he is . . . . . . Page 12

MARKS FOR LIFE. By Grantland Rice . . . Page 14

THE RICH HAVE NO TROUBLES. By Elmer Davis. A love story. But if they hit a policeman they're simply asking for it. Page 15

THE PRINCE'S DARLING. By George R. Preedy. A novel of romance and bitter intrigue in an Old World court. Page 17

WHAT! NO CHAPERONS? By Emily Post. That younger generation has created more disturbance by abandoning chaperons—but wise parents know what to do . . Page 20

THE BIG PUNCH. By Rob Wagner. If you think movie thrills and dangers are a put-up job, just come out on the lot with Mr. Wagner and feel your hair stand on end over what really happens . . . . Page 23

APRIL ESCAPADE. By Kathleen Norris. The romance of a lovely young girl who tries a little escapade of make-believe but finds it very real . . . . Page 26

CALL THE YARD, WATSON! By Joseph Gollomb. A fascinating crime-ferreting laboratory is Scotland Yard, famous in fact and in fiction . . . . Page 32

KNOCK 'EM COLD. By Walter Davenport. He was a welterweight killer—a champion with trouble in each hand Page 35

A GOOD JOB. By Karl W. Detzer. A short short story. Page 38

HOMER GETS ALONG. By Gerald Mygatt. Homer was meek and mild, but he had a mighty wallop. Ask the iceman. Page 42

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? By Milton C. Work. Page 46

WHAT MAKES YOU MAD? By Edwin E. Slosson. Page 49

OUR LUCKY COUZENS. By The Gentleman at the Keyhole. Page 52

NAMEOGRAPHS . . . . Page 54

PICKED OUT OF THE AIR. By Jack Binns . . Page 62

EDITORIAL . . . . Page 78

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Customers Rule the World

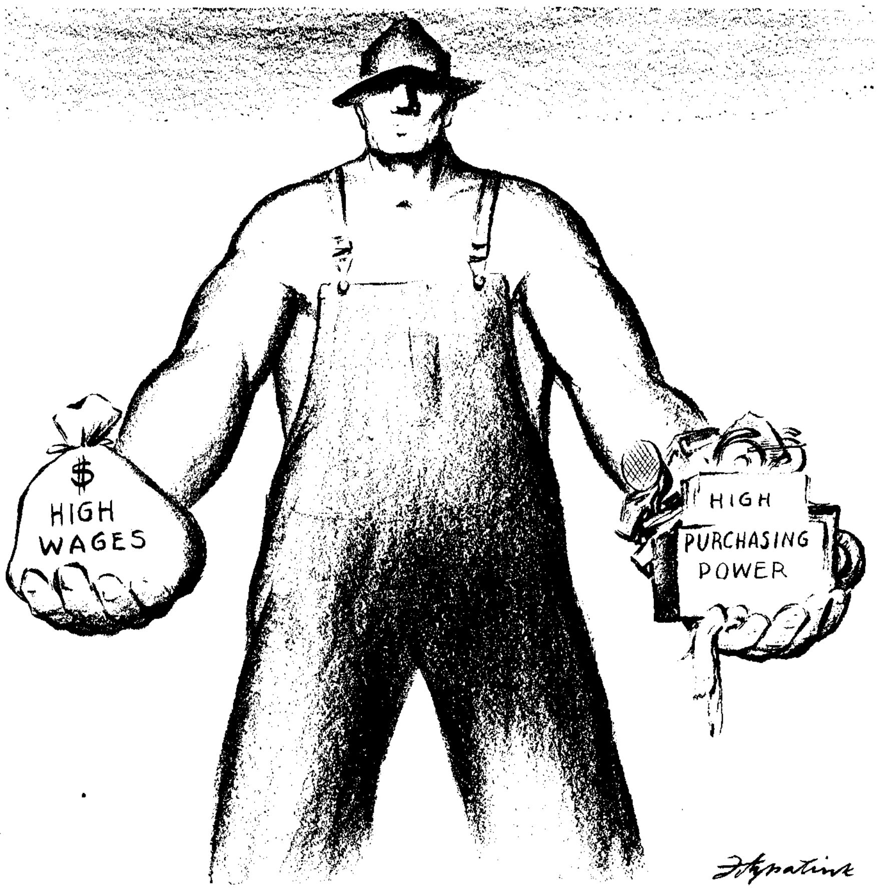
WE ARE our best customers. If you have any lingering doubt of this, all you have to do is to look out your window and watch the vast streams of your fellow citizens driving by in celebration of Labor Day.

An amazing thing has happened in this country within the past twenty years. A new democracy of comfort has arisen. There is nothing like it in all the world.

When William McKinley was elected President, wage workers were called "hands." More than that, workers were thought of merely as "hands." Only the fact that the mouth had to eat before the hands could toil gave rise to the "full dinner pail" campaign slogan.

Labor's hope was expressed in the demand for "a living wage." Workers struck in protest against starvation wages.

Few expected a laborer to enjoy the comforts of life. The toiler by the very nature of his employment was supposed to live meagerly. For a workman to desire luxuries while he was still a workman was economic blasphemy.



Do you remember the hullabaloo over the silk shirts of wage workers during the early days of the World War? High wages suddenly brought in topsy-turvy conditions. No humorist was too mean or too dull to squeeze a laugh out of the absurdities of mechanics driving to work in motor cars.

We don't see much of that brand of comedy these days. The wheel has turned. Now you hear imaginative men saying that what China or Mexico or any of the poor countries needs is more automobiles and more of the other symbols of a productive industrial civilization.

Within these few years we have learned that even the least skilled worker is more than a pair of hands to be employed.

Business has made further researches in anatomy. More than eighteen million telephones and nine million radios have been put to work to serve the needs and the desires of those who have ears as well as hands.

Nineteen million houses have been fitted with electricity because our eyes demanded better facilities. Nearly six million washing machines have been installed because of our desire to avoid unnecessary labor.

Every comfort and every luxury you can call to mind, from bathtubs to cosmetics, or from silk stockings to grand opera, is produced because all classes of Americans are potential buyers and users.

Time and Money to Spend

There is no longer a class struggle in America because there are no longer classes. A manufacturer in his heart may be an old Tory nurturing ideas which savor of Queen Victoria, but his sales manager is looking for a market not restricted by narrow social lines. American industry has gone democratic because of the profits of mass consumption.

The consequences of this unpremeditated change are enormous. As a nation—of course there are exceptions—we have learned two things of the greatest possible value to labor. We know first of all that high wages pay, and then we have learned that short hours are vital if we are to buy and use what we have learned how to produce.

It is possible to pay high wages for short hours because of the enormous increase in power machinery. Government experts estimate that, as a whole, existing machinery could satisfy the needs of the American people with nine months' work. George Harrison Phelps in Our Biggest Customer tells of one man in a steel mill operating a crane with magnets, who displaced sixty-six men previously employed at this heaviest of labor. Naturally the steel mill could pay higher wages to the remaining worker!

This episode, however, suggests the other side of the picture which is not so rosy.

With our great growth great changes have come. Some industries go backwards as others advance. Buggy makers grow scarce in a motor age. Workers divorced from their wheelbarrows by the introduction of lifting machinery are still men and family men in need of jobs. It is not easy to forget one technique and pick up another overnight.

We have still to learn how to provide work for men displaced from their jobs by changes beyond their control.

During the years ahead we must learn how to recover the sense of stability and assurance for the future which men enjoyed in simpler times. The dread of unemployment which hangs so heavily over the heads of men past middle age must be lifted. Some industries, fortunately, have already learned how to care for their own.

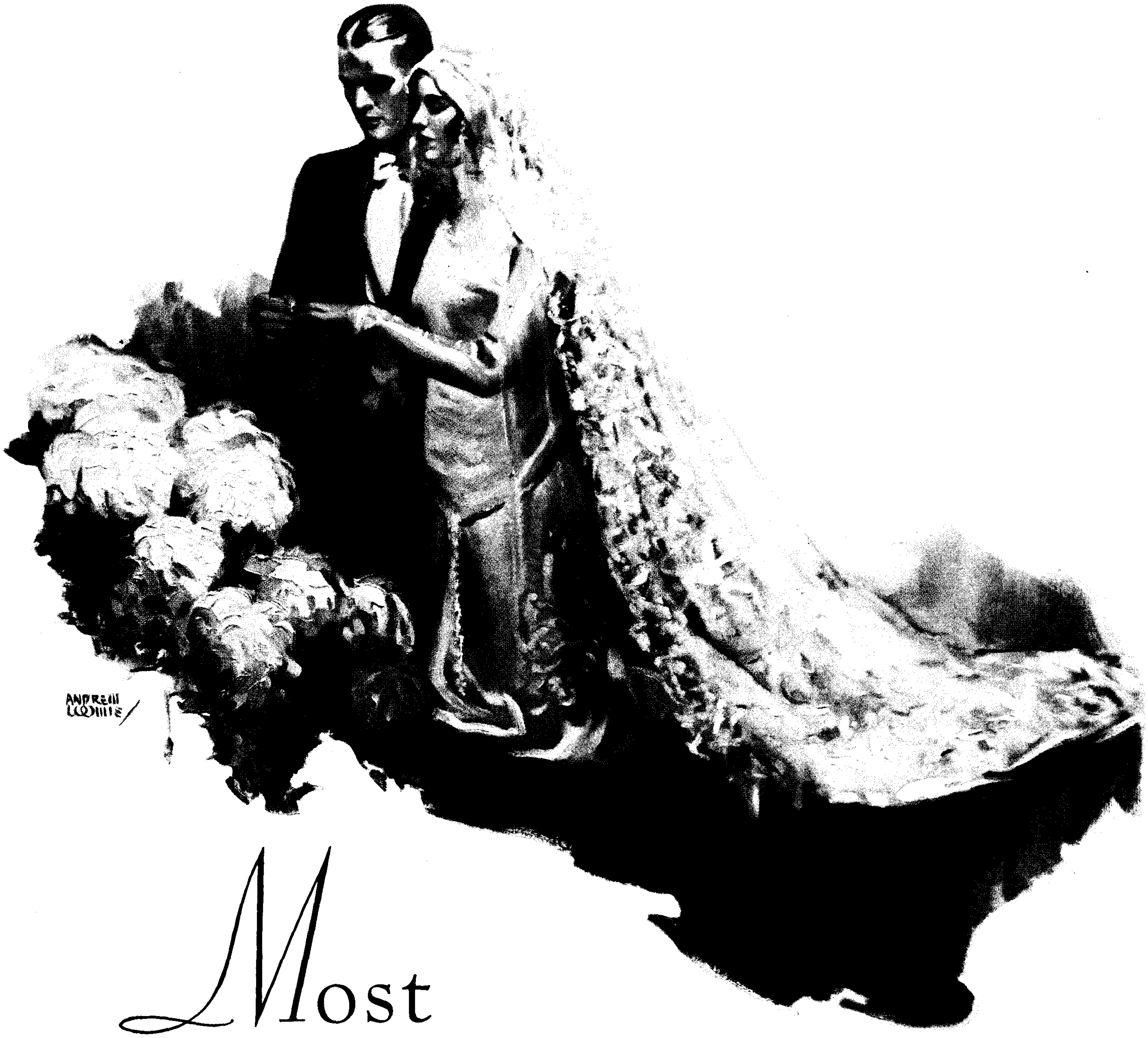
For a long time a commission representing the government, industry and labor has been wrestling with this situation. Herbert Hoover directed the commission before he was President. No more serious problem faces our country today.

In the long run new industries absorb those displaced by changes in other occupations, but the process is sometimes slow and it is tragic for those immediately involved.

Fortunately, these are relatively a small minority. The great majority have benefited enormously by the changes. Our standard of living has been raised beyond all imagining. At the level of our new prosperity we are able to get a broader view and to perceive the truth of old principles of human equality.

This new recognition of the inherent dignity of every man is the hope of the future.

Business turned "hands" into customers, and customers now rule the world.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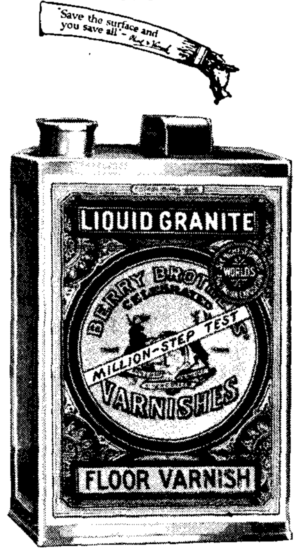
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